June 24, 1972

THE NEW YORKER

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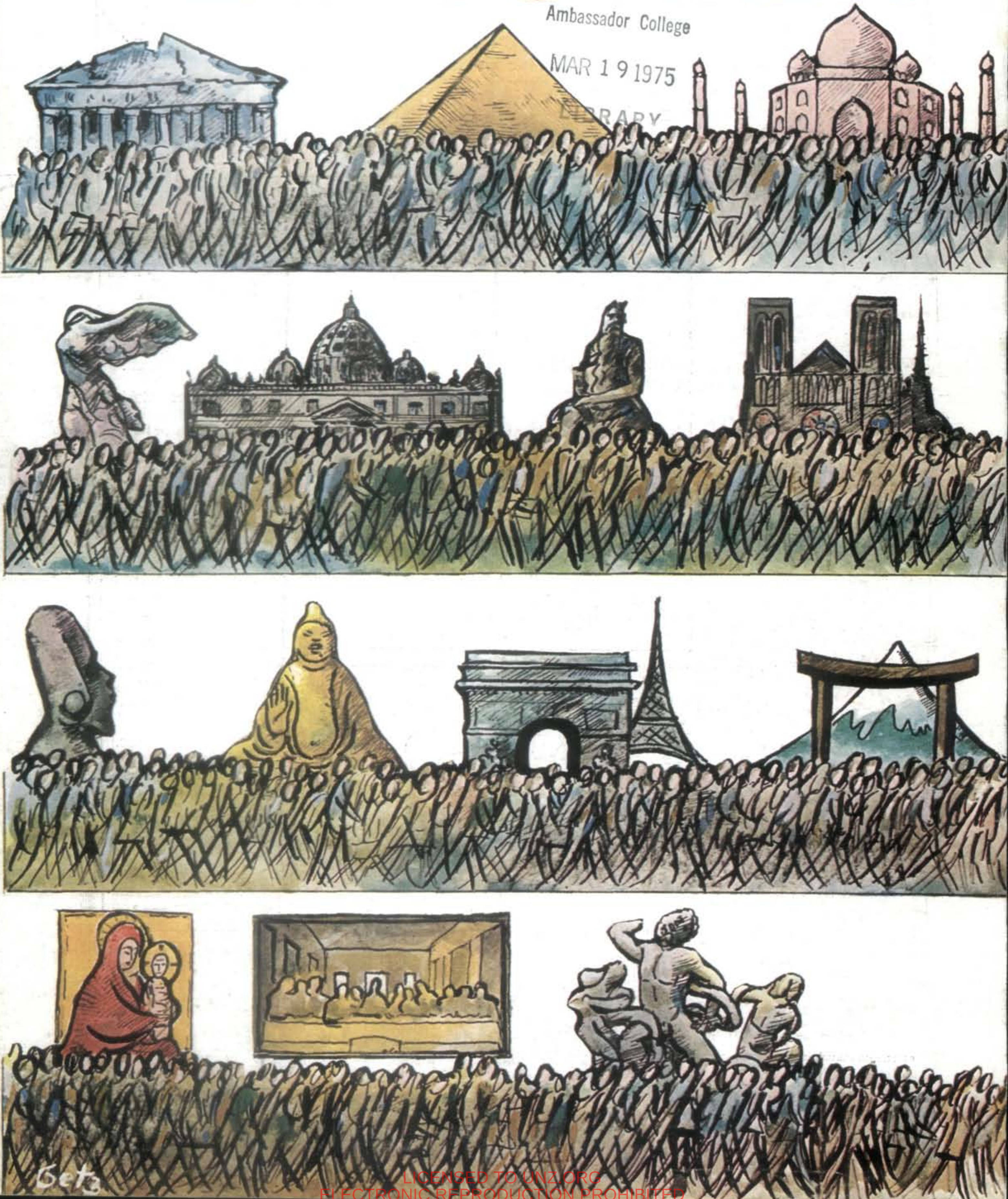

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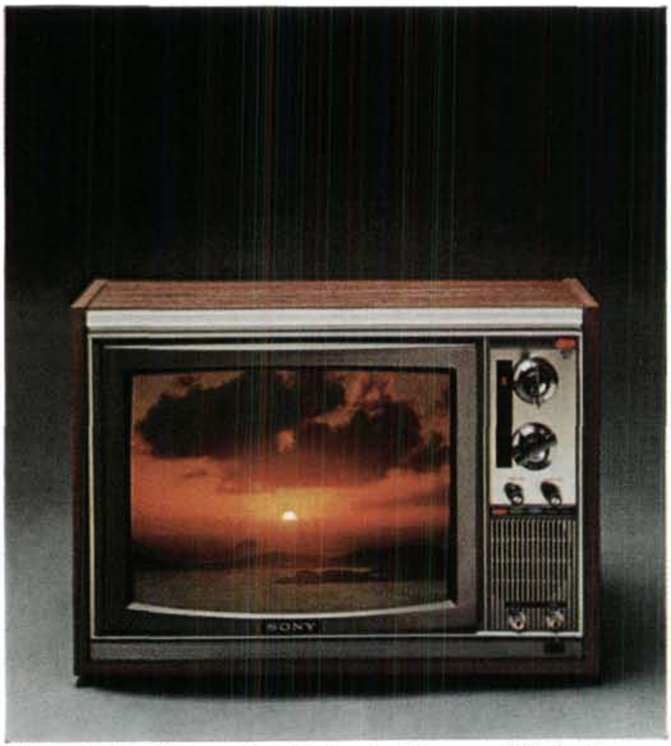

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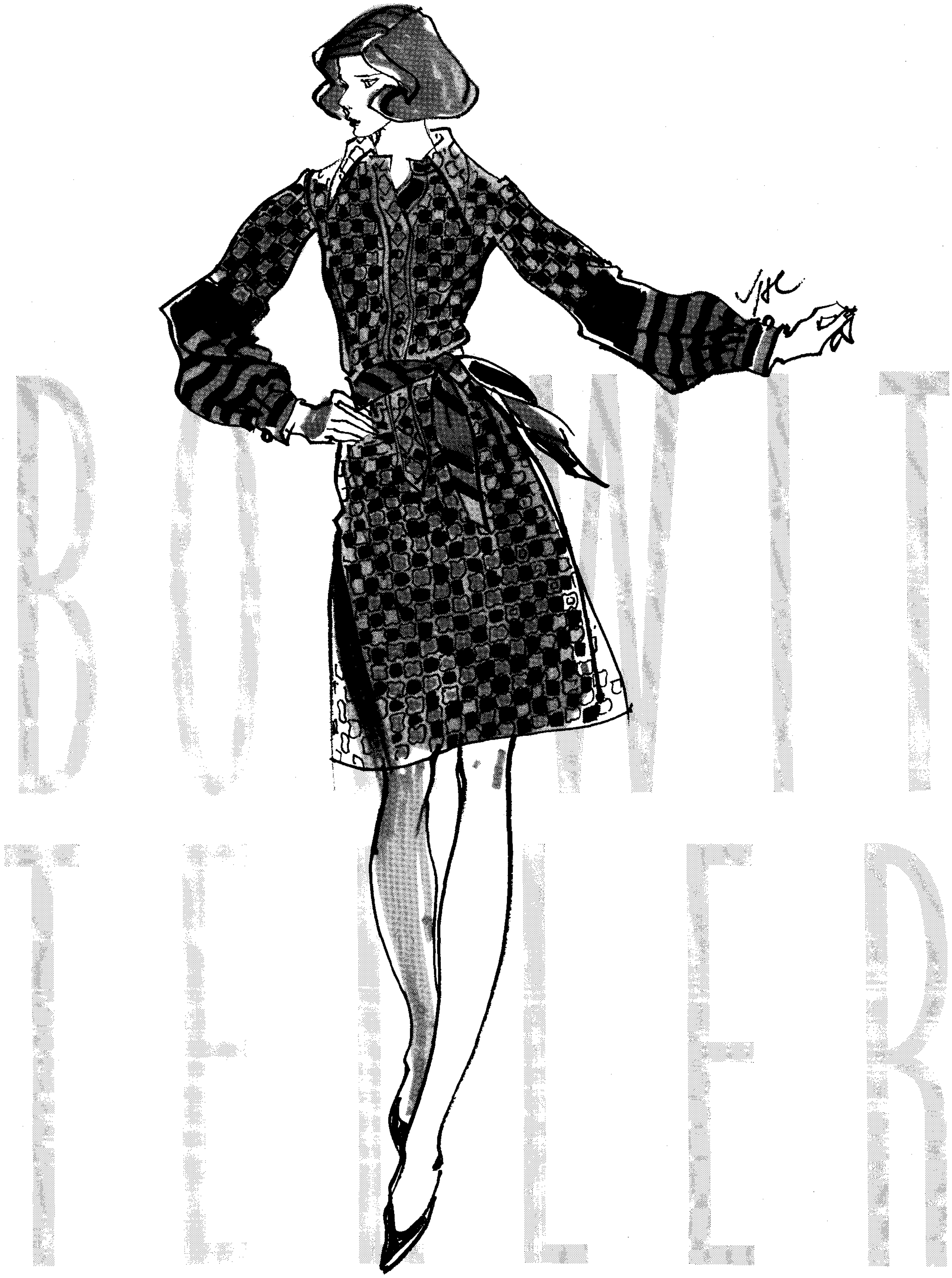

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

AIN'T SUPPOSED TO DIE A NATURAL DEATH—An all-black musical show, full of blistering recitatives and a couple of touching laments. The handiwork of Melvin Van Peebles, made flesh and blood by a superlative cast. (Ambassador, 49th St., W. 265-1855. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

AND THEY PUT HANDCUFFS ON THE FLOWERS—A horror play by the Spanish dramatist Fernando Arrabal about the sufferings of political prisoners in Spain. The action is graphic, explicit, and ultimately self-defeating. (Mercer Arts Center, 240 Mercer St., at W. 3rd St. 673-3937. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 7:30; Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30.)

ANNA K.—Eugenie Leontovich, an enchantress if ever there was one, here directs and participates in a free-form studio production of "Anna Karenina." It doesn't quite work, but much of it is charming. (Actors, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 691-1980. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

THE BEGGAR'S OPERA—The beguiling Chelsea Theatre production has now crossed the river from Brooklyn. (McAlpin Rooftop Theatre, Broadway at 34th St. 239-6688. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

THE CHICKENCOOP CHINAMAN—A play written by Frank Chin and directed by Jack Gelber. Season subscribers only. (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 247-0393. Nightly at 7:30. Matinée Saturday at 2. Closes Saturday, June 24.)

THE CORNER—A trio of one-act plays: "Andrew," by Clay Goss; "His First Step," by Oyamo; and "The Corner," by Ed Bullins. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

DON'T BOTHER ME, I CAN'T COPE—A sparkling, witty all-black revue directed by the dynamic Vinnette Carroll and with delightful songs—music and lyrics—by Micki Grant. All the performers are very good; the presence of the great gospel singer Alex Bradford and of the captivating Miss Grant herself is especially encouraging. (Edison, 47th St., W. 757-7164. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

DON'T PLAY US CHEAP!—A musical, old-fashioned in form and content, in which Melvin Van Peebles sketches the horseplay of a Saturday-night party in Harlem. Full of rousing songs. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. 246-0390. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

A FUNNY THING HAPPENED ON THE WAY TO THE FORUM—Funny clowns and pretty girls in an admirable revival of the musical about a Rome unknown to Gibbon or, indeed, to Romans. With Phil Silvers and Larry Blyden. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. 586-5555. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

GREASE—A musical (score, book, and lyrics by Jim Jacobs and Warren Casey) that parodies, by faithful imitation, the songs and dances of the nineteen-fifties. Your attitude toward the show may well depend upon your attitude toward that tiresome decade, or upon the fragility of your eardrums; microphones abound. The young cast performs capably and with spirit. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. 246-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

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HARK!—A dim, plaintive little revue, but with an engaging performance by a young singer and dancer named Sharron Miller. Dan Goggin and Marvin Solley wrote the music; Robert Lorick wrote the words. (Mercer Arts Center, 240 Mercer St., at W. 3rd St. 673-3937. Wednesdays and Thursdays at 7:40, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

THE HUNTER—This play is as annoying as it is puzzling. The performances of Michael Hadge and Robert Glaudini as a pair of soldiers, Douglass Watson as an old hunter, and Kathleen Cramer as a girl off the prairies are creditable, though. (Public Theatre Annex, 442 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

IN MY MANY NAMES AND DAYS—A play in two parts by Charles Fuller. Part I: Sunday, June 25, at 3; Friday, June 30, at 8:30; and Sunday, July 2, at 3. . . . ¶ Part II: Friday through Sunday, June 23-25, and Saturday, July 1, all at 8:30. (Henry Street Settlement Playhouse, 466 Grand St. OR 4-1414. Free.)

JAMIMMA—A consistently interesting play by Martie Evans-Charles about a meek black woman and the funny and tragic results of her inability to assert herself. The performance, under Shauneille Perry's direction, is good. Marcella Lowery, Dick Williams, Roxie Roker, and Lucretia Collins head the all-black cast. (Henry Street Settlement's New Federal Theatre, 240 E. 3rd St. OR 4-1414. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

JESUS CHRIST SUPERSTAR—Agreeable young people singing agreeable songs. The Tom O'Horgan production is crummy-colossal. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. 757-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

JOAN—Al Carmines' new musical. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. 473-6778. Tuesdays through Fridays, except Thursday, June 22, at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

MAN OF LA MANCHA—A revival of the Wasserman-Leigh-Darion musical, with Richard Kiley, Joan Diener, Irving Jacobson, and Robert Rounseville. Staged by Albert Marre. David Atkinson and Gerrianne Raphael will substitute for Mr. Kiley and Miss Diener at the Wednesday and Saturday matinée performances. Preview Wednesday, June 21. Opens officially on Thursday, June 22. (Vivian Beaumont, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:45. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2:30.)

OLDER PEOPLE—John Ford Noonan's skittish fantasy about the elderly comes in the form of

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Of Birds and Boehm

A rare pair of fine bone porcelain sculptures from the studios of Edward Marshall Boehm of Malvern, England. The Goldcrest with the glowing orange crown is Britain's most diminutive bird. The sculpture is 8″ high, 10″ wide, 6¼″ deep. $650. The Black Grouse, one of the great game birds of the world, includes a blue-black male and a chestnut and buff plumaged female. 13″ high, 15½″ wide, 12″ deep. $2800. From an aviary in limited edition.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

vaudeville sketches and doesn't add up to much of anything, in spite of a few pleasant moments. It is well played, though, by a cast of six, under Mel Shapiro's direction. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

The Prisoner of Second Avenue—Neil Simon's latest laff riot, directed by Mike Nichols, to the great advantage of every verbal and visual gag. Art Carney and Barbara Barrie have recently replaced Peter Falk and Lee Grant in it. (Eugene O'Neill, 49th St., W. 246-0220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Real Inspector Hound and **After Magritte**—Two one-act samples of the British playwright Tom Stoppard's wild, sleight-of-hand comedies. Both are very funny. With Carrie Nye, Tom Lacy, David Rounds, and Remak Ramsay. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Wednesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)

Small Craft Warnings—A nebulous and rather meandering play by Tennessee Williams about a passel of seedy types who assemble each evening at a bar in southern California. There are some good moments amidst a lot of soggy ones, and there are two superior performances by Helena Carroll and William Hickey. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. 752-0440. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Sticks and Bones—David Rabe, author of "Pavlo Hummel," has pulled off the impressive feat of writing a highly stylized comedy about the suffering of a young veteran of Vietnam and his family. Ably directed by Jeff Bleckner. (Golden, 45th St., W. 246-6740. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Sugar—A lifeless adaptation, in musical-comedy form, of the great movie "Some Like It Hot." Robert Morse works hard at being funny, and often is. (Majestic, 44th St., W. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

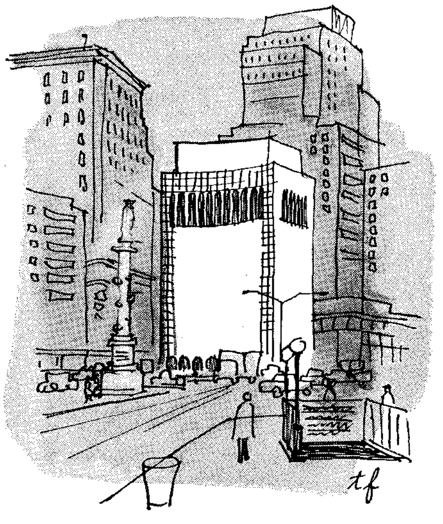
That Championship Season—This extremely well-written and important comic tragedy by Jason Miller is about the reunion of an old basketball coach and four of the five players who, years ago, won a trophy for him, and about many other matters besides. The performance, under A. J. Antoon's direction, is all that any playwright could hope for. Richard A. Dysart is the coach, and Walter McGinn, Michael McGuire, Paul Sorvino, and Charles Durning are the ex-teammates. All of them are perfect. Santo Loquasto's setting is one of the best in town. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Twigs—A very funny and touching account of the lives of three sisters and their ramshackle Irish mother. Sada Thompson plays all four roles. The gifted playwright is George Furth. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. 246-9156. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Two Gentlemen of Verona—Lots of good-looking young people dancing and singing and paying mercifully little attention to the original Shakespearean plot. With Raul Julia, Clifton Davis, Jonelle Allen, and Diana Davila. John Guare wrote the book with Mel Shapiro, who directed, and the songs are by Mr. Guare (lyrics) and Galt MacDermot (music). (St. James, 44th St., W. 695-5858. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Walk Together Children—Vinie Burrows, an appealing and accomplished actress, in a revival of her one-woman show made up of prose, poetry, and song by black authors. (Mercer Arts Center, 240 Mercer St., at W. 3rd St. 673-3937. Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—**BUTTERFLIES ARE FREE:** A comedy by Leonard Gershe, filled with surefire jokes and the merest pinch of life. With Gloria Swanson, Dirk Benedict, and Pamela Bellwood. (Booth, 45th St., W. 246-5969. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2. May close Sunday,



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July 2.)... **FOLLIES:** A show with music and lyrics by Stephen Sondheim and book by James Goldman. Alexis Smith is very good as an old Follies girl, and several of Mr. Sondheim's songs are delightful. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2. Closes Saturday, July 1.) ... **GODSPELL:** A musical adaptation of the Book of Matthew, and once a numbing prologue is over, it becomes a joyful celebration of theatre itself. Songs by Stephen Schwartz. (Promenade, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. 799-7690. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **LENNY:** An American "Orlando Furioso" about the life and death of the bedevilled comic Lenny Bruce. The star of the show is now Sandy Baron. (Brooks Atkinson, 47th St., W. 245-3430. Nightly at 7:30. Matinées Wednesday and Saturday at 2. Closes Saturday, June 24.)... **JACQUES BREL IS ALIVE AND WELL AND LIVING IN PARIS:** 1,837 performances so far. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-5020. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)... **THE FANTASTICKS:** 5,054 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 7:30; Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **FIDDLER ON THE ROOF:** 3,233 performances so far. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-7992. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2:30.)... **HAIR:** 1,740 performances so far. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. 582-5340. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3. Closes Saturday, July 1.)... **NO, NO, NANETTE:** Burt Shevelove's ingeniously tailored revival of a nineteen-twenties smash musical. The cast includes Ruby Keeler and Helen Gallagher. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) ... **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Belasco, 44th St., E. 586-7950. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) ... **ONE FLEW OVER THE CUCKOO'S NEST:** Dale Wasserman's hack adaptation of Ken Kesey's novel set in an insane asylum. (Mercer Arts Center, 240 Mercer St., at W. 3rd St. 673-3937. Wednesdays and Thursdays at 7:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)... **THE PROPOSITION:** An improvised revue with six good-humored young players from Boston. It is all pretty amateurish, but there are a few bright spots of mimicry. (Mercer Arts Center, 240 Mercer St., at W. 3rd St. 673-3937. Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **SLEUTH:** Paul Rogers and Brian Murray in Anthony Shaffer's intricate melodrama about one way of stamping out adultery in the English countryside. (Music Box, 45th St., W. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

BALLET

New York City Ballet—Tentative schedule—Final performances of a week-long **STRAVINSKY FESTIVAL** of music and dance (fourteen of the remaining twenty-two ballets are premières), after which the company will return to repertory. Wednesday, June 21, at 8: "Octuor," "Serenade in A," divertimento from "Le Baiser de la Fée," "Ebony Concerto," "Scherzo à la Russe," and "Circus Polka" (with Madeleine Malraux, piano, and Frances Bible, mezzo-soprano).... ¶ Thursday, June 22, at 8: "Rubies" from "Jewels," "Duo Concertant," "The Song of the Nightingale," and "Scènes de Ballet."... ¶ Friday, June 23, at 8: "Concerto for Two Solo Pianos," "Piano-Rag-Music," "Dumbarton Oaks," "Ode," and "Pulcinella" (with Mme. Malraux; Elaine Bonazzi, mezzo-soprano; Robert White, tenor; and William Metcalf, baritone).... ¶ Saturday, June 24, at 8: "Apollo," "Orpheus," and "Agon."... ¶ Sunday, June 25, at 7: "Choral Variations on Bach's 'Vom Himmel Hoch,'" "Monumentum pro Gesualdo/Movements for Piano and Orchestra," and "Requiem Canticles" (with Miss Bonazzi, the Messrs. White and Metcalf; and a chorus of seventy).... **REPERTORY:** Tuesday, June 27, at 8: "The Goldberg Variations" and "Symphony in C."... ¶ Wednesday, June 28, at 8: "Agon" and "Harlequinade."... ¶ Thursday, June 29, at 8: "Raymonda Variations," "Tchaikovsky Suite No. 3," and "The Concert."... ¶ Friday, June 30, at 8: "Harlequinade" and "Western Symphony."... ¶ Saturday, July 1, at 2: "Swan Lake" and "Harlequinade."... ¶ Saturday, July 1, at 8: "Concerto for Two Solo Pianos," "Agon," and "Stars and Stripes." (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center TR 7-4727. Through Sunday, July 2.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing of places around town where you might pass a pleasant hour or two.)

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

Bitter End, 147 Bleecker St. (475-7804)—Through Monday, June 26, the Persuasions, an a-cappella group, and singer Billy Joel will be on the stand, and beginning Wednesday, June 28, singer Eric Anderson will be there. Tuesdays are allotted to visiting performers. Coffee and tea are staples.

Boomer's, 340 Bleecker St., at Christopher St. (243-0245)—Blue notes and black-eyed peas. Thursday through Sunday, June 29-July 2, the Ray Bryant duo will perform. The food has sufficient soul. Music from nine-thirty to three, except Mondays, when there are jam sessions from eight until midnight.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl. (228-6440)—A dining and drinking establishment with aged-in-the-wood vibrations. Duke Jordan, an easygoing piano man, plays with a bassist through Saturday, June 24. Mondays, author-pianist Frank Conroy and a bass violist substitute for the regulars. Nine-thirty to one-thirty. Closed Sundays.

Cellar, 70 W. 95th St. (866-1200)—Leading the way in its part of town, this restaurant has soft lights, a soul-food menu, and a self-confident appearance. But keep the acoustics in mind: For listening, it's best to sit at the bar; in the dining area, you may not hear much. Wednesdays through Saturdays, pianist Cedar Walton teams with bassist Sam Jones, and Sundays through Tuesdays, Duke Jordan is paired with bassist Major Holley. Eight until two.

Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450)—It's always fair weather when Marian McPartland is at the Steinway, which is where she is, accompanied by bassist Rick Petrone, from eight until one Monday through Saturday. On Sundays, Dick Hyman, a pianist of considerable facility, takes over. Dining in relaxed surroundings.

Gaslight, 152 Bleecker St. (674-2580)—This

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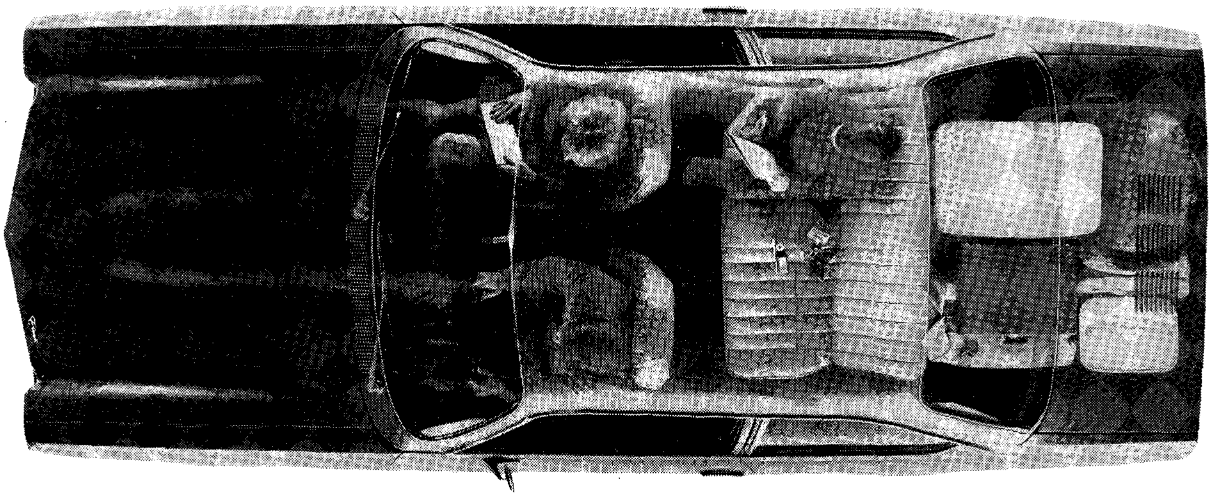

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major coffeehouse ranges from jazz to rock and hits most of the stops in between.

Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—A new, warm little corner in which Ellis Larkins displays his long-perfected piano technique, in company with a bassist, every night but Monday.

Guitar, 753 Tenth Ave., at 51st St. (265-9334)—Small and shadowy and all that, but No. 1 for all that, at least in the jazz-guitar field. Jim Raney, who swings on the six-string instrument, is doing a duo with bassist Linc Milliman, who also swings. Music Tuesday through Saturday from nine-thirty to two-thirty. A limited soul-food menu.

Half Note, 289 Hudson St., at Spring St. (AL 5-9752)—Purists, both hot and cool, should take an interest in the steady quartet headed by tenor player Zoot Sims, which appears here through Sunday, June 25. The J.P.J. quartet, propelled by Budd Johnson's lyrical saxophones, arrives Tuesday, June 27. Some Italian dishes. Closed Mondays.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—It came up the river from New Orleans and, *mutatis mutandis,* it found its way here. The musicians are Roy Eldridge, Bobby Pratt, Chuck Folds, Joe Muranyi, and Eddie Locke. Music from nine-thirty to three. Closed Sundays.

Max's Kansas City, 213 Park Ave. S., at 17th St. (777-7870)—The upstairs portion of this steak-and-lobster palace is furnished in carpentry-shop contemporary, and the place offers some correspondingly contemporary sounds. Through Sunday, June 25, Dan Hicks and his Hot Licks go thirty years or so down Memory Lane. The Jack Bonus band opens Wednesday, June 28. Mondays and Tuesdays are devoted to acts by new folksters and rocksters, after which (from midnight to two) people may dance to records. Drinks and snacks.

Mercer Arts Center, 240 Mercer St., at W. 3rd St. (673-3937)—In the Blue Room Cabaret, a very plastic room on the second floor of this theatre complex, bassist Charles Mingus is presenting various-sized groups—all the way up to his twenty-two-piece band—Sundays through Thursdays at ten and twelve, and Fridays and Saturdays at ten, twelve, and two. Drinks and snacks.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (PL 8-2272)—Lions and unicorns may be observed here, and so may a certain number of cats, especially on Mondays, from nine to midnight, when actor-author-clarinettist Woody Allen leads his Dixieland septet. Tuesdays through Saturdays, between nine and one, pianist Lynn Richards does songs her audience is apt to remember. Dinner and supper. Closed Sundays.

Red Garter, 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of Washington Square. (982-4270)—Just the spot for looking over old four-leaf clovers. The banjo band twangs, ancient movies flicker, and patrons drink beer while staring at taxidermic polar bears. Closed Mondays.

Slugs', 242 E. 3rd St. (677-9727)—Through Sunday, June 25, tenor saxophonist Joe Henderson will conduct a sextet. Leon Thomas, who traces his vocalistic origins to Africa, will move in with a backup group called 777 on Tuesday, June 27. Let it be said that the atmosphere of this club is a bit murky, as are the environs. Closed Mondays.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120)—Ahmad Jamal, who lately has been fancying an electric piano, will lead his trio until Tuesday, June 27, when Billy Taylor, one of this city's most multi-talented jazzmen, will bring in his own tight threesome. An accomplished keyboard man named Bill Rubenstein starts the evening at about nine, and goes on to play between sets. Mondays, all these people are absent, and new talent is auditioned. Dining.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011)—Saxophonist Archie Shepp, who is very much into black music, will direct a sextet through Sunday, June 25. Elvin Jones, a drumming phenomenon, comes in with a quintet on Tuesday, June 27. On Sunday, June 25, at five—before the regular program—percussionist Keno Duke's quintet will play a one-shot session. Mondays are reserved for the big Thad Jones-Mel Lewis band.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—Stained glass, candles, and conviviality contrast with its location, which is not far from Desolation Row. The menu offers soul food. Thoughtful jazz on piano and bass from eight to two by Nat Jones and Michael Fleming Mondays through Wednesdays, and by Nina Sheldon (who sings while she's at it) and Carl Pruitt Thursdays through Sundays.

Your Father's Mustache, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (675-4630)—On Sunday, June 25, from five until one, Balaban & Cats, which is the house Dixieland band, will join with several other musicians—including Louis Metcalf, Roy Eldridge, Sol Yaged, Marian McPartland, and Tyree Glenn—in a benefit for the widow of clarinettist Tony Parenti. The rest of the week, a banjo band entertains in this squarish establishment, whose days (and nights) are unremittingly of yore.

DISCOTHÈQUES AND SUCH

L'Etoile, 1 E. 59th St. (751-7025)—A quiet, polished restaurant that opens a part of its floor for dancing to records, on Saturdays only, from nine-thirty to one. Dinner and supper of an advanced sort.

Hippopotamus, 154 E. 54th St. (486-1566)—One of those relentlessly hip clubs that yearn for the glow that café society once had. The interior architecture has an Anglo-Indian aspect. The menu is ample, except on Sundays, when only couscous is served. Dancing to records. Reservations are required for dining.

Shepheard's, in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0900)—Quasi-Cairo, with a Continental chef lurking somewhere behind the sphinxes. Dancing to records from five, but three times a night Carol Denmark and the Grand Prix do pop songs. The dinner menu is substantial. Closed Sundays.

Thursday's, 57 W. 58th St. (371-7777)—A soft-carpeted playpen that has a pair of restaurant floors, a brace of bars, and—midway between floors I and II—a dance floor on which people move to tapes. A fairly complete menu.

Tuesday's, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7900)—Some old-timey mementos—principally fading photographs—along with Tiffany-type lamps and fancy woodwork are enough to let patrons know that somebody once had an epoch in mind. Upstairs is for snacks. Downstairs is for dancing to discs.

CABARETS

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

Dangerfield's, 1118 First Ave., at 61st St. (593-1650)—A Mermaid Tavern redivivus, and anything can happen. The best of it usually happens when the owner of the tavern—Rodney Dangerfield, a commentator and wit whose words are often constructed of arsenic and old Mace—ascends the stand. The speechmaking starts around eleven, and an hour earlier on Fridays and Saturdays. Steaks and such as well. Mr. D. will be away on Monday, June 26. Closed Sundays.

Improvisation, 358 W. 44th St. (765-8268)—A blend of beer garden and bear garden, but now and then (amid the wits copycatting their betters in night life, and the sopranos ditto ditto) one comes upon a fledgling humorist being himself, and being very funny about it. It's pot luck for the customers, but then what isn't nowadays? No Sundays.

Upstairs at the Downstairs, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244)—Saturday, June 24, is closing night for humorist Dick Gregory and singer Alice Whitfield. On Monday, June 26, Henrietta Valor, of "Jacques Brel Is Alive and Well," will head a troupe of young performers. Closed Sundays.

BIG DEALS

(Dinner and supper, music, and all that.)

Alpine Cellar, in the Hotel McAlpin, Broadway at 34th St. (PE 6-5700)—The Alps are the Bavarian ones, and the aura is all *brauhaus.* No activity on Sundays and Mondays.

Americana, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (581-1000)—Gladys Knight and the Pips will check out on Saturday, June 24, when the **ROYAL BOX** shuts down for a summer vacation.

Château Madrid, Lexington Ave. at 48th St. (752-8080)—It's Boys Town of Spain (senior division, though) when Los Chavales de España, those inveterate romancers, deploy onstage. Dancing Tuesdays through Saturdays from seven-thirty and Sundays from four. Closed Mondays. . . . ¶ Down the hall is a minute theatre in the round, assigned—beginning late and ending late—to other flamencans, who work things out in a real spur-of-the-moment madrileño fashion. Closed Mondays.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—In the **CAFÉ,** Phil Wayne's threesome, whose dance tunes are gentle on the mind and the ear, is around Sundays and Mondays, seven-thirty until curfew. Herb Winner's threesome prevails the rest of the week.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000)—Billy Eckstine sings his own form of *bel canto* in the **PERSIAN ROOM** at dinner during the week, at dinner and supper Friday and Saturday. Saturday, June 24, ends the current season of this establishment. . . . ¶ Not a trace of the Edwardian Room appears in its transformation into the blooming **GREEN TULIP,** a restaurant patrolled on foot by Sig and Gary, two characters both folksy and rocksy. Additionally, every night but Monday, there is discothèque dancing after ten. . . . ¶ In the **PALM COURT,** which remains palmy and courtly, Sandu Marcu is on the business end of a violin from four-thirty to seven-thirty; Ernest Schoen and Jules Kuti, those old Viennese cronies, do fiddle-and-piano duets from eight to one. No Sunday or Monday evenings.

Rainbow Grill, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—Singer Sarah Vaughan will exit on Saturday, June 24, to be supplanted on Monday, June 26, by Mongo Santamaria's band. The enterprise is in session every night but Sunday, and dance music commences at eight.

SMALL AND BOUNCY

(Dining but no dancing, except as indicated.)

CAFÉ CARLYLE, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): On Saturday, June 24, the seats of the mighty begin to empty, for Bobby Short will be singing the last of his songs, and summer vacation will be setting in. . . . **DUNCAN'S,** 303 E. 53rd St. (838-6154): A brick-walled clubhouse in which Bill Halsey's piano can turn almost any kind of tune into a little show-stopper. In company with bassist Leonard Gaskin, he plays nightly, except Sundays, from eight-thirty to two. . . . **DIONYSOS,** 304 E. 48th St. (758-8240): Architects, take note of the new Greek Revival; dieticians and choreographers, take note, too. Athenian musicians, Athenian singers, and explosive ambience as high as an elephant's eye. Such a Western World touch as a rock band is not necessary, but it has been added. Until all hours, but no Sundays. . . . **ADONIS,** 1230 Second Ave., at 64th St. (249-2773): More Greek Revival, and in the same sunlit manner, with another coruscating troupe of musicians (they start at eight-thirty) and singers. The staff itself precipitates and participates in the choreography, which is very Attic folk-dance. Again, until all hours, though not on Sunday. . . . **MYKONOS,** 349 W. 46th St. (265-1590): *Another* Greek revivalist meeting, not as elaborate but conducted under the same sunny skies. A most vigorous foursome goes *zing!* on the podium, even though there is no choreography. Nobody thinks of going home early. Sundays are a minus quantity. . . . **LA CHANSONNETTE,** 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): The forum for Rita Dimitri, who was designed by Lautrec to be a Parisian soubrette, is the top of the piano in her tiny parlor—a parlor not so tiny that it does not have a dance floor,

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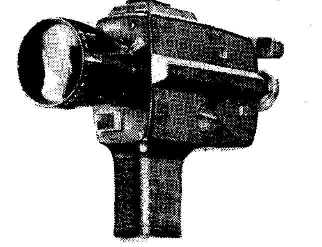

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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25	26	27	28	29	30	1

which is in session as early as eight. She sings at dinner and supper. Closed Sundays and Mondays.... **CHEZ VITO**, 36 E. 60th St. (PL 5-2025): Fiddledeedee by the hour, from a collection of avid violinists, and operetta, too, most likely at the next table, from Leyna Gabriele, prop., and her most hearty companions; i.e., a lot of good-natured decibels for your money. Closed Sundays.... **A QUIET LITTLE TABLE IN THE CORNER**, belowdecks in the Executive Hotel, 237 Madison Ave., at 37th St. (685-7160): An underground movement all its own, from the busy bar to the tiny tables (glassed-in, but only by strings of beads). From nine-thirty until three Tuesday through Saturday every week, there is piano by Bubber Johnson, an old hand at barside music. Nourishment, yes, and even a stirrup cup to end your evening.... **ASTI**, 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): An opera house quite as mad as the one the Marx Brothers once inhabited. The entire staff joins in, even during the process of serving dinner. Closed Mondays.

SMALL AND SERENE

(Dining, but no dancing.)

IPERBOLE, 137 E. 55th St. (759-9720): Armando Mei's concept of Imperial Rome is mod on the surface, but the city planners in the scullery preserve his, and Rome's, culinary traditions. The food of love is supplied by the voice and guitar of Dino Palermo, who knows all there is to know about such a menu. Closed Sundays.... **ROMA DI NOTTE**, 137 E. 55th St. (832-1128): Down underneath Iperbole is a Roman grotto, just as decorative. Here a threesome makes dance music, seven-thirty to one-thirty, except on Sundays. ... **REMBRANDT ROOM**, in the Stanhope Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 81st St. (BU 8-5800): A refectory way up top in the leisure class. George Feyer, a feudal lord of the Hapsburg empire, conducts his piano recitations Tuesdays *through Saturdays from eight-thirty to one.* ... **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV**, 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): Fit for a king, but a tight fit, what with all the moats and drawbridges and ancient weaponry. George Cardini, peripatetic fiddler, and Herman Arminski, one of the last of the truly romantic pianists, are on hand Tuesday through Saturday every week. Another pianist fills in on Monday; nothing doing on Sunday. The refectory is calm; the bar can be boisterous.... **DRAKE ROOM**, 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): In the old homestead, Dick Hankinson addresses his piano off and on from six until one; Sundays, someone understudies him.... **THE GRIFFIN**, 313 E. 46th St. (371-4542): A mod home indeed for a mythological beast, and a pleasing home indeed for diners who wish to proceed at a petty pace—a pace that today is itself practically mythological. Piano, constructivist and contemplative, from seven-thirty to eleven by Ray Onley. On Monday, June 26, Clem Artist will succeed Mr. O. Closed Sundays.... **JACK DELANEY**, 72 Grove St. (AL 5-7905): Where do the surviving pianists of the late, late nightlife shows now congregate? Well, two of them (Charles De Forest, Mondays and Tuesdays, and Murray Grand, the five other days) congregate in this aged Village bar; and so do a sprinkling of other reminders of these shows, often to sit in at the upright.... **LA BIBLIOTHÈQUE**, 341 E. 43rd St. (689-5445): A clinging vine on the wall that rises from First Avenue. It is, furthermore, a vine that offers Bacchian accompaniment to its dinner and supper guests, and piano accompaniment, too, by Norman Rollings, who is in service from eight to one during the week, nine to two Fridays and Saturdays. No music Sundays.... **MONSIGNORE**, 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): Sort of a Roman den of propinquity, with a fair amount of tablehopping by both guests and Ricardo Roda's set of prowling instrumentalists. Closed Sundays. ... **BARCLAY HOTEL**, 111 E. 48th St. (PL 5-5900): Mondays through Fridays, a Lester Lanin duo plays for dinner in the Gold Room of this old architectural ornament.... **CARLTON BAR-RESTAURANT**, in the Carlton House, Madison Ave. at 61st St. (838-3000): Ray Hartley, justifiable pride of Western Australia, is holidaying in this fetching ancestral hall, where, from four-thirty to ten-thirty, he is serving up his own keyboard specialties. Mr. H. takes Saturdays and Sundays off.... **SIGN OF THE DOVE**, 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): Lynn Mullinax, a country cousin from down South, gives the piano in the bar an air of being very well educated and extremely good-natured. He is in session from six to one, though not on Sundays or Mondays. ... **CAMEL DRIVER**, 72 E. 56th St. (980-3860): Marty Berns maintains an even keel at the keyboard in this diminutive, candle-lit retreat. He plays from seven to two Mondays through Fridays. Closed Saturdays and Sundays.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

JEAN ARP (1887-1966)—Thirty sculptures, four paintings, and drawings and graphics dating from 1927 to the year of his death, in a show that is running concurrently with his exhibit at the Metropolitan Museum; through Friday, June 30. (Weintraub, 992 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

CHARLES BURCHFIELD (1893-1967)—About eighty drawings and doodles; through Friday, June 30. (Raydon, 1091 Madison Ave., at 82nd St. Closed Mondays.)

MARC CHAGALL—A complete suite of a hundred and five etchings illustrating the Old Testament; through Friday, June 30. (Associated American Artists, 663 Fifth Ave., at 53rd St. Closed Saturdays.)

LYONEL FEININGER (1871-1956)—Twenty watercolors and twenty-two drawings; through Friday, June 30. (Sabarsky, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

EMILY FULLER—Strips of colored canvas in varying widths suspended from the walls and ceiling in groups; through Friday, June 23. (55 Mercer Street. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.)

JAMES HILLEARY AND KENNETH YOUNG—Color-stain paintings by two Washington, D.C., artists; their first one-man shows here. Through Friday, June 30. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

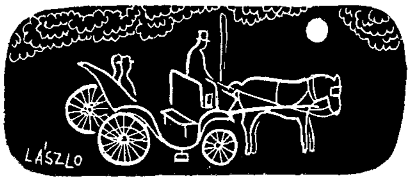
GIACOMO MANZÙ—Recent bronzes and reliefs by this artist famous for his ecclesiastical figures; through Friday, June 30. (Rosenberg, 20 E. 79th St. Closed Saturdays.)

ELIJAH PIERCE—Painted sculptures, mostly reliefs, depicting religious and social subjects in naïve style; first one-man show here of an eighty-year-old black wood-carver. Through Friday, June 23. (Danenberg, 1020 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

NICHOLAS SCHÖFFER—Sculptures by the internationally known Constructivist who works in light and motion; included are early works, plus a model for his Tour Lumière, now under construction on the outskirts of Paris, which will be taller than the Eiffel Tower. Through Saturday, July 1. (René, 6 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

HERMAN SOMBERG—Paintings in bright colors, influenced by Cubism; through Friday, June 23. (Poindexter, 24 E. 84th St.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **ACA**, 25 E. 73rd St.: Paintings by such American artists as Luks, Avery, Soyer, and Shahn; through Sept. 11. (Closed Saturdays.)... **ALONZO**, 26 E. 63rd St.: Black-and-white works in various mediums by, for example, Ben Bishop, Don David, Martin Hurtig, and Golda Lewis; through Thursday, June 29. (Closed Mondays.)... **BERRY-HILL**, 743 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.: Oil paintings by prominent American landscapists; through Friday, June 30. (Closed Saturdays.)... **LA BOETIE**, 1042 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Fine and applied art produced in early-twentieth-century Vienna by, among others, Klimt, Schiele, and Kokoschka; through Friday, June 30. (Closed Mondays.)... **CENTER FOR INTER-AMERICAN RELATIONS**, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St.: Paintings and sculptures from Latin America, selected from New York collections; through July 29. (Daily, noon to 6.)... **COOPER**, 100 Prince St.: Lynda Benglis, Robert Grosvenor, Sol LeWitt, and five other artists; through Friday, June 23.... **DE NAGY**, 29 W. 57th St.: Drawings, watercolors, and prints by gallery artists—Bannard, Boxer, Goodnough, Gourevitch, and Kozloff, to name several; through Friday, June 30. (Closed Mondays.)... **DINTENFASS**, 18 E. 67th St.: Works in various mediums by gallery artists (Birmekin, Broderson, Gablik, Gwathmey, King, Oliveira, and Tovish, for instance); through Friday, June 30. (Closed Mondays and Saturdays.)... **EMMERICH**, 420 West Broadway: Paintings and sculptures by about twenty young New York artists; through Friday, June 30. (Closed Saturdays.)... **FAR GALLERY**, 746 Madison Ave., at 65th St.: Paintings, drawings, graphics, and sculptures representing various elements of our natural and man-made environment, by Bierstadt, Bonnard, Kipniss, Resika, and many others; through July 14. (Closed Saturdays.) ... **FISCHBACH**, 29 W. 57th St.: A dozen gallery artists, including James Bishop, Gene Davis, Sally Drummond, Robert Mangold, and Ray Parker; through July 28. (Closed Mondays and Saturdays.)... **FRUMKIN**, 41 E. 57th St.: Works by William T. Wiley, Willard Midgette, Philip Pearlstein, and other gallery artists; through Friday, June 30.... **HUTCHINSON**, 127 Greene St., at W. Houston St.: Figurative sculptures in plastic by four artists; through Wednesday, June 28. (Closed Mondays.)... **KENNEDY**, 20 E. 56th St.: Lithographs, serigraphs, and posters on the subject of the Olympics by Vasarely, Hartung, Kokoschka, Albers, Antes, d'Arcangelo, Wesselmann, Hockney, and others; through Friday, June 30. (Closed Saturdays.)... **KORNBLEE**, 58 E. 79th St.: Gallery artists—Mon Levinson, Janet Fish, Larry Zox, and Rack Straw Downes—plus Fausto Melotti; through Friday, June 30. (Closed Mondays and Saturdays.)... **LEFEBRE**, 47 E. 77th St.: Paintings and sculptures by, for instance, Alechinsky, Antes, Bissier, and Bury; through July 14. (Closed Mondays and Saturdays.)... **MIDTOWN**, 11 E. 57th St.: Works shown during the season by gallery artists, who include Bishop, Cadmus, Thon, Vickrey, Moller, and Mayhew; through July 7. (Closed Saturdays.) ... **O.K. HARRIS**, 465 West Broadway: Works by two sculptors and two painters; through Saturday, July 1. (Closed Mondays.)... **PACE**, 32 E. 57th St.: Gallery artists, such as Larry Bell, Robert Irwin, Louise Nevelson, Ernest Trova, and Jack Youngerman; through Aug. 18. (Closed Saturdays.)... **PALEY & LOWE**, 59 Wooster St.: Gallery artists; through Wednesday, June 21. (Closed Saturdays.)... **PALLEY**, 93 Prince St.: Wall pieces by Peter Plagens, Lynn Umlauf, Robert Jacks, and Joe Zucker; through Saturday, June 24. ... **PERLS**, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Paintings and sculptures by such modern masters as Archipenko, Gris, Modigliani, and Tamayo; through Friday, June 30. (Closed Saturdays.)... **PRATT GRAPHICS CENTER**, 831 Broadway at 13th St.: Twenty-six Canadian printmakers; through July 24. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 6; Saturdays, 1 to 5.) ... **RUBIN**, 49 W. 57th St.: A dozen gallery artists, among them Stella, Noland, Caro, Olitski, and Sander; through Wednesday, June 28. (Closed Mondays.)... **SOCIETY OF ILLUSTRATORS**, 128 E. 63rd St.: Sculptures, paintings, and drawings by about sixty artists opposed to the war; through July 7. (Closed Saturdays.)... **STAEMPFLI**, 47 E. 77th St.: Sculptures by Arp, Bauermeister, Bertoia, Bill, and Etrog (to mention several); through July 14. (Closed Saturdays.)... **WEBER**, 420 West Broadway: A show of paintings and sculptures; a half dozen of the artists are Andre, LeWitt, Flavin, Snelson, Ryman, and Smithson. Through July 28. (Closed Saturdays.) ... **ZABRISKIE**, 29 W. 57th St.: American geometric abstractions of the thirties by Albers, Bolotowsky, Biederman, Balcomb Greene, Ferren, Glarner, Diller, George L.K. Morris, and the like; through July 14. (Closed Mondays.)



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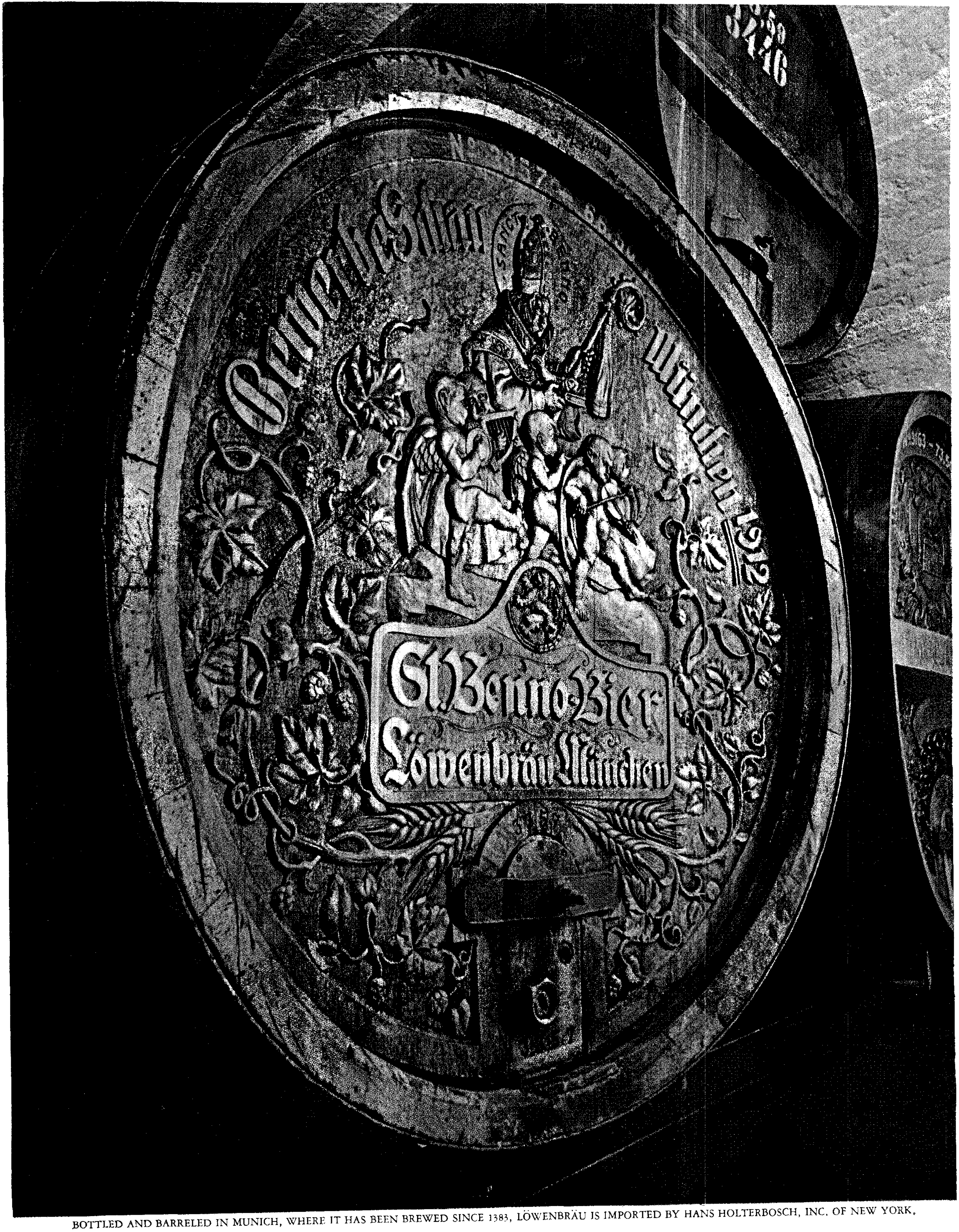
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

way, artists scheduled to exhibit at the Documenta and/or Spoleto annuals will present films, videotapes, dance and musical performances, and themselves; starting Friday, June 23. (Closed Saturdays.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave., at 82nd St.—A hundred sculptures by Jacques Lipchitz, covering all periods of his career; through Sept. 12. . . . ¶ Twenty-three free-standing sculptures, ten reliefs, and twenty-seven watercolors, drawings, and woodcuts by Jean Arp (1887-1966), the leading Dadaist; through Sept. 12. A complementary show is at the Weintraub Gallery, 992 Madison Ave., at 77th St. . . . ¶ Fifty outstanding sculptures on the theme of the human image, created on the islands of the Pacific, from Easter Island in the east to New Guinea in the west; through Sept. 5. . . . ¶ Seventy-six miniature paintings from a sixteenth-century manuscript, plus decorative objects; through July 4. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—"Italy: The New Domestic Landscape," an exhibit reporting on current design developments in Italy and setting forth a cornucopia of examples: furniture, lamps and vases, typewriters and telephones, compact cooking devices, sleeping and storage units, and a poker table. Through Sept. 11. . . . ¶ Forty photographs of trees by Eugène Atget (1857-1927), the pioneer French photographer; through Sept. 5. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6. Entrance fee reduced to an optional contribution on Wednesdays.) . . . **note:** The Museum's sculpture garden, 8 W. 54th St., is open, free, Fridays through Sundays, 6 to 11.

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—Seventy oils, fifty watercolors, and thirteen prints from all phases of the career of Wassily Kandinsky (1866-1944); through Sept. 5. . . . ¶ Modern-master works by Matisse, Seurat, Léger, Cézanne, Braque, Mondrian, van Gogh, Picasso, and others; through Sept. 3. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge from 6 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Eighteenth- and nineteenth-century paintings and drawings owned by collectors in the New York metropolitan area; the fifty-four artists represented include Copley, Cole, Church, Inness, Ryder, Peto, Haberle, Eakins, and Sargent. Starts Tuesday, June 27. . . . ¶ A hundred and thirty-eight photographs, thirty-eight in color, representing the work of David Douglas Duncan during the past twenty years, taken in war situations, the streets of Paris, the countryside of Ireland, Berber villages in Morocco, and so on; through Sept. 4. . . . ¶ Four interrelated pieces, each approximately twelve feet in length, in the form of an automobile and deriving from Yogi philosophy, by Don Potts, a California sculptor; through July 16. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, noon to 6.)

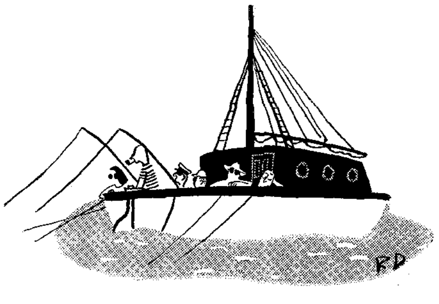
Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—Paintings, sculptures, graphics, and wall-hangings by eight contemporary North American Indian artists; starting Sunday, June 25. (Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W., at 79th St.—The alcove in the Hall of Mexico and Central America offers a stunning display of pre-Columbian gold objects from five hundred to twenty-two hundred years old. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Library and Museum of the Performing Arts, Lincoln Center—Over a hundred Stravinsky scores, photographs, and memorabilia from the collection of the composer's widow, Vera Stravinsky; through July 15. (Weekdays, 10 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—The Mellon collection of a hundred and fifty English drawings and watercolors, most from 1750 to 1850; through July 28. (Mondays through Fridays, 9:30 to 5.)

Museum of Primitive Art, 15 W. 54th St.—Forty objects from the Upper Volta region of Africa; most are masks, with some headdresses, carved figures, and stools. Through Sept. 30. (Wednesdays through Fridays, 11 to 5; Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)



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New York Cultural Center, 2 Columbus Circle—A private collection of nineteenth-century salon paintings and symbolist art; among the artists are Gérôme, Doré, Isabey, and Prud'hon. Starts Tuesday, June 27. . . . ¶ About two hundred paintings, plus ceramics, bronze and brass metalwork, and other objects, all done in Persia from the eighth century to the nineteenth; through July 4. (Wednesday through Saturday, June 21-24, from 11 to 8; thereafter, daily, except Mondays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera is 799-4420, for Philharmonic Hall TR 4-2424, and for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459.)

Metropolitan Opera—Final performances of a three-week non-subscription Verdi festival—Wednesday evening, June 21: "Don Carlo," with Elinor Ross, Grace Bumbry, Franco Corelli, Robert Merrill, Giorgio Tozzi, and John Macurdy; conducted by Francesco Molinari-Pradelli. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, June 22: "Rigoletto," with Joan Sutherland, Joann Grillo, Luciano Pavarotti, Sherrill Milnes, Ruggero Raimondi, and Edmond Karlsrud; Richard Bonynge. . . . ¶ Friday evening, June 23: "La Forza del Destino," with Gabriella Tucci, Frederica von Stade, Richard Tucker, Mario Sereni, John Macurdy, and Fernando Corena; Michelangelo Veltri. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, June 24: "La Traviata," with Anna Moffo, Enrico DiGiuseppe, and Robert Merrill; Richard Bonynge. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, June 24: "Aida," with Martina Arroyo, Grace Bumbry, Franco Corelli, Anselmo Colzani, Ruggero Raimondi, and Paul Plishka; Francesco Molinari-Pradelli. (Evenings at 8. Matinée at 2.)

Leonard Bernstein's "Mass"—A theatre piece with texts from the Latin liturgy of the Roman Catholic Mass, plus other texts in English by Mr. Bernstein and Stephen Schwartz. Maurice Peress conducts a symphony orchestra, and Gordon Davidson directs a company of a hundred and seventy-five, including Alan Titus (or David Cryer) as Celebrant, the Norman Scribner Choir, the Berkshire Boy Choir, and the Alvin Ailey American Dance Theatre. Previews Monday and Tuesday, June 26-27. Opens officially with a benefit performance (for tickets, call 582-7509) on Wednesday, June 28, and will run through Saturday, July 22. (Metropolitan Opera House. 787-3880. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées the first week on Thursday and Saturday at 2; subsequently on Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Symphony of the New World—George Byrd conducting, with Veronica Tyler, soprano. (Philharmonic Hall. Sunday, June 25, at 3.)

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK/ETC.

Bette Midler—Carnegie Hall. Friday, June 23, at 8.

Smokey Robinson & the Miracles, Four Tops, Jr., Walker & the All-Stars, and Labelle—Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Friday, June 23, at 8.

Jackson Five—Madison Square Garden. Friday, June 30, at 8.

Summer Jazz—Freddie Hubbard, Stanley Turrentine, Ron Carter, Jack Dejohnette, and others. (Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden. Friday, June 30, at 8.)

Newport Jazz Festival New York—The Rhode Island gathering of the clans has moved to New York this year—all over New York. Opening performances of the nine-day schedule: "Schlitz Salute to Jazz I," with Billy Eckstine, Sarah Vaughan, Art Blakey, Dizzy Gillespie, Thelonious Monk, and others. (Philharmonic Hall. Saturday, July 1, at 5 and 9.) . . . ¶ "Schlitz Salute to Jazz II," with Stan Getz, the Modern Jazz Quartet, and others. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, July 1, at 5 and 9.) . . . ¶ "Miss Truth," a drama written and performed by Glory Van Scott, with jazz accompaniment. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturday, July 1, at 7:45.)

IN THE COUNTRY

Berkshire Festival—Opening performances of the season, which will run through Sunday, Aug. 20—Friday, June 30, at 7: John Oliver directing the Tanglewood Festival Chorus. . . . ¶ Friday, June 30, at 9: Seiji Ozawa directing the Boston Symphony in an all-Bach program, with Armando Ghitalla, trumpet; Doriot Anthony Dwyer, flute; Ralph Gomberg, oboe; Joseph Silverstein, violin; Robert Levin, harpsichord; Phyllis Curtin, soprano; Seth McCoy, tenor; and the Tanglewood Festival Chorus. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 1, at 8:30: Stanislaw Skrowaczewski conducting the Boston Symphony, with Claude Frank, piano. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 2, at 2: Seiji Ozawa directing the Boston Symphony in a performance of Haydn's oratorio "The Seasons," with Miss Curtin; Mr. McCoy; Robert Hale, baritone; and the Tanglewood Festival Chorus. (Tanglewood, Lenox, Mass. For information about tickets, call 644-4400, in New York.)

Caramoor Festival—Saturday, June 24, at 8:30: James DePreist conducting a program of baroque music. . . . ¶ Sunday, June 25, at 5:30: The New York Chamber Soloists in a performance of Handel's "Acis and Galatea" in concert form. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 1, at 8:30: Julius Rudel conducting a Kodály-Donizetti program, with Faye Robinson, soprano; Sofia Steffan, mezzo-soprano; Carlos Montané, tenor; David Clatworthy, baritone; and Philip Booth, bass. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 2, at 5:30: Julius Rudel conducting a performance of Benjamin Britten's parable "The Prodigal Son," with Andrea Velis and John Lankston, tenors, and William Metcalf and Mr. Clatworthy, baritones. (Katonah, N.Y.; festival ends Sunday, July 16. Buses leave from the back of the New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center, two hours before the scheduled times of the performances; reservations must be made in advance. For information about tickets, and buses, call 914 232-4206.)

Jacob's Pillow Dance Festival—Opening performances of the season of ballet and modern and ethnic dancing. Thursday, June 22, at 3; Friday, June 23, at 8:40; and Saturday, June 24, at 3 and 8:40: Marion Rice's Denishawn Dancers (with Carolyn Brown) and Barton Mumaw. . . . ¶ Tuesday and Wednesday, June 27-28, at 8:40; Thursday, June 29, at 3; Friday, June 30, at 8:40; and Saturday, July 1, at 3 and 8:40: The Dayton Ballet Company and the Morse Donaldson Dance Company. (Lee, Mass.)

Connecticut College American Dance Festival—The Festival's special twenty-fifth-anniversary repertory company will open the season with a program consisting of "El Penitente," "Flickers," and "New Dance." (Palmer Auditorium, New London, Conn. Friday and Saturday, June 30-July 1, at 8, and Sunday, July 2, at 2.)

SPORTS

Baseball—At **yankee stadium:** Yankees vs. Kansas City, Wednesday, June 21, at 2. . . . ¶ Yankees vs. Baltimore, Wednesday, June 28, at 7:30, and Thursday, June 29, at 2. . . . ¶ Yankees vs. Cleveland, Friday, June 30, at 7:30, and Saturday, July 1, at 2. . . . **shea stadium:** Mets vs. St. Louis, Thursday and Friday, June 22-23, at 8:05; Saturday, June 24, at about 2:45 (the annual Old-Timers Day festivities, with a couple of innings or so between former Met players and other National League stars of the past decade, will start at 1:30); and Sunday, June 25, at 2:05. . . .

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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¶ Mets vs. Pittsburgh, Monday, June 26, at 8:05, and Tuesday, June 27, at 2:05.

Boxing—Ken Buchanan vs. Roberto Duran, 15 rounds, for the World Lightweight Championship. (Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Monday, June 26. Preliminaries at 8:30; main bout at 10.)

Golf—U.S.G.A. Women's Open Championship. (Winged Foot Golf Club, Mamaroneck. Thursday through Sunday, June 29-July 2.)

Polo—At Bethpage Polo Field, Farmingdale, L.I.: Sundays at 3:30.

Racing—At AQUEDUCT: Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, July 29. The Saranac, Saturday, June 24, and the Sheepshead Bay Handicap, Saturday, July 1. . . . MONMOUTH PARK, Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 2; through Saturday, Aug. 19. (A special train leaves Penn Station for the track at 11:48.)

Trotting—At ROOSEVELT RACEWAY, Westbury: Weekdays at 8; through Saturday, July 22. . . . SARATOGA RACEWAY, Saratoga Springs: Weekdays at 8:15; through Saturday, Nov. 18.

ET ALIA

United Nations—Visitors are admitted to periodic meetings of the Security Council, and regular sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.). . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every fifteen minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily.

Poetry Readings—Wednesday, June 21, at 8: Mark Strand reading from his own works. . . . ¶ Wednesday, June 28, at 8: Howard Moss reading from his own works. (New School, 66 W. 12th St. Tickets at the door of the auditorium on the nights of the readings.)

Walking Tours—"Classical Civic Art and Pride," a tour focussing on the interior and exterior of the Appellate Division of the New York Supreme Court, Madison Ave. at 25th St., will take place on Sunday, June 25. Pierce Rice will be the cicerone. Meets in front of the Appellate Division building at 2:30. For reservations, call 838-7262. (In the event of rain, the tour will take place the following Saturday afternoon.)

Lila Acheson Wallace World of Birds—A luxurious new urban-housing development for birds, consisting of twenty-five natural-looking habitats (everything from rain forest to desert wastes), populated by five hundred and fifty avian beauties representing two hundred species, who go about their daily business happily unconscious, for the most part, of being caged or of being peeped at by their unfeathered friends. (Bronx Zoo. Daily, 10 to 5.)

Auctions—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Wednesday, June 21, at 10:15 and 2: Old-master and nineteenth- and twentieth-century prints, from numerous collections. . . . ¶ Thursday, June 22, at 2: Art Nouveau, including Tiffany lamps and Steuben glass; the property of many collectors. . . . ¶ Friday, June 23, at 10:15 and 2: American furniture and decorations, from the estates of Albert C. Smiley and C. Prescott Knight and from other sources. . . . ¶ Tuesday, June 27, at 2: Illustrations of American Indians, from many owners. . . . ¶ Wednesday, June 28, at 2: English, American, and Continental silver; from various collectors. Exhibition starts Friday, June 23.

Film Libraries—At the MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—June 21 at 2: "Red Detachment of Women" (1970), in Chinese; no English titles. . . . ¶ June 21 at 5:30: "The Stars Look Down" (1941), directed by Carol Reed, with Margaret Lockwood and Michael Redgrave. . . . ¶ June 22 at 5:30 and 8: "Red Detachment of Women" (1970). . . . ¶ June 23 at 2: "Flowers of Friendship Blossom in Table Tennis Matches" (1971), in Chinese; no English titles. . . . ¶ June 23 at 5:30 and June 24 at noon: "8½" (1963), in Italian, directed by Federico Fellini, with Marcello Mastroianni and Anouk Aimée. . . . ¶ June 24 at 3: "The Red Lantern" (1970), in Chinese; no English titles. . . . ¶ June 24 at 5:30: "Taking Tiger Mountain by Strategy" (1970), in Chinese. . . . ¶ June 25 at 12:30 and 3: "Duck Soup" (1933), directed by Leo McCarey, with the Marx Brothers. . . . ¶ June 25 at 5:30: "Red Detachment of Women" (1970). . . . ¶ June 26 at 2: Three Chinese films. . . . ¶ June 26 at 5:30: "Flowers of Friendship Blossom in Table Tennis Matches" (1971). . . . ¶ June 27 at 2: "Stella Dallas" (1937), directed by King Vidor, with Barbara Stanwyck and John Boles. . . . ¶ June 27 at 5:30: Three Chinese films. . . . ¶ June 28 at 2: "Taking Tiger Mountain by Strategy" (1970). . . . ¶ June 28 at 5:30: "Stella Dallas" (1937). . . . ¶ June 29 at 5:30 and 8: "Shachiapang" (1970), in Chinese; no English titles. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon. Reservations for the showings at 8 will not be accepted before 5:30. Wednesdays, admission on a first-come, first-served basis.). . . NEW YORK CULTURAL CENTER, 2 Columbus Circle. (LT 1-2311)—Through June 22: "Birth of the Blues" (1941), directed by Victor Schertzinger, with Bing Crosby and Mary Martin. . . . ¶ June 23-24: "Jazz Ball" (1957), with Louis Armstrong, Billie Butterfield, Bob Crosby, Sammy Davis, and many others. . . . ¶ June 25 and 28: "The Eddie Duchin Story" (1956), directed by George Sidney, with Tyrone Power and Kim Novak. . . . ¶ Starting June 29: "The Glenn Miller Story" (1954), directed by Anthony Mann, with James Stewart and June Allyson. (Showings Wednesdays through Sundays at 4 and 6. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Center after 11 on the day of the showing.). . . ANTHOLOGY FILM ARCHIVES, at the Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (677-3197)—Films by Kubelka, Hanoun, Jacobs, Markopoulos, Jordan, Landow, Keaton, Mekas, Murnau, Melies, Nelson, Smith, Ozu, and others. Showings at 6, 8, and (except June 25) at 10. No Mondays.

THE GREAT OUTDOORS

(If the weather looks doubtful, call 472-1003 for news. The same number may be called for information about other free summer events.)

New York Shakespeare Festival—Free performances of HAMLET, with Stacy Keach, Colleen Dewhurst, and James Earl Jones. The first in a series of three plays to be presented by the troupe. (Delacorte Theatre, Central Park near W. 81st St. Nightly, except Mondays and Wednesday, June 21, at 8:30. Closes Sunday, July 16. For information about tickets, call 535-5630.)

Jones Beach Theatre—A revival of THE KING AND I, with Constance Towers and John Cullum. Opens Wednesday, June 28. (Nightly at 8:30. For tickets, call 516 CA 1-1000.)

Metropolitan Opera, Concert Productions—CENTRAL PARK'S SHEEP MEADOW: Tuesday, June 27, at 8:30 (rain date, June 29), "Tosca," with Dorothy Kirsten, Richard Tucker, Morley Meredith, and Robert Schmorr; conducted by Kurt Adler. . . . CROCHERON PARK, Bayside: Wednesday, June 28, at 8:30 (rain date, June 29), "Tosca," with Elinor Ross, Enrico DiGiuseppe, Anselmo Colzani, and Robert Schmorr; Kurt Adler. . . . ¶ Friday, June 30, at 8:30 (rain date, July 2), "Don Giovanni," with Joanna Meier, Lucine Amara, Colette Boky, Justino Díaz, Ezio Flagello, and Gary Glaze; Ignace Strasfogel. . . . CLOVE LAKES PARK, Staten Island: Saturday, July 1, at 8:30 (rain date, July 2), "Tosca," with Dorothy Kirsten, Enrico DiGiuseppe, Anselmo Colzani, and Robert Schmorr; Kurt Adler.

Damrosch Park, Lincoln Center—Richard Franko Goldman and Ainslee Cox conducting the Goldman Band in this summer's series of Guggenheim Memorial Concerts, which will run through Sunday, Aug. 13. (First concerts on Wednesday, June 21—in the event of rain, next evening—and Friday, June 23, at 8; thereafter, Wednesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8.)

Wollman Rink—The Schaefer beer people's summer upheaval. Friday, June 23, at 7: Seatrain, Loggins & Messina, and Chi Coltrane. . . . ¶ Saturday, June 24, at 7 and 9:30: Melanie and Janey & Dennis. . . . ¶ Friday, June 30, at 7: Nina Simone and the New York Rock Ensemble. (Through Saturday, Sept. 2. For information about tickets, call 249-8870.)

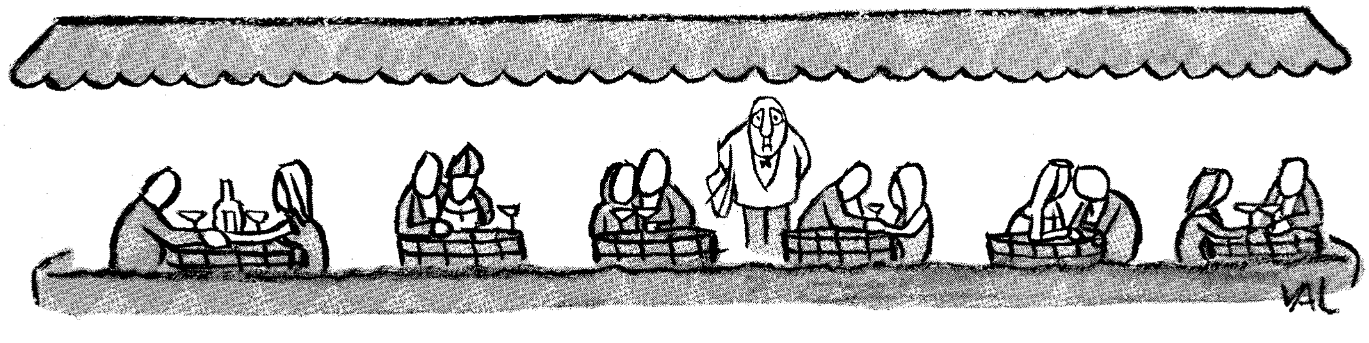
Riverside Park—Frédérique Petrides conducting the Festival Symphony Orchestra in the second in a series of three concerts, this one with Martin Berinbaum, trumpet. (103rd St. Monday, June 26, at 8. In the event of rain, the concert will be given at the McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St.)

Carl Schurz Park—Julius Grossman conducting the Municipal Concerts Orchestra in the first in a series of three concerts. (Thursday, June 29, at 8:30. In the event of rain, the concert will be given in the Robert F. Wagner Junior High School, 222 E. 76th St.)

New York Botanical Garden, Bronx Park—Gold Cup, Ginger, King's Ransom, White Knight—not the lineup of a horse race, but only a few of the hundred and forty-three varieties in the new rose garden; complete with two fountains and curving gravel walks. (Daily, 10 to 5.)

Flea Markets—MARKET PLACE (Eleventh Ave. at 42nd St.): Open every Sunday, weather permitting, from 11 to 6. . . . NEW YORK FLEA MARKET (Sixth Ave. at 25th St.): Open every Sunday, weather permitting, from 1 to 7. . . . ANTIQUES FLEA FAIR-EAST (York Ave. at 90th St.): A benefit show. Open every Sunday, weather permitting, from 11 to 6.

Deep Breathing—Each Tuesday and Wednesday evening between 7 and 10:30, the roadways in Central Park are closed to automobiles, to permit strollers and bicyclists to walk and ride unafflicted by exhaust fumes and traffic noises.



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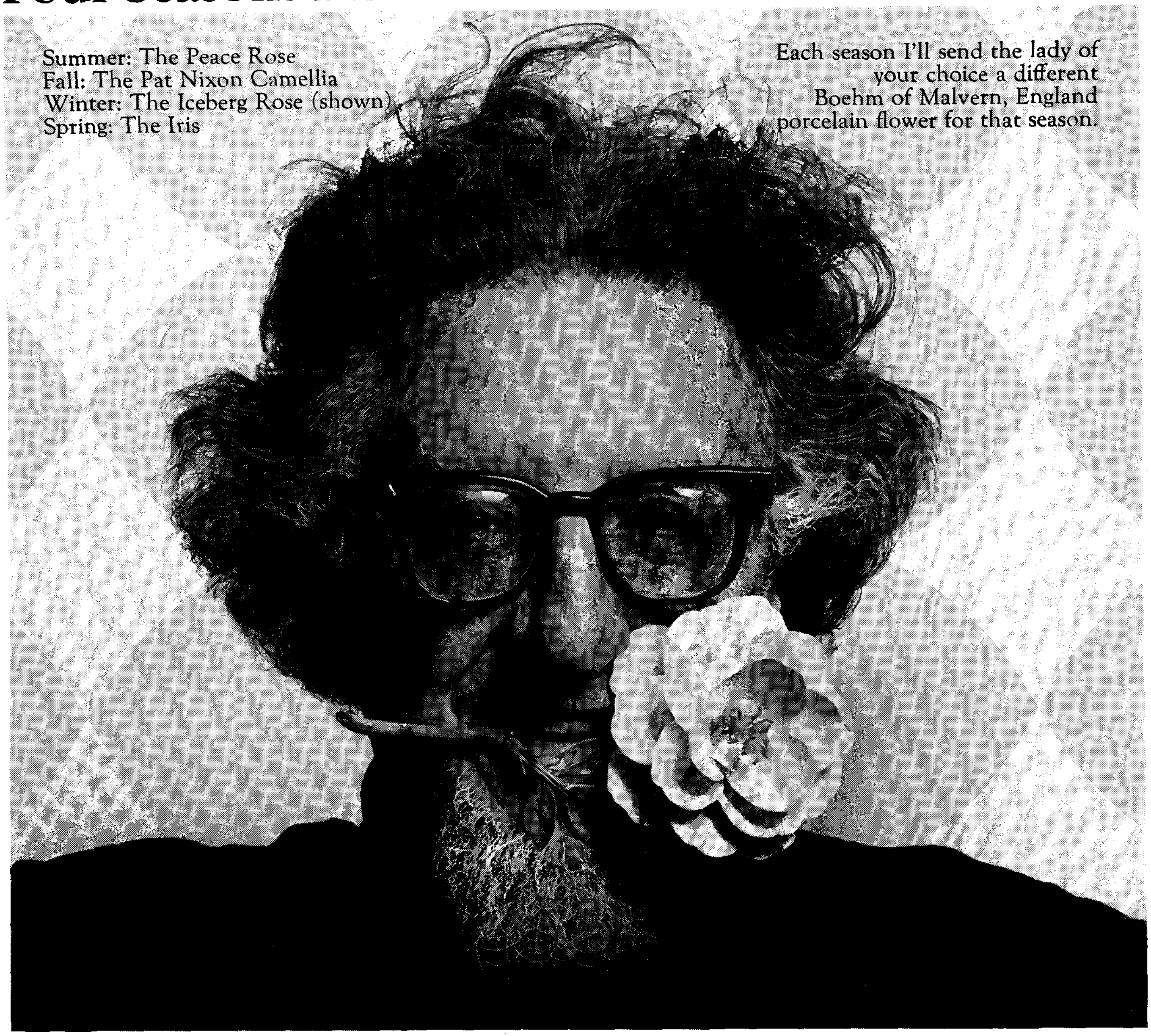

Summer: The Peace Rose
Fall: The Pat Nixon Camellia
Winter: The Iceberg Rose (shown)
Spring: The Iris

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☐ The Iceberg Rose, $75. ☐ The Iris, $175.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES

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THE FILMS IN THIS LISTING ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN THE SECTION BELOW

EAST SIDE

- **Art**, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
  - Through June 24: "Susan Lenox, Her Fall and Rise" and "Romance."
  - June 25-27: "Two-Faced Woman" and "The Painted Veil."
  - From June 28: "The Garden of the Finzi-Continis."
- **Theatre 80 St. Marks**, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)
  - Through June 24: "New Orleans" and "Hallelujah!"
  - June 25-27: "The Student Prince" and "The Desert Song."
  - From June 28: "Sweethearts" and "The Great Victor Herbert."
- **St. Marks Cinema**, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (475-5510)
  - Through June 25: "Klute," "Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?," and "Myra Breckinridge."
  - From June 26: "Some of My Best Friends Are . . . ," "The Boys in the Band," and Pretty Maids All in a Row."
- **Orpheum**, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (982-6410)
  - Through June 22: "Woodstock."
  - June 23-24: "Fellini Satyricon" and "Women in Love."
  - June 25-27: "Tom Jones" and "West Side Story."
  - June 28-29: "The Great Escape" and "The Thomas Crown Affair."
- **Gramercy**, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
  - Through June 27: "The Last Picture Show" and "The Go-Between."
  - From June 28: "The Garden of the Finzi-Continis."
- **Kips Bay**, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
  - Through June 28: "Monkey Business" and "The Cocoanuts."
  - From June 29: "Conquest of the Planet of the Apes."
- **Murray Hill**, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
  - "Frenzy."
- **34th St. East**, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
  - "Cabaret."
- **Sutton**, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
  - Through June 28: "Slaughterhouse-Five."
  - From June 29: "The Candidate."
- **Trans-Lux East**, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
  - "Hammersmith Is Out."
- **Fine Arts**, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
  - Through June 27: "A Place Called Today."
  - From June 28: "The Happiness Cage."
- **Plaza**, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
  - "Fillmore."
- **Baronet**, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
  - Through June 25: "The Garden of the Finzi-Continis."
  - From June 26: "Savages."
- **Coronet**, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
  - "The Other."
- **R.K.O. 59th St. Twin I**, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
  - Through June 22: "Every Little Crook and Nanny."
  - From June 23: "Ben."
- **R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 2**, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
  - "Shaft's Big Score!"
- **Cinema I**, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
  - "A Clockwork Orange."
- **Cinema II**, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
  - "Play It Again, Sam."
- **Columbia I**, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
  - Through June 27: "The Burglars."
  - From June 28: "Nicholas and Alexandra."
- **Columbia II**, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
  - "Easy Rider."
- **Beekman**, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
  - "Portnoy's Complaint."
- **68th St. Playhouse**, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
  - "A Day in the Death of Joe Egg."
- **Loews Tower East**, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
  - "The Godfather."
- **72nd St. Playhouse**, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
  - "Where's Poppa?" and "Sunday Bloody Sunday."
- **Juliet I**, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
  - "The Green Wall."
- **Juliet 2**, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
  - Through June 28: "The Groundstar Conspiracy" and "They Might Be Giants."
  - From June 29: "Conquest of the Planet of the Apes."
- **Trans-Lux 85th St.**, Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
  - "Hammersmith Is Out."
- **U. A. East**, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
  - "Cabaret."
- **Loews Orpheum**, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
  - Through June 27: "The Godfather."
  - From June 28: "Prime Cut."
- **Loews Ciné**, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
  - "The Godfather."
- **86th St. East**, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
  - "The Revengers."
- **R.K.O. 86th St. Twin I**, Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
  - Through June 22: "The Legend of Nigger Charley."
  - From June 23: "Ben."
- **R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2**, Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8932)
  - "Shaft's Big Score!"

WEST SIDE

- **Waverly**, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
  - "Easy Rider" and "Yellow Submarine."
- **8th St. Playhouse**, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
  - Through June 27: "Murmur of the Heart" and "Friends."
  - From June 28: "The French Connection" and "Little Murders."
- **5th Ave. Cinema**, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
  - June 21: Festival of Women's Films.
  - From June 22: "The Trial of the Catonsville Nine."
- **Greenwich**, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
  - Through June 27: "The Hospital" and "Where's Poppa?"
  - From June 28: "Nicholas and Alexandra."
- **Elgin**, 8th Ave. at 19th. (675-0935)
  - June 21: "The Devil Is a Woman" and "Dishonored."
  - June 22: "Dishonored" and "The Scarlet Empress."
  - June 23: "The Scarlet Empress" and "Blonde Venus."
  - June 24: "Blonde Venus" and "Shanghai Express."
  - June 25: "Shanghai Express" and "Morocco."
  - June 26: "Morocco" and "Desire."
  - June 27-29: "Never Give a Sucker an Even Break" and "You Can't Cheat an Honest Man."
- **R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema**, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (255-7050)
  - Through June 27: "The Possession of Joel Delaney" and "Hannie Caulder."
  - From June 28: "The Legend of Nigger Charley" and another feature, to be announced.
- **Rivoli**, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)
  - "Fiddler on the Roof."
- **Guild**, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
  - Through June 27: "Swiss Family Robinson" and "101 Dalmatians."
  - From June 28: "Nicholas and Alexandra."
- **Music Hall**, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
  - "The War Between Men and Women."
- **Ziegfeld**, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
  - "Cabaret."
- **Festival**, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)
  - Through June 28: "Fritz the Cat."
  - From June 29: "Conquest of the Planet of the Apes."
- **Playboy**, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
  - Through June 27: "The Possession of Joel Delaney."
  - From June 28: "Skyjacked."
- **Little Carnegie**, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
  - Through June 22: "Faces" and "Shadows."
  - From June 23: "A Night in Casablanca" and "Copacabana."
- **Lincoln Art**, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)
  - "The Great Dictator."
- **Paris**, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
  - "The Sorrow and the Pity."
- **Cinema Studio**, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
  - "Cabaret."
- **Regency**, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
  - "Uncle Vanya."
- **Embassy 72nd St.**, B'way at 72nd. (SC 4-6745)
  - Through June 27: "The Boy Friend" and "Get Carter."
  - From June 28: "The Garden of the Finzi-Continis" and "Perfect Friday."
- **New Yorker**, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
  - "The Gods and the Dead."
- **Symphony**, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
  - "Frenzy."
- **Thalia**, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
  - June 21: "America America."
  - June 22: "The Thief of Paris" and "Viva Maria!"
  - June 23: "Shame" and "My Sister, My Love."
  - June 24: "8½" and "Breathless."
  - June 25: "Phaedra" and "Electra."
  - June 26: "The Virgin and the Gypsy" and "Sons and Lovers."
  - June 27: "Marius" and "Carnival in Flanders."
  - June 28: "Zero for Conduct" and "L'Atalante."
  - June 29: "The Manchurian Candidate" and "Sweet Smell of Success."
- **Olympia**, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
  - Through June 27: "Silent Running" and "The Andromeda Strain."
  - From June 28: "The Garden of the Finzi-Continis" and "The Conformist."

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS

America America (1963)—Elia Kazan's account, drawn from his own family background, of the fierce struggle of a Greek boy to get to the fabled land of opportunity. Flawed by miscasting, and almost destroyed by the desperate ambitiousness of the project, this unconvincing, poorly scripted movie is intermittently interesting for some of the performers (Linda Marsh, particularly, and Paul Mann) and some of the images caught by the cinematographer, Haskell Wexler. (Thalia; June 21.)

The Andromeda Strain (1971)—Biological invasion from outer space. Robert Wise, who made this expensive version of the Michael Crichton novel, having chosen a fanatically realistic documentary style, has failed to solve the dramatic problems in the original story. The suspense is strong, but not pleasurable. (Olympia; through June 27.)

L'Atalante (1934)—Jean Vigo's sensuous, poetic love story about a young barge captain on the Seine who takes a bride and loses her and nearly goes mad before he gets her back. Jean Dasté and Dita Parlo are the lovers, Michel Simon is the tattooed barge hand. A wonderfully spontaneous, unarranged-looking film, photographed by Boris Kaufman and with a lovely score by Maurice Jaubert. In French. (Thalia; June 28.)

Ben—A sequel to "Willard," with Joseph Campanella, Lee Harcourt Montgomery, and Rosemary Murphy. Directed by Phil Karlson. (R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 1 and R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1; starting June 23.)

Blonde Venus (1932)—Marlene Dietrich in one of those forgettable stories about women who "sacrifice" their bodies for the noblest of reasons (sick husband Herbert Marshall, child Dickie Moore); the gangster she sells herself to is played by the young and not yet sufficiently stylized Cary Grant. The director, Josef von Sternberg, caps the silliness by putting Dietrich into a monkey suit to sing "Hot Voodoo"—a number that may define camp. With Sidney Toler as the detective and Cecil Cunningham as the night-club hostess. (Elgin; June 23-24.)

The Boy Friend—Ken Russell has turned the Sandy Wilson show into an anti-musical and destroyed most of the pleasure the audience might have had. The glittering, joyless numbers keep coming at you; you never get any relief from Russell's supposed virtu-

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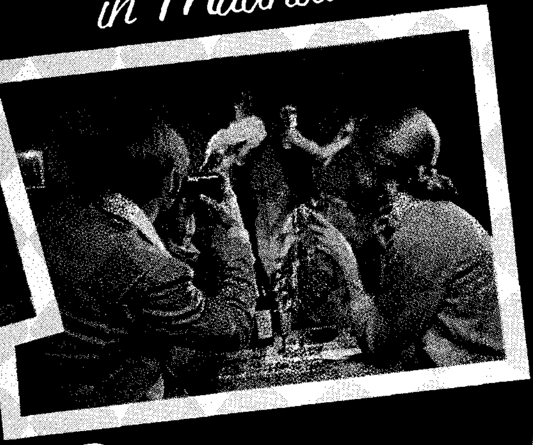

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osity. Twiggy sings adequately (though not well enough for the load of singing she's asked to carry), and she dances rather better, but Russell doesn't develop her possibilities, and she remains an appealing blank. (Embassy 72nd St.; through June 27.)

The Boys in the Band (1970)—A gathering of homosexuals like the gathering of bitchy ladies in "The Women," but with a forties-movie bomber-crew cast: a Catholic, a Jew, a Negro, a butch faggot, a nellie faggot, a hustler, and so on. They crack jokes while their hearts are breaking. (St. Marks Cinema; starting June 26.)

Breathless (1959)—Jean-Luc Godard's first feature—a witty, romantic, innovative chase picture with Jean-Paul Belmondo as a Parisian hood and Jean Seberg as the American girl who casually lives with him and casually betrays him. In French. (Thalia; June 24.)

The Burglars—Henri Verneuil's thriller, with Omar Sharif and Jean-Paul Belmondo. Expert, commercial, trite stuff. (Columbia I; through June 27.)

Cabaret—A great movie musical, satirical and diamond-hard. With Joel Grey and Liza Minnelli, and masterly direction by Bob Fosse. (34th St. East, U. A. East, Ziegfeld, and Cinema Studio.)

The Candidate—With Robert Redford, Peter Boyle, and Melvyn Douglas, directed by Michael Ritchie. (Sutton; starting June 29.)

Carnival in Flanders (1936)—A Spanish regiment comes to a town in Flanders; the cowardly burghers hide, but their charming ladies meet the challenge, and in the morning the Spaniards depart, poorer in worldly goods, richer in experience. Jacques Feyder directed this classic comedy in the styles of Bruegel and Boccaccio, and it's almost too close to perfect: it's so archly classic that it isn't really very funny. With Françoise Rosay and Louis Jouvet. In French. (Thalia; June 27.)

A Clockwork Orange—Cold and repellent. Stanley Kubrick's new film might be the work of a strict and exacting German professor who set out to make a porno-violent sci-fi comedy. (Cinema I.)

The Cocoanuts (1929)—The Marx Brothers' first feature, shot in a studio on Long Island, is a somewhat cumbersome transcription of their Broadway musical-comedy hit about the land boom in Florida. With Kay Francis in her then daring mannish hairdo, Margaret Dumont in lace dresses and floppy hats, and a pair of forgettable singing lovers. Written by George S. Kaufman and Morrie Ryskind; songs by Irving Berlin. (Kips Bay; through June 28.)

The Conformist (1970)—Bernardo Bertolucci's extraordinarily rich adaptation of the Moravia novel, with Jean-Louis Trintignant as the aristocratic Fascist, Stefania Sandrelli as his deliciously corrupt, empty-headed wife, and Dominique Sanda as the tiger woman he would like to run away with. Bertolucci has a poet's gift for using objects, landscapes, and people expressively; his evocation of the thirties is one of the rare sensual experiences in modern movies. In Italian. (Olympia; starting June 28.)

Conquest of the Planet of the Apes—The latest in the "Ape" series, with Roddy McDowall, Don Murray, and Natalie Trundy, directed by J. Lee Thompson. (Kips Bay, Juliet 2, and Festival; starting June 29.)

Copacabana (1947)—Groucho Marx in a dotty musical comedy with Carmen Miranda that concerns a girl applying for two jobs at a night club at the same time. Not the best Groucho, but his furtive slouch at the knees is always irresistible, like his rudeness. (Little Carnegie; starting June 23.)

A Day in the Death of Joe Egg—A death-daring farce from Peter Nichols' London stage play of the same name, about the parents of a spastic child of ten called Jo ("My grandmother used to say she was sitting about like Joe Egg when she had nothing to do," says the father—Alan Bates—who swings into a role full of brave vaudeville routines and backchat). Janet Suzman plays the mother, with great substance and beauty, but some things about the piece are essentially nonrealistic and theatrical, and they don't transpose to the naturalism of the screen. Directed by Peter Medak. (68th St. Playhouse.)

The Desert Song (1943)—The old operetta or musical comedy, or whatever it was, about an American piano player joining the Arabs against the French and leading a double life entertaining in Moroccan hot spots and racing around the desert. It all leaves him very little sleep but you a good deal. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; June 25-27.)

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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25	26	27	28	29		

Desire (1936)—Ernst Lubitsch produced Dietrich in this Frank Borzage picture, and freed her from von Sternberg's melodramatic clutch. The film was known as "The Pearl Necklace" when it was incubated at Paramount. Dietrich swipes a pearl necklace from a Paris jewelry shop and races for the Spanish border; Gary Cooper, as a Detroit engineer, drives laconically in the same direction. Cooper is a beautiful light comedian. (Elgin; June 26.)

The Devil Is a Woman (1935)—Marlene Dietrich as the universal siren in a Spanish shawl. Josef von Sternberg directs her in a clever, perversely dehumanized picture said to be one of his favorites. (Elgin; June 21.)

Dishonored (1931)—Dietrich, directed by von Sternberg, ecstatically plays the piano in a death cell. Absurd, but the best von Sternberg, and *echt* Dietrich. She seems always to come from another planet, and to be the only inhabitant of it. (Elgin; June 21-22.)

Easy Rider (1969)—Peter Fonda and Dennis Hopper motorcycle east across America. With Jack Nicholson as a boozing liberal Southern lawyer. Directed by Dennis Hopper. (Columbia II and Waverly.)

8½ (1963)—Fellini's celebrated autobiographical fantasy about the life of a movie director. With Marcello Mastroianni, Anouk Aimée, Sandra Milo, and Claudia Cardinale. In Italian. (Thalia; June 24.)

Electra (1962)—The Greek director Michael Cacoyannis has filmed his version of the Euripides tragedy in an authentic setting and with an authentic solemn grandeur. Luckily, the heroine, Irene Papas, is fair to look upon, and so is the Greek landscape. (Thalia; June 25.)

Every Little Crook and Nanny—Lynn Redgrave tries hard in Cy Howard's comedy-thriller about an English nanny and the Mafia. Starchy, outspoken England tries to cope. Not up to much, apart from her. (R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 1; through June 22.)

Faces (1968)—John Cassavetes' view of the meaninglessness of life for the well-heeled middle-aged. His semi-documentary method is controversial, and what some find agonizingly true and beautiful others may find merely embarrassingly clumsy. With John Marley, Gena Rowlands, Lynn Carlin, and Seymour Cassel. (Little Carnegie; through June 22.)

Fellini Satyricon (1970)—Fellini, basking in sin, in the De Mille godlessness-is-lawlessness tradition. The fresco effect of the film becomes monotonous, as if his phantasmagoria of the pagan world were a theatrically staged panorama set on a treadmill. In Italian. (Orpheum; June 23-24.)

Festival of Women's Films—I.e., films produced, written, and/or directed by women; features, shorts, and documentaries are included. Six entries a day are being shown, starting at noon. The schedule is complicated; the best idea is to call the box office: WA 4-8339. Festival ends June 21. (5th Ave. Cinema.)

Fiddler on the Roof—A demonstration that square can be beautiful, too. Directed by Norman Jewison and starring Topol, the movie is a joyous, powerful musical epic. (Rivoli. Mondays through Thursdays at 8 and Fridays through Sundays at 8:30. Matinées Tuesdays through Thursdays at 1:30 and Saturdays and Sundays at 1 and 5. Reserved seats only.)

Fillmore—A record of the final days of Bill Graham's Fillmore West, in San Francisco. Directed by Richard T. Heffron. (Plaza.)

The French Connection—Tracking down a shipment of heroin in New York City. A slam-bang thriller that zaps the audience by noise, speed, and brutality. It's certainly exciting, but that excitement isn't necessarily a pleasure. Gene Hackman plays the lowlifer police detective who cracks the case as a mixture of Joe and Archie; William Friedkin directed. (8th St. Playhouse; starting June 28.)

Frenzy—Hitchcock working in England for the first time since the remake of "The Man Who Knew Too Much." A story about a fruit merchant from Covent Garden and a sacked barman, both suspected of a series of rapes and necktie murders, which are made less gruesome by Hitchcock's belief that there is all the difference in the world between surprise and suspense. This is Hitch on his old form, working with a first-rate cast of British actors virtually unknown outside their own country (including Barry Foster, Jon Finch, Anna Massey, and Barbara Leigh-Hunt, and Vivien Merchant as detective Alec McCowen's wife, full of feminine intuition while she is putting him off with the unspeakable results of a course in Continental gourmet-style cooking). A film full of Hitchcock's special sabre-toothed humor and his interest in stabs of domestic psychology. (Murray Hill and Symphony.)

Friends (1971)—Daft idyll of a youth-worshipping time. It's about a middle-teen-age couple on the loose in France who have a baby without a doctor or midwife. Directed by Lewis Gilbert. (8th St. Playhouse; through June 27.)

Fritz the Cat—An X-rated cartoon, full of good humor, bad taste, randiness, benign ethnic jokes, and other staples of New York wit. The rating is a pity: everyone who is officially underage according to the rating system knows more about Robert Crumb's famous Fritz than his parents are likely to. The New York landscapes are drawn with great delicacy, and the New York animalized characters with purple amplitude; the voices are human. Directed and scripted by Ralph Bakshi. This is one of the few full-length cartoons with an ear as accurate as a good play's. (Festival; through June 28.)

The Garden of the Finzi-Continis—Vittorio De Sica's finest film in many years—a lyric evocation of a vanished group of people (the cultivated, aristocratic Jewish-Italian landowners) and a vanished mood. Based on Giorgio Bassani's semi-autobiographical novel, the film records how Giorgio, a middle-class outsider (Lino Capolicchio), is drawn into the decaying, enchanted world of the Finzi-Continis by the imperious, contrary Micòl (Dominique Sanda); she and her languid brother (Helmut Berger) are spoiled, beautiful people without the will to save themselves. Perhaps the only film that records the halfhearted anti-Jewish measures of the Mussolini period—which were, however, sufficient to wipe out the Finzi-Continis and all they represented. In Italian. (Baronet; through June 25. . . . ¶ Art, Gramercy, Embassy 72nd St., and Olympia; starting June 28.)

Get Carter (1971)—There's nobody to root for but the smartly dressed sexual athlete and professional killer (Michael Caine) in this English gangland picture, which is so calculatedly cool and amoral that it seems to belong to a new genre of academic viciousness. After waiting for the story fragments to be assembled, there is some excitation, and then the viewer is offered the satisfaction of violence. What makes the movie unusual is the

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metallic elegance and single-minded proficiency with which it adheres to its sadism-for-the-connoisseur formula. Mike Hodges directed. (Embassy 72nd St.; through June 27.)

THE GO-BETWEEN—Harold Pinter wrote the stinging screenplay of this 1900 period piece (from an L. P. Hartley novel) about a twelve-year-old schoolboy at a posh Norfolk house-party who is press-ganged into being the postman between Julie Christie, the heiress of the hall, and Alan Bates, a mere tenant farmer. Accurate about the English class system, pretty to look at, rather cold-hearted. With Margaret Leighton. Directed by Joseph Losey. (Gramercy; through June 27.)

THE GODFATHER—A wide, startlingly vivid view of a Mafia dynasty, in which organized crime becomes an obscene nightmare image of American ruthlessness. The movie is a popular melodrama, but it expresses a new tragic realism and it's altogether extraordinary. Francis Ford Coppola directed; Marlon Brando and Al Pacino are the stars. (Loews Tower East and Loews Ciné. . . . ¶ Loews Orpheum; through June 27.)

THE GODS AND THE DEAD—A Brazilian film, directed by Ruy Guerra. In Portuguese. (New Yorker.)

THE GREAT DICTATOR (1940)—Chaplin plays a small-time Jewish barber and doubles as a mock Hilter called Hynkel, director of Tomania, who argues with Napaloni, dictator of Bacteria. He is helped on by Herring and Garbitsch. (Garbitsch is Hynkel's Minister of Propaganda, full of Brechtian ideas about how to make other people feel small in the dictator's tiny, panicky presence.) The notion of a 1940 farce about Hitler and anti-Semitism works out much less queasily than it sounds. The famous sequence when Hynkel lies on his back and tosses around a balloon inscribed with a map of the world is a miracle of high-flying, mordant fun. But the last impassioned speech about peace and unity still wrecks everything that has gone before; Chaplin mawkish can always overrule Chaplin the innocent mime. (Lincoln Art.)

THE GREAT ESCAPE (1963)—With Steve McQueen and James Garner, directed by John Sturges. (Orpheum; June 28-29.)

THE GREAT VICTOR HERBERT (1939)—Fancy biography, with Mary Martin. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting June 28.)

THE GREEN WALL—This would probably be the first Peruvian film you ever saw, and it would even more probably be the last. In Spanish. (Juliet 1.)

THE GROUNDSTAR CONSPIRACY—With George Peppard and Michael Sarrazin, directed by Lamont Johnson. (Juliet 2; through June 28.)

HALLELUJAH! (1929)—King Vidor directed this misconceived tearjerker and Bible-basher, the first all-talking, all-Negro film out of Hollywood. It looks pretty patronizing. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; through June 24.)

HAMMERSMITH IS OUT—A thoroughly mistaken allegory about the lunacy of modern success and sudden wealth, enacted by Richard Burton as an escaped inmate of a mental home. Elizabeth Taylor is a floozy waitress who jumps up into riches along with the fugitive, and Peter Ustinov is a pretty mad foreign doctor with an accent you couldn't cut with a carving knife. (Trans-Lux East and Trans-Lux 85th St.)

HANNIE CAULDER—With Raquel Welch, Robert Culp, and Ernest Borgnine, directed by Burt Kennedy. (R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema; through June 27.)

THE HAPPINESS CAGE—With Christopher Walken and Joss Ackland, directed by Bernard Girard. (Fine Arts; starting June 28.)

THE HOSPITAL—That great spangled ham George C. Scott in Paddy Chayevsky's farce about the killing incompetence in a modern big-city hospital. The picture strains for seriousness now and then, but even when it makes a fool of itself it's still funny. Arthur Hiller directed. (Greenwich; through June 27.)

KLUTE—Jane Fonda in her finest dramatic performance yet, as an intelligent, high-bracket call girl, in Alan J. Pakula's murder melodrama. The picture is reminiscent of the good detective mysteries of the forties, though the suspense devices are not as entertaining as they used to be. With Donald Sutherland. (St. Marks Cinema; through June 25.)

THE LAST PICTURE SHOW—Peter Bogdanovich's fine, straightforward, involving narrative picture about boys trying to reach manhood, without much in the way of models. The setting is small-town Texas in the early fifties. From Larry McMurtry's novel. With Timothy Bottoms and Jeff Bridges. (Gramercy; through June 27.)

THE LEGEND OF NIGGER CHARLEY—The whites are the stereotypes in this black-oriented escapist piece. Three slaves run for freedom and overcome unsubtly described sorts of racial discrimination. The picture is pretty ordinary, but it has its moments of broad-grin comedy. (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1; through June 22. . . ¶ R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema; starting June 28.)

LITTLE MURDERS (1971)—Jules Feiffer's satirical comedy about urban decay and living between assassinations has become fairly gross in this movie version, directed by Alan Arkin. Elliott Gould is the catatonic hero. (8th St. Playhouse; starting June 28.)

THE MANCHURIAN CANDIDATE (1962)—A witty, far-out thriller about political extremists, with some chilling moments. George Axelrod adapted the Richard Condon novel, and John Frankenheimer came to life as a director. With Angela Lansbury, Frank Sinatra, Laurence Harvey, Janet Leigh, James Gregory, and John McGiver. (Thalia; June 29.)

MARIUS (1932)—Static and set-bound (Alexander Korda directed) but famous for its dialogue and characterization, and for the rich humanity Raimu brought to the role of César, the Marseille café owner, whose son, Marius (the elegant Pierre Fresnay, oddly miscast), longs to go to sea, though he loves Fanny (Orane Démazis). Written by Marcel Pagnol, the first in his celebrated trilogy. In French. (Thalia; June 27.)

MONKEY BUSINESS (1931)—The four Marx Brothers as anarchic stowaways on an ocean liner who get involved with bootleggers and Thelma Todd, in the first of their films written directly for the screen (by S. J. Perelman and others). Norman McLeod directed this heavenly, corny nonsense, which features such songs as "You Brought a New Kind of Love to Me" and "When I Take My Sugar to Tea." (Kips Bay; through June 28.)

MOROCCO (1930)—Marlene Dietrich in her dinner jacket at the peak of her naughty perfec-

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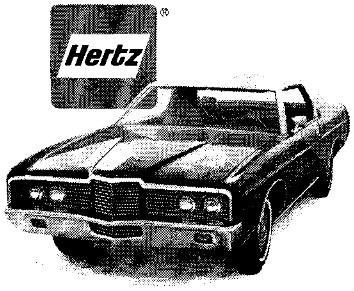

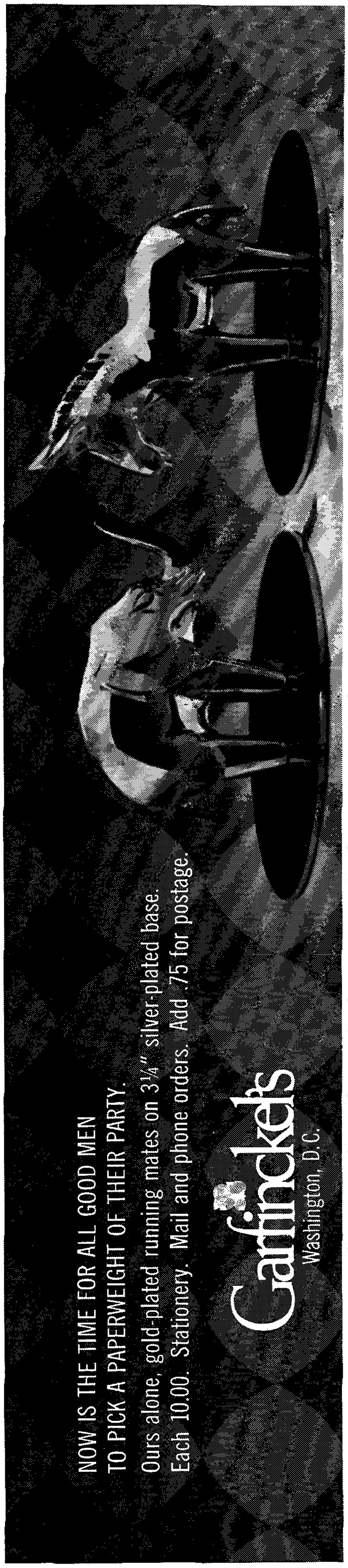
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tion. She sings "What Am I Bid?," and Foreign Legionnaire Gary Cooper knows just what to offer. This adorably silly, consummately entertaining romance was directed by Josef von Sternberg. (Elgin; June 25-26.)

Murmur of the Heart—Louis Malle's portrait of the artist as a young dog. An exhilarating high comedy by the least known of the major French directors. In French. (8th St. Playhouse; through June 27.)

Myra Breckinridge (1970)—With Mae West, looking uneasy for the first time in her screen life. The shape of the film is a mess, and the calculation muddled, unlike the novel's. Hellbent on going too far, the movie applies great violence to no visible object for violence. The film is obsessed with gender, which the filmmakers seem to think is the same thing as sex. (St. Marks Cinema; through June 25.)

My Sister, My Love (1966)—Vilgot Sjöman, who later made "I Am Curious," directed this Jacobean story of incest (derived from John Ford's 1633 play "'Tis Pity She's a Whore") in a tense, sensuous style that is morbidly effective. Movie incest usually seems just trivial sport, but in this film the love of the brother and sister (Per Oscarsson and Bibi Andersson) is terrifying and fills one with anxiety and dread. With Jarl Kulle. In Swedish. (Thalia; June 23.)

Never Give a Sucker an Even Break (1941)—W. C. Fields doing his, er, best as a kindly uncle. (Elgin; June 27-29.)

New Orleans (1947)—With Louis Armstrong and the All Stars, Billie Holiday, and Woody Herman and his orchestra, directed by Arthur Lubin. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; through June 24.)

Nicholas and Alexandra—As obsequiously respectful as if it had been made about living monarchs who might reward the producer with a command performance. Viewers are put in the position of celebrity-lovers eager to partake of the home life of the dullest of the Czars. Nicholas and Alexandra were two dunces sitting on a volcano, and the solemnly square movie is more interested in the dunces than in the volcano. Directed by Franklin J. Schaffner, but without the sweeping command of large-scale visual imagery he has had in the past. (Columbia I, Greenwich, and Guild; starting June 28.)

A Night in Casablanca (1946)—Dud moments in this Marx Brothers film, but it has a wonderful, famous beginning played with a wall. (Little Carnegie; starting June 23.)

101 Dalmatians (1961)—Late Disney, but for once not vulgar. This is most delicately drawn, with beautiful graphics of Nash's London and an entrancing espionage chain of dogs barking at one another from signal points across the island, like the beacon flares before the Armada. Highly recommended for everybody. (Guild; through June 27.)

The Other—Thomas Tryon, the actor who was in "The Cardinal," adapted for the screen this blisteringly dopey multi-murder story, set in Connecticut in a blithe summer of the nineteen-thirties. Identical boy twins personify good and evil. This physical unidentifiability is the most interesting thing about the picture. Tryon's original novel was a good deal more intelligent. Robert Mulligan directed, all too elegiacally. (Coronet.)

The Painted Veil (1934)—Richard Boleslawsky directs Garbo. The story is Maugham's, set in his own fantasized East-of-Suez; the script is pretty fearful, but Garbo works as well as ever, dispensing immortal strength to Herbert Marshall as her husband and George Brent as her lover. She deserves as many men as she wants, you always feel, and could carry the male half of mankind on her yoke-shaped collarbone. (Art; June 25-27.)

Perfect Friday (1970)—An amoral trio (Ursula Andress, David Warner, and Stanley Baker) robs a bank. The film is a trifle, but the dazzling Ursula Andress has turned into a very funny deadpan comedienne. Peter Hall directed. (Embassy 72nd St.; starting June 28.)

Phaedra (1962)—Jules Dassin's glossy, novelettish version featuring Melina Mercouri, who leaves her husband, Raf Vallone, to run away with Anthony Perkins, while the audience tries to figure out why. (Thalia; June 25.)

A Place Called Today—With J. Herbert Kerr, Jr., and Lana Wood, directed by Don Schain. (Fine Arts; through June 27.)

Play It Again, Sam—Woody Allen incarnating the spirit of Neurotic Love in a funny picture made from his own Broadway hit. Allen plays a Bogart nut, intensely aware that he is short, hating having red hair, loving a wife who leaves him gently enough and mostly because she is fed up with viewing old Bogey pictures. Most of the film is about hapless girl-chasing. Very Manhattan humor, expediently translated in the film to San Francisco because of a strike of New York technicians. Herbert Ross directs in a style of suitable loose-limbed laconicism. (Cinema II.)

Portnoy's Complaint—Based on Philip Roth's book, with Richard Benjamin, Karen Black, and Lee Grant. Directed by Ernest Lehman. (Beekman.)

The Possession of Joel Delaney—A ridiculous picture about a smart young Manhattan matron (Shirley MacLaine) and the possession of her spoiled brother's spirit by a murderous Puerto Rican. Directed by Waris Hussein. (R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema and Playboy; through June 27.)

Pretty Maids All in a Row (1971)—Roger Vadim, working with Rock Hudson as a football coach and Angie Dickinson as a teacher in a school improbably crammed with beauties and sexpots. Bad, silly film. Vadim is flippant about everything, including himself. (St. Marks Cinema; starting June 26.)

Prime Cut—With Lee Marvin and Gene Hackman, directed by Michael Ritchie. (Loews Orpheum; starting June 28.)

The Revengers—A Western with William Holden, Ernest Borgnine, Woody Strode, and Susan Hayward, directed by Daniel Mann. (86th St. East.)

Romance (1930)—With Greta Garbo and Gavin Gordon, directed by Clarence Brown. (Art; through June 24.)

Savages—With Louis J. Stadlen and Anne Francine, directed by James Ivory. (Baronet; starting June 26.)

The Scarlet Empress (1934)—Who but Catherine the Great? Played on this occasion by Marlene Dietrich. (Elgin; June 22-23.)

Shadows (1961)—An episodic movie, all of it improvised by a group of young and unfamiliar players under the directorial guidance of John Cassavetes. The results of the improvisations are always surprising and, occasionally, quite wonderful. (Little Carnegie; through June 22.)

Shaft's Big Score!—A sequel to "Shaft," with the same star (Richard Roundtree) and director (Gordon Parks). (R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 2 and R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2.)

Shame (1968)—Ingmar Bergman's simple, masterly vision of normal war and what it does to survivors. One of his great ones. With the strong, remarkable young actress Liv Ullmann. In Swedish. (Thalia; June 23).

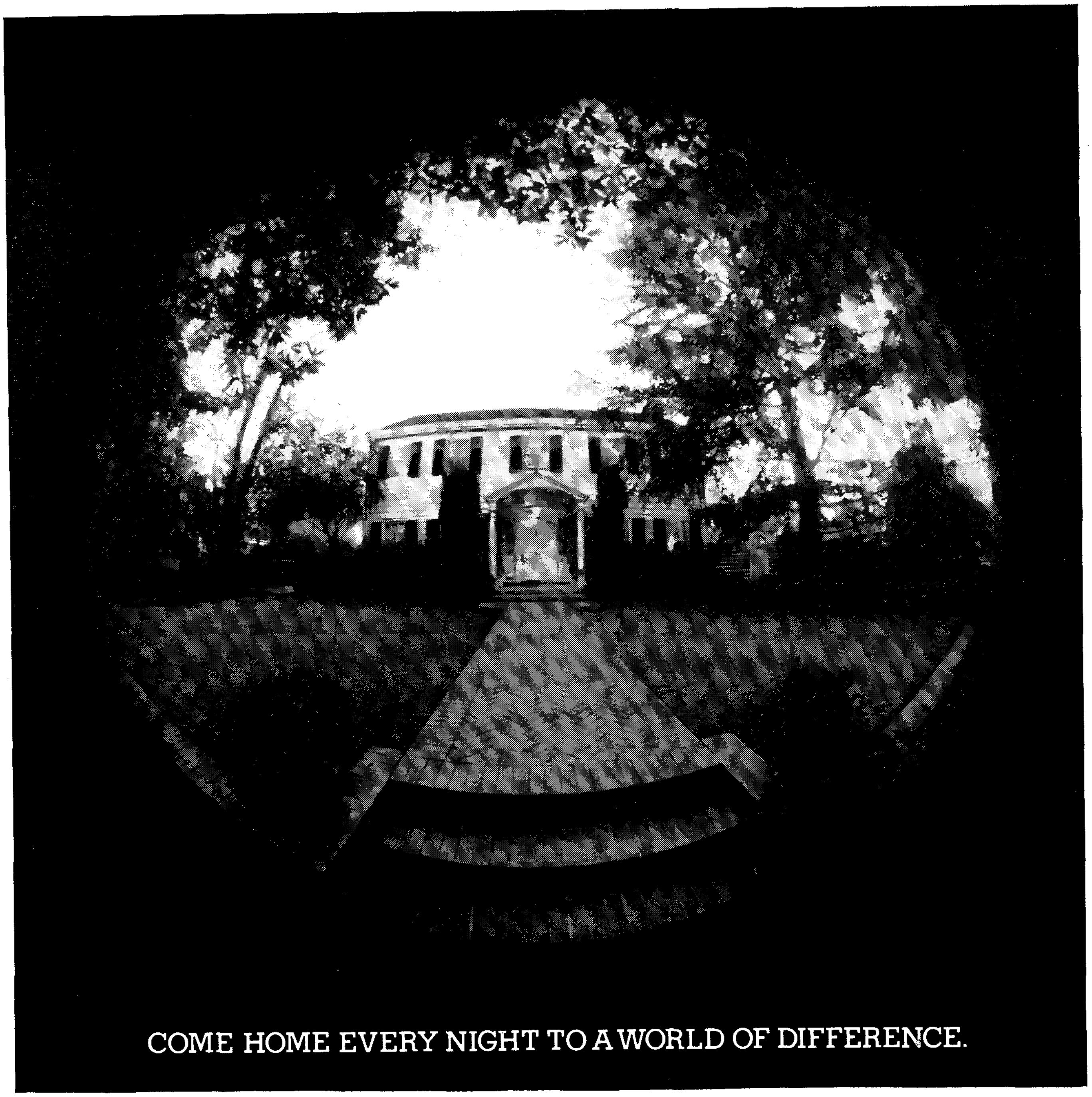
Shanghai Express (1932)—Irresistibly enjoyable. In this glossy mixture of sex and intrigue, Shanghai Lily (Marlene Dietrich) and her exquisitely stoic beloved (Clive Brook) fall into the hands of sinister Chinese revolutionaries led by Warner Oland. Josef von Sternberg directed. With Anna May Wong and Gustav von Seyffertitz. (Elgin; June 24-25.)

Silent Running—A cheery robot film with the soul of an editorial, about a scientist (Bruce Dern) hipped on defoliation. He cruises around space in one of three conservationist spaceships that act as the last greenhouses of the Earthmen within. The robots aboard are sweet-natured, and they play a fine game of poker, but the film is a bit less entertaining and majestic than it promises to be. Directed by Douglas Trumbull, who worked on Kubrick's "2001." (Olympia; through June 27.)

Skyjacked—Thriller about hijacking. Charlton Heston is a pilot hankering after a chief air hostess (Yvette Mimieux) who is engaged to the first officer (Mike Henry). Directed by John Guillermin. Rubbish. (Playboy; starting June 28.)

Slaughterhouse-Five—George Roy Hill's film of the Kurt Vonnegut, Jr., college classic, with Michael Sacks as the boy assistant chaplain in Dresden in the Second World War. Filmed mostly in Prague (there being no Dresden left); photographed by Miroslav Ondricek, the wonderful Czech photographer who has worked with Miloš Forman, Ivan Passer, and Lindsay Anderson. The flattened despair of the film sometimes seems a show-off form of cool, but the picture is beautifully cast and acted. (Sutton; through June 28.)

Some of My Best Friends Are . . .—Homosexuals. The boys in the band in a bar. With Candy



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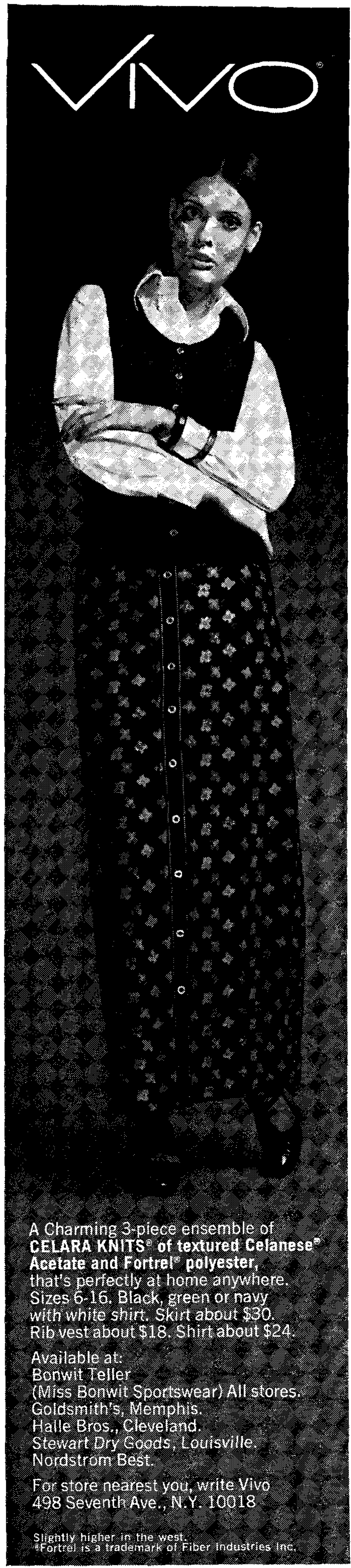

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Darling, Fannie Flag, and Carleton Carpenter. Directed by Mervyn Nelson. (St. Marks Cinema; starting June 26.)

Sons and Lovers (1960)—A sensitive and intelligent (though finally disappointing) version of D. H. Lawrence's autobiographical novel, adapted by Gavin Lambert and directed by Jack Cardiff. Dean Stockwell does well in the role of Lawrence, and Trevor Howard and Wendy Hiller do brilliantly as the parents. With Mary Ure and Heather Sears. (Thalia; June 26.)

The Sorrow and the Pity—Magnificent documentary epic on the German Occupation of France. A study in the psychology of history, directed by Marcel Ophuls. Four and a half hours. (Paris.)

The Student Prince (1954)—Lovely chocolate garbage, with Edmund Purdom singing with Mario Lanza's voice. If you're too old for chocolate, you may throw up. Sigmund Romberg's music, set in picturesque Heidelberg. Ho-hum. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; June 25-27.)

Sunday Bloody Sunday—John Schlesinger directed this complex, remarkably modulated study of the breakup of two love affairs, from a screenplay by Penelope Gilliatt. An unusual film—perhaps a classic. With Glenda Jackson, Peter Finch, and Murray Head. (72nd St. Playhouse.)

Susan Lenox, Her Fall and Rise (1931)—Mediocre Garbo, though she will always be loved by collectors, even in high-flown trash like this. With Clark Gable. (Art; through June 24.)

Sweethearts (1938)—One of the best of Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy together, with the spectacle of them fighting playfully offstage in the middle of being operetta stars. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting June 28.)

Sweet Smell of Success (1957)—Clifford Odets' idiomatic dialogue and Alexander Mackendrick's crisp direction make something very special out of this melodrama about big-city corruption. With Burt Lancaster as a columnist and Tony Curtis (amazingly good) as an ingratiating, blackmailing press agent, and Barbara Nichols and Sam Levene. Photographed by James Wong Howe. (Thalia; June 29.)

Swiss Family Robinson (1960)—John Mills, Janet Munro, Dorothy McGuire, in a Disney-humanized version. Leave your senses or leave the theatre. (Guild; through June 27.)

They Might Be Giants (1971)—With George C. Scott and Joanne Woodward, directed by Anthony Harvey. (Juliet 2; through June 28.)

The Thief of Paris (1967)—Jean-Paul Belmondo in a very fine account by Louis Malle of the state of mind of a nihilist thief in late-nineteenth-century France. Photographed by the great Henri Decaë. In French. (Thalia; June 22.)

The Thomas Crown Affair (1968)—Entertaining, flashy fantasy about how a supersmart swinger (Steve McQueen) robs a Boston bank and outwits a mercenary girl detective (Faye Dunaway, in gaudy clothes). McQueen at top form, and Haskell Wexler's cinematography is dazzlingly playful. Norman Jewison directed. (Orpheum; June 28-29.)

Tom Jones (1963)—Tony Richardson whizzes through the Fielding novel, but he pauses long enough for a great lewd eating scene. With Albert Finney, Hugh Griffith, Edith Evans, the late, great George Devine, and many others. Shapely and eloquent script by John Osborne. (Orpheum; June 25-27.)

The Trial of the Catonsville Nine—Inanely radiant film about the trial of the Berrigan brothers and the seven others who burned draft cards at Catonsville. Poshly photographed by Haskell Wexler, abominably acted, tritely written from Daniel Berrigan's own stage play: what a poor and puffed-up piece of testimony to stand for brave acts and for people of grand and simple purpose. With Ed Flanders and Douglass Watson, directed by Gordon Davidson. (5th Ave. Cinema; starting June 22.)

Two-Faced Woman (1941)—Greta Garbo's last film, with M-G-M trying to Americanize the unmistakable Viking. George Cukor directs her, Melvyn Douglas, Ruth Gordon, and Constance Bennett, who blandly steals the whole comedy of errors. (Art; June 25-27.)

Uncle Vanya—A marvellous new Russian film of the Chekhov play, directed by Andrei Mikhalkov-Konchalovsky with the now familiar Soviet exactness and fondness for the realities of czarist-period literature. The Uncle Vanya is played by Smoktunovsky, who was the recent Russian Hamlet. Sergei Bondarchuk, director of the monumental Russian "War and Peace" and the man who played Pierre in it, is here as Dr. Astrov, a man whose lined, white face seems haunted by thoughts of the promises he has broken to himself. The film is often interspersed with long shots through series of rooms, in a way that makes it look like Vermeer. The characters' spurts of stoic umbrage directed against their own failings are entirely Chekhovian; the excitement about unrealized possibilities for the future centuries ahead is also all Chekhov, not Soviet propagandist. A beautiful film, exactly detailed and tender to frailty. In Russian. (Regency.)

The Virgin and the Gypsy (1970)—Maurice Denham is an Anglican vicar with a taste for depressing hymns; he sends one of his virgin daughters (Joanna Shimkus) into the arms of a gypsy (Franco Nero). Christopher Miles' movie is intelligent, a bit studied, true to D. H. Lawrence. (Thalia; June 26.)

Viva Maria! (1965)—Brigitte Bardot demonstrates that in movies youth and beauty can sometimes triumph over skill; she takes the picture clean away from the great Jeanne Moreau. This imaginative though erratic spoof of revolutionary politics in Mexico was directed by the brilliant Louis Malle and superbly photographed by Henri Decaë. (Thalia; June 22.)

The War Between Men and Women—Based on James Thurber's views, and using James Thurber's drawings, about an artist who goes blind, like Thurber. The artist is called Peter Wilson, which seems lunatic but turns out to be accidentally just, since the comic spirit of the thing isn't Thurber's by miles. Jack Lemmon is Peter Wilson, forced to gag everything up and backing into dreadful pathos. Barbara Harris is terrific. (Music Hall.)

West Side Story (1961)—The Ben-Hur of musicals, with the Bernstein tunes and the Robbins dances. Directed by Robert Wise. (Orpheum; June 25-27.)

Where's Poppa? (1970)—This Carl Reiner comedy about a lawyer (George Segal) who can't get loose of his mother (Ruth Gordon) doesn't really work—maybe because the mother has been made into a senile psychopath instead of a sly, possessive witch, and so the satirical point gets confused. But it has so much energy and inventiveness that it's intermittently very funny, and Reiner has directed some graceful scenes between Segal and a charming ingenue, Trish Van Devere. (72nd St. Playhouse. . . . ¶ Greenwich; through June 27.)

Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf? (1966)—Edward Albee's play, turned into a very fine black-and-white film by Mike Nichols—his first piece of film direction, full of untamed wit and no trace of the novice. Richard Burton, Elizabeth Taylor, Sandy Dennis, and George Segal are at their best: Burton's best is extraordinary. (St. Marks Cinema; through June 25.)

Women in Love (1970)—Ken Russell's overheated version of the great D. H. Lawrence novel sacrifices character and meaning in order to make an extravagant, sensuous movie—which turns out to be rather like Lawrence's accounts of bad sex. The wild Gothic tableaux and Glenda Jackson's fascinating, stony performance will make more sense if you read the book first. (Orpheum; June 23-24.)

Woodstock (1970)—Michael Wadleigh's three-hour account of the Woodstock Festival, with half a million good-humored kids up there on screen. Wadleigh has a kind eye and an exuberant style; the triple-image editing is particularly effective on such groups as The Who. Jimi Hendrix makes "The Star-Spangled Banner" sound like an air raid. (Orpheum; through June 22.)

Yellow Submarine (1968)—Pop heroes (cartoon versions of the Beatles) in a lighthearted, inventive Pop Art animated feature. (Waverly.)

You Can't Cheat an Honest Man (1939)—Circus life, with W. C. Fields, Edgar Bergen, and Charlie McCarthy. The boozing burbler at his best. (Elgin; June 27-29.)

Zero for Conduct (1933)—School as seen through the eyes of children. Jean Vigo's forty-four-minute-long comedy-fantasy about a schoolchildren's revolt is one of the most famous and most influential films ever made, both in theme (as in "The 400 Blows" and "If . . .") and in its leaping continuity (as in "Breathless"). In French. (Thalia; June 28.)

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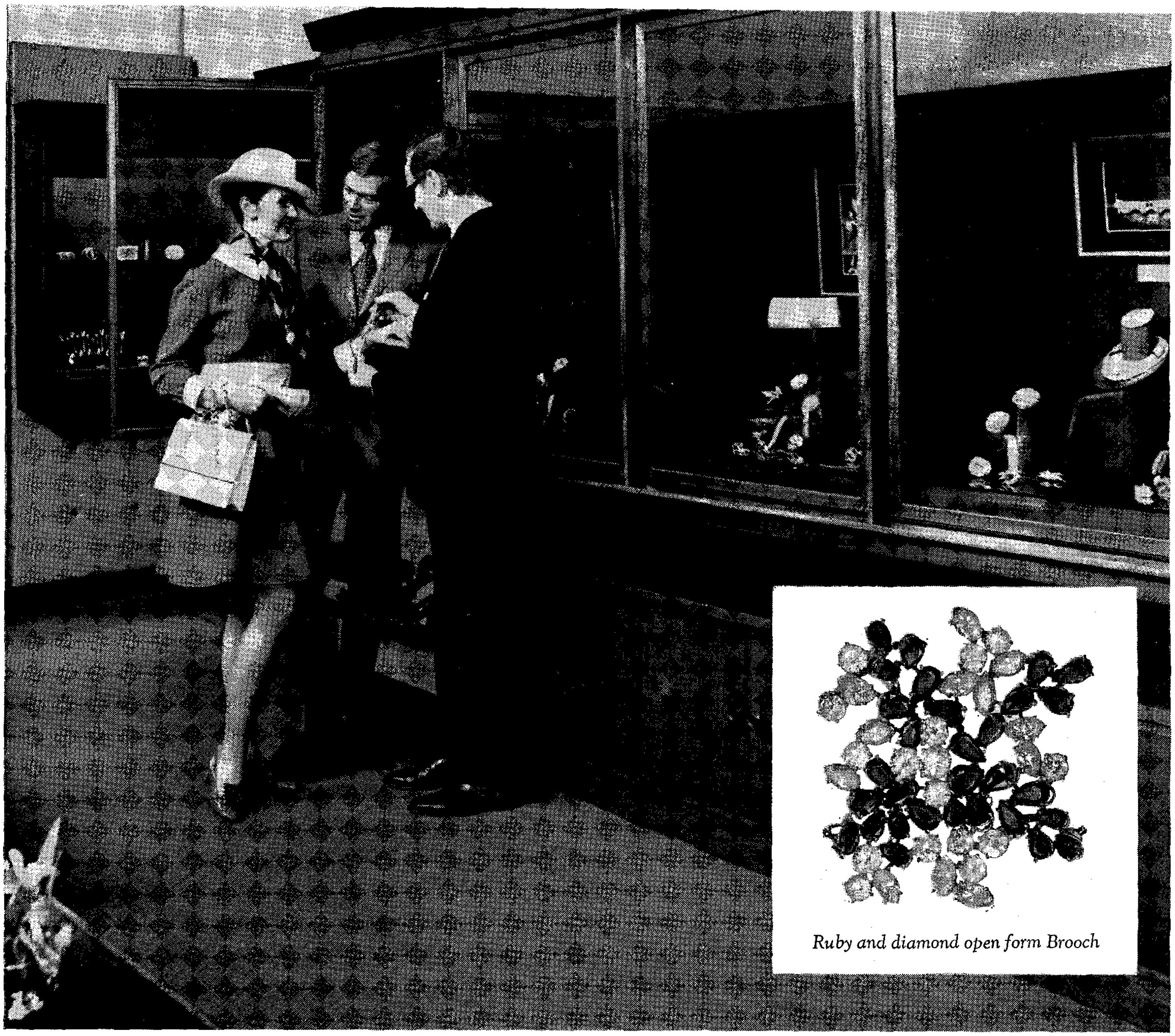

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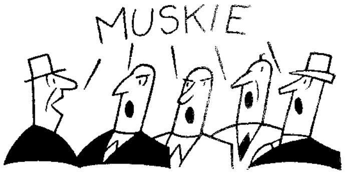
THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

IN this year's Democratic primaries, the candidates have seemed to be running with not one constituency but two, which are quite separate. One is made up of the Democratic voters. The other is made up of the press, television people, polltakers, and politicians who are already in office. Before the primaries began, the members of the second constituency were predicting almost unanimously that Senator Muskie would be the Democratic nominee, apparently in full confidence that by saying it was so they would make it so. In countries without voters, support like this would be enough to wrap it all up. But America still has the voting constituency as well, and Senator Muskie's demise in the primary elections is history. However, the people whose business it is to predict elections have gone on with their work. We have made some notes on a few of the more recent results.



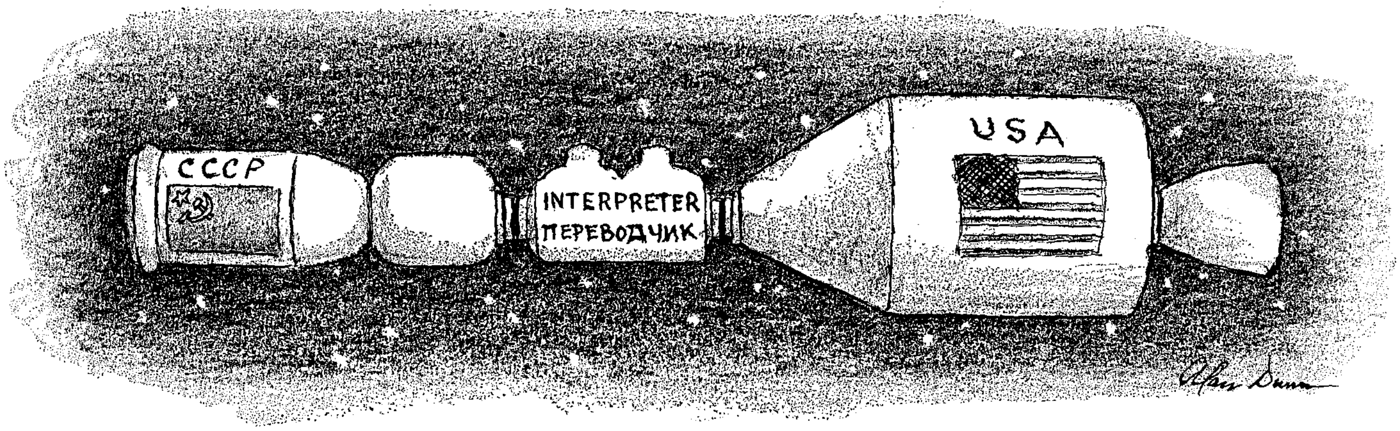
One newspaper has been presenting the conclusions of a man who has made it his job to put together "projections" of what the candidates' delegate strength will be at the Democratic Convention in July. He arrives at his figures by telephoning "political experts, managers, and technicians" all over the country, and weighing their opinions. This year, his projections have been incessantly changing. The ones in March were dramatically on the Muskie side. But after each important primary since then he has added something to Senator McGovern's delegate strength and taken something away from Senator Muskie's delegate strength, so that now their positions have been more than reversed. On March 25th, Muskie was leading, 1,282½ to 287½. On June 17th, McGovern was ahead, 1,382½ to 186. What surprised us was not that the projection maker's projections had been wrong, since anybody can be wrong, but that as the projections were gradually turned upside down he didn't show any of the embarrassment that people usually show when they have made drastic mistakes; nor did he offer apologies, explanations, and so on. He didn't seem to see anything troubling about making one projection in March, another in April, another in May, and another in June, as though several clashing projections for the same event could all be correct. Indeed, this man in the business of projections seemed to have lost sight of what a projection is, and had apparently come to think that a "projection" of delegate strength at the Convention could have some value quite apart from its accuracy in predicting delegate strength at the Convention. The whole exercise suggested that the ordinary person's admiration for the refinement and the scientific thoroughness of the political experts' new methods of prediction should be so great that it would hardly become tarnished by the mere fact that the gross, irrational world had gone off in a direction of its own and proved the results to be entirely wrong.

Another man who recently ran into trouble trying to figure out the results of primaries beforehand was Mr. Mervin D. Field, of the California Poll. His poll, taken a week before the voting, had shown McGovern with a lead of twenty per cent over Senator Humphrey, but McGovern eventually won with a lead of only six per cent. The simple explanation was that the poll had been wrong; in fact, the discrepancy looked like one of the largest errors in the history of polling. But there was no mention of error in most of the press accounts of the primary. Instead, McGovern's victory by six per cent was called a "setback" for him by most of the press, just as Muskie's victory in New Hampshire was called a "setback" for *him* because *he* hadn't won by the margin that the press had decided he should win by. In both cases, failures on the part of observers were made to seem failures on the part of candidates. But the explanation that interested us most was the one that came from Mr. Field himself when he was interviewed after the California primary. He suggested that the poll might have "interfered with the electoral process"—presumably by making Senator McGovern's people overconfident and lazy in the last week and galvanizing Senator Humphrey's people into action. This explanation served to defend the accuracy of the poll and at the same time to thrust the poll itself into the forefront of the campaign. In the eyes of the pollster, the poll had taken over the campaign and, in doing so, had become responsible for its own apparent inaccuracy. Mr. Field seemed to be saying that the predictions had been perfectly accurate but that the voters, in their bumbling way, had voted as they pleased and spoiled everything.

Ritual

THREE days after setting a new record for the most Presidential primaries won in a single day by a right-handed prairie Populist, George McGovern came to our city for some political rituals. We observed him performing one of them—the obligatory (at least for Democrats) noon rally in the garment center. The rally, in turn, was part of a larger and continuing political ritual—that of the candidate's proclaiming himself a staunch friend of Israel. All Presidential candidates, needless to say, are staunch friends of Israel. Needless to say, but they all say it.

Senator McGovern's advance staff



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had set up a platform at Seventh Avenue and Thirty-eighth Street for him to speak from and had assembled a crowd of about five hundred—rather small for a rally of this kind—for him to speak to. The candidate arrived shortly after noon and made his way toward the platform. He was tanned, and he looked somewhat tired, though less so than a man who has been campaigning nearly every day for seventeen months has a right to look. As he moved through the crowd, signing autographs and giving impromptu interviews, we moved with him. He was relaxed and calm, and his calm seemed to spread to people around him. In the immediate vicinity of a Presidential candidate—particularly one who is at once an insurgent and a front-runner—the press of overexcited humanity is usually such that one can lift both feet off the ground without falling down. At Senator McGovern's elbow, the crush was not so severe. There were no screamers and, even though he is not particularly tall, no jumpers. For a moment, just before he mounted the platform, no one was thrusting a microphone in his face or trying to get his attention; in the middle of a friendly crowd he was alone. He was like the eye of a hurricane, only without the hurricane.

Senator McGovern's speech, delivered in his usual flat, unemphatic tone, began with standard hustings stuff. "I'm convinced that this country can't stand another four years of Richard Nixon," he said, and the crowd cheered. "This is an Administration that came into office on a secret pledge to end the war and continued that war for four years—a war that is killing thousands of Americans and Vietnamese and is picking the pockets of every taxpayer in this country." The Senator talked for a few minutes about hard-drug addiction ("the most painful and serious domestic problem we face") and then got to the heart of his speech. "I want to lay to rest what I believe has been a cynical, belligerent, and unscrupulous effort by my opposition to distort my position with regard to the State of Israel," he said. "As President, I would see that American aid is available in whatever measure is necessary to see to it that the one free and democratic state in the Middle East survives. I bitterly resent the charge that my opposition to the war in Vietnam somehow means that I do not favor firm American support for Israel. The regime in Saigon is an unpopular, undemocratic military dictatorship that has never had the support of its own people. The people of Israel live under a free, democratic government, which they respect and support. They have one of the finest armies in the world. They have never asked for American troops. They have asked for arms to insure their survival, and I believe we ought to supply them. I want you to know that in George McGovern the people and government of Israel have a dependable friend."

After his speech, Senator McGovern went into Dubrow's Cafeteria for a bite of lunch. A few months ago, he probably could have eaten there unrecognized; now, with his retinue of newsmen and Secret Service agents, people knew who he was.

"What'll it be, Senator?" the counterman asked him.

"I'll take . . ." The Senator stopped to think, then reached a decision. "Chopped liver'd be O.K."

"On rye?"

The Senator nodded.

"Pickle?"

Another nod.

The restaurant was full of the enormously canny middle-aged men of the rag trade, and they looked appraisingly at the candidate from the exotic state of South Dakota. Some of them exchanged sage, approving looks. The Senator carried his sandwich to a table near a mural that showed sleek men and women in early-nineteen-fifties clothes and statues with names like Progress and Commerce on the steps of a sort of temple. He sat down with Robert Abrams, the Borough President of the Bronx; Manfred Ohrenstein, a state senator from the West Side; and Abby Levine, Finance Chairman of Business and Professional Men and Women for McGovern. The table instantly disappeared into a crater of people, many of them standing on chairs. As the candidate was finishing his sandwich, someone called out, "Hey, McGovern, you're a *mensch!*"

The candidate turned to one of his table companions. "Abrams," he said, "what is a *mensch?*"

"It's good, Senator," Mr. Abrams said. "It means you're a substantial human being."

Ruppert Green

URBAN deserts fascinate us. Until recently, there was a vast wasteland in East Harlem that we used to see from the East River Drive—a Gobi of rubble in whose midst stood a sheet of corrugated iron on which some folk hero had painted in letters five feet tall "Most Politicians Are Just Like a Whore." The legend is gone now, and the site is gradually filling with high-rise apartment buildings. Farther downtown, in the East Nineties, where the demolition of Jacob Ruppert's century-old brewery has left a vacant lot of twelve acres, local initiative is causing this vast desert to bloom. Inspired by three young architectural designers, residents and local groups have planted some eighty-five gardens this spring in the block from Ninety-third Street to Ninety-fourth Street, between Third and Second Avenues. The project is called the Greening of Ruppert, and last week we went up to see it and to talk with William Hodgson, Oliver

Hamill, and Graham Mackenzie Gordon, who thought up the idea, obtained the sponsorship of the city's Department of Parks, and wangled a temporary lease on the entire block for a dollar a year. We found them in a cool back room of a storefront on Third Avenue that serves as their project headquarters; through the back windows could be seen a green oasis of foliage. Mr. Hodgson, we discovered, is a highly personable Australian, who came here in 1962. Mr. Hamill, a Columbia graduate, and Mr. Gordon, who took his architectural degree at the University of Pennsylvania, grew up in New Jersey and Long Island, respectively, and they struck us as both relaxed and energetic. "Our whole idea here is the temporary use of unused land," Hodgson said. "There are so many vacant lots all over the city, and often they stay vacant for years. Mac Gordon did the prospectus for this project in 1970. Oliver and I joined him soon afterward."

"Now we're spending all our time on it and then some," Hamill said.

Fertilized by a thirty-thousand-dollar grant from the Vincent Astor Foundation, Ruppert Green, as they decided to call their oasis, was established last spring on another site, three blocks south, between Ninetieth and Ninety-first Streets. Gordon, Hodgson, and Hamill trucked in two thousand cubic yards of Long Island topsoil and landscaped the lot as a rolling meadow, with hills and dales and winding paths and a few individual gardens. The big problem was dogs. "Everybody let his dog run wild in there," Hodgson said. "Some people had big attack dogs, and the atmosphere just wasn't what it might have been. We found the only way to proceed was with a sort of Panglossian optimism: if plants disappeared, we replanted; if a fence was broken down, we rebuilt it." Late in 1971, they received an eviction notice; work was about to begin on a large housing development in that block. But their project had just been refunded by the Vincent Astor Foundation, and they had learned that plans by the city to build a public high school for four thousand students on the block between Ninety-third and Ninety-fourth Streets had run into severe budgetary problems and would be delayed indefinitely. Gordon and his associates had managed, meanwhile, to get a one-acre public park written into the redevelopment plans for the Ninetieth-to-Ninety-first Street site, and this became an effective bargaining chip. The building contractor needed that one acre for his heavy equipment. Gordon agreed to let him use it, and in exchange the contractor agreed to move Ruppert Green—topsoil, plants, and all—the three blocks to its present site. The move was carried out between January and April of this year, and planting has been going on at a great rate ever since.

"Would you like to have a look?" Hamill asked us.

We nodded vigorously, and proceeded outside through the storefront, which was full of plants, wheelbarrows, and garden tools. As we rounded the corner and entered the Green, we were joined by a young woman, who was introduced to us as Diana Douglas, the project's "star volunteer." Several gardeners were tending their rectangular plots, which cover about half the gently sloping area of the block. All around the edges were plantings that Gordon, Hamill, and Hodgson had acquired from various sources—climbing roses, sedum, barberry, evergreens, azaleas, and a variety of fast-growing grasses. "We get a lot of stuff from Wave Hill, the former George W. Perkins estate, in Riverdale, which is owned by the city," Gordon told us.

"There was ailanthus here when we started, but nothing else," Hodgson said. "I think our symbol should be the ailanthus. Oh, look what's happening!"

Three little girls were picking flowers from one of the borders. Hamill trotted over and asked them gently to stop. They departed with full bouquets, after promising not to do it again.

Several of the individual gardens showed sturdy growth, while others were just sprouting or were still bare. "Here's the best one," Gordon said, pointing out a promising stand of lettuce, carrots, and other leafery near the Third Avenue boundary. "It belongs to our first customer, a marvellous old lady who came out and insisted on digging two plots—one for herself and another for a friend. We suspect that there is no friend."

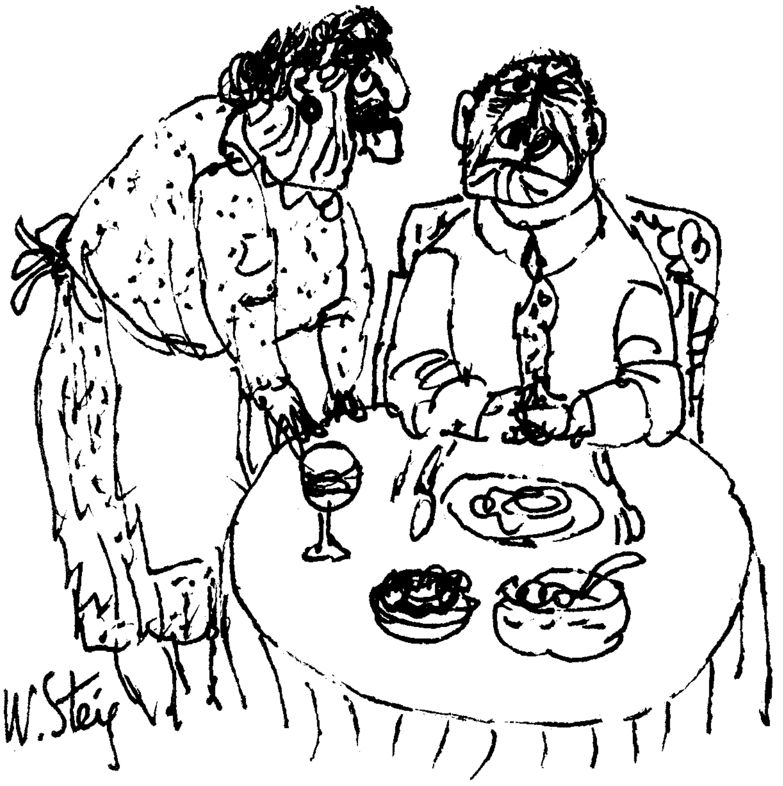
"The Lenox Hill Hospital Methadone Program group comes every day," Mrs. Douglas told us. "And we had a whole science class from the Dalton School, who came with seeds and everything. The word-of-mouth has been very effective."

Most of the new gardeners simply saw the plots as they were walking by, came in, and were assigned spaces of their own. Gordon, Hodgson, and Hamill provide the tools and give advice when it is requested; they also take care of the watering.

"We have people of all ages," Mrs. Douglas said. "One little boy is only three years old, and he's done the whole thing himself. He's as tough as they come, too—a real New York street kid. One of our hopes here is to resensitize kids who've never had anything but garbage to push around."

"Kids like to have something to blame," Gordon observed. "Here they have the weather, and the pigeons, which eat the seeds."

"We started off in urban rehabilitation," Hodgson said. "Then



"Is anything wrong?"

we found ourselves getting into urban planning, and now we're into urban anthropology. The people around here are very nervous about the new housing developments that are being planned. A lot of the people have been dislocated, and the whole fabric of the neighborhood is changing. One result has been a real growth of community-mindedness. People are starting to talk about Brewery Hill, which is the old name for this area, and Hellgate Hill, a few blocks north, and Carnegie Hill, to the south. We work closely with the block associations, which are becoming more and more active. And people have backed us much more strongly since we moved from Ninetieth Street. I think they liked the idea that the park was portable."

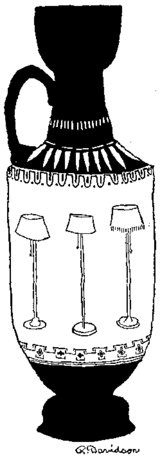
Sounds of impatience emanated from a small boy in a garden plot. "That's my son," Mrs. Douglas said. "I'll see you later."

We asked what further plans the urban anthropologists had in mind.

"Most immediately, we need a ball field and a dog run," Gordon replied. "They're easier to establish than a garden. All you do is clear the debris and put down sand."

"I'd like to bring back the horse," Hamill commented. "He's non-polluting, and we could use the manure."

"Our real hope is that this project will help to trigger many more like it," Hodgson said. "Our next proposal, by the way, is for an eight-block Ruppert Greenway, running from Central Park, through the Green here, to Carl Schurz Park, on the East River. We see it as the first of a series of pedestrian and bicycle paths that would eventually link up all the city's parks in a really organic way. The parks are like lungs, and the paths would be green arteries for them. I'm also interested in the work of Frei Otto, the German artist who creates temporary environments with tents and umbrella-like structures that go up and down. We could have portable playgrounds set up on a temporary basis all around the city. And we'd like to experiment with wind machines that provide electricity. This whole project is one big improvisation, really. You never know beforehand what you're getting into. What's important is to develop new techniques, to learn to analyze and then synthesize the urban resources that do exist. When we moved up from Ninetieth Street, one man commented that it was too bad we'd put all that work into something that lasted only half a year. But we don't feel that way at all. These brief, temporary flowerings are natural and organic. It's the continuity of effort that matters. People in this city are so often locked into certain ways of thinking and acting. What we'd like to do is to offer them some alternatives."



Elvis! David!

A LOT was wrong with Elvis Presley's first-ever New York appearance, at Madison Square Garden last weekend. Somebody in the Presley organization misjudged the desires of the crowd, and as a result Elvis was preceded by a standup comedian called Jackie Kahane. No doubt Mr. Kahane's patter knocks 'em dead in Vegas, but New York is not Vegas and the Garden is not a night club. "Kids today . . ." said Mr. Kahane gamely, and lamely, as the audience clapped in unison. "I have a kid. Everything this kid eats turns to hair." He was finally booed off the stage. There was fault to find with Elvis's own performance as well. Instead of a rhythm section to back him up, he had a twenty-three-piece orchestra, a six-man rock band, and an eight-member chorus—a bit too much insurance, even for the Garden. The program was rigidly arranged and planned, allowing for little in the way of spontaneity, and it consisted largely of romantic ballads and sugary, easy-listening songs. The classics that most of the audience had come to hear—"Heartbreak Hotel," "Don't Be Cruel," "Hound Dog"—occupied only fifteen minutes of a fifty-minute program. The blandness was conceptual as well as musical, as when Elvis sang a non-controversial medley of "Dixie," "All My Trials," and the "Battle Hymn of the Republic." The gyrations that made the man famous were seldom in evidence. Instead, he offered a repertoire of stereotyped actions and heroic poses.

Oddly, none of this made any difference. The audience was ecstatic throughout. (It would have been ecstatic even if Elvis had sung nothing but Gregorian chants.) During the intermission before Elvis's appearance, our companion, a young woman who still has her Elvis scrapbook packed away in a trunk somewhere, told us a story that made it all quite comprehensible. "When I was twelve years old," she said, "I was riding in the car with my mother and brother, and a song called 'I Want You, I Need You, I Love You' came on the radio. I immediately felt a certain twinge. My mother said, 'This is that Elvis Presley they're all talking about. I don't see what all the fuss is about.' My brother said the same thing. I just sat on the back seat and didn't say anything. You see, I *did* know what all the fuss was about."

The lights went down, the orchestra struck up what used to be called "Thus Spake Zarathustra" and is now called "The Theme from '2001,' " the audience began a full-throated scream, and Elvis appeared. He looked magnificent. His coal-black hair was fuller and drier than in days of old, and he wore a fantastical white costume studded with silver. He strolled back and forth on the stage, accepting the plaudits of the crowd like a Roman emperor. He looked like an apparition, and this was appropriate, because he has been a figure of fantasy for seventeen years. As the performance went on, it became impossible to avoid the conclusion that he is a consummate professional. He never cut loose, but he did not have to. The slightest gesture of his hand, the smallest inclination of his head set off waves of screams from the favored direction. The greatest ovation, except for the one that attended his initial appearance, came when he went into the first of his old songs, "Love Me." "Treat me like a fool," he sang. "Treat me mean an' crool, but love me."

Throughout, Elvis maintained a certain ironic distance from it all, sometimes engaging in a bit of self-parody. At the beginning of "Hound Dog," for example, he posed dramatically on one knee, said, "Oh, excuse me," and switched to the other knee. But he manifestly enjoyed the audience's enjoyment, even as he indicated with a smile here and a gesture there that it all had less to do with him than with their idea of him. On our way out, we asked our companion if she had liked the show. "It was bliss," she said. "I haven't felt so intensely *thirteen* since—well, since I was thirteen."

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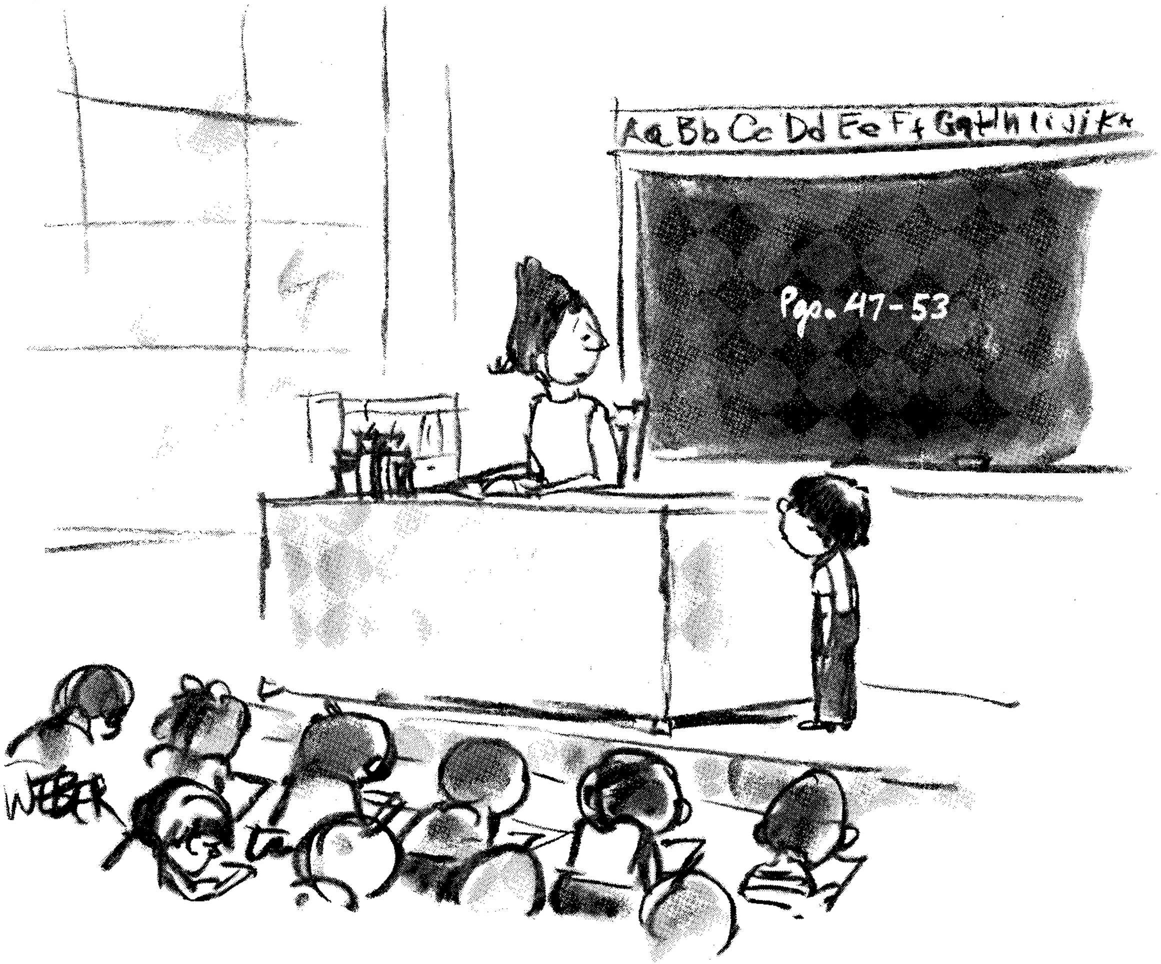
WHICH brings us to David Cassidy. For some time now, millions of nice little girls all over the country have had mad crushes on David Cassidy. "Little" in this context means a bell curve that starts about eight, peaks about eleven, and ends about fourteen; "nice" means tractable and above the pauper line. They collect photographs of him, dream about him, write him letters, send him presents, and scream at the sight of him. Cassidy is a promising young actor with a pleasant singing voice and a smile that is sort of somewhere between cute and dazzling. He never meant to become an idol of little girls, but these things happen. A couple of years ago, he landed a part in a new TV sitcom called "The Partridge Family," which was about a fatherless American family that was a rock group but was also really just a family. Cassidy played the teen-age son of the family and the lead singer of the rock group. The show was a hit, so the Partridge Family started cutting albums of the songs they sang on the show, and the albums were a hit, so Cassidy began making solo appearances as a singer. Earlier this year, he came to New York and played to a packed house at the Garden. The day after the first Presley concert, he was back here for a matinée at the new Nassau County Coliseum. Those who know about such things say that Cassidy is on the verge of being jilted by the little girls, but in the latest issue of *16 Magazine*, which is a trade magazine for little girls, he is still the leading attraction. Full-color picture on inside cover. Lead article on page 3. Last paragraph from that article: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WEBER

"May I please be excused? I have a tension headache."

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> Now David is beginning to grow sleepy. There's a soft glow around him and he feels all warm and cuddly. Somehow—through a trick of his imagination perhaps—he feels the girl he longs for right there in the room near him, and moving closer. As David drifts off into dreamland, he reaches out. He can feel her hand in his. He gently pulls her close to him, puts both his arms around her, snuggles up, smiles happily—and falls asleep holding his pillow in his arms.

The whole phenomenon is rather good-natured. The little girls don't take it entirely seriously. Neither does Cassidy.

There were a lot of little girls hanging around the motel that Cassidy checked into before his appearance at the Nassau County Coliseum. We talked to a number of them. One group banged on his door and woke him up. They then called him on the phone to apologize and woke him up again. Another group denounced the behavior of the first group as "teenile." A third group waylaid us and made us write down their names in our notebook, so that we wouldn't forget to convey their love to Cassidy. Our notebook says:

> mary and heather and vanessa and janet and sherry and nancy and debby and cynthia love david

The concert was sold out. As soon as Cassidy appeared onstage, the little girls in the audience began to scream and to take pictures. All the cameras were equipped with flash cubes, and all the flash cubes went off one after another, squirting tiny bursts of light in Cassidy's direction. Flash cubes are a new form of visual applause. We admired the girls' ability to do two things at once. During one of Cassidy's songs, some of the girls rushed the stage. Most of them were headed off by several college-football players hired to augment the Coliseum's security staff, but one of them managed to grab Cassidy around his neck and grapple with him for fully thirty seconds.

We interviewed Cassidy after the concert. He was sitting on a bed in another motel, wrapped in a towel. His clothes hadn't caught up with him yet. He is a small man—short, and narrow in the shoulders. He sits with his shoulders hunched. He had a bruise on his back, and he said that the girls who had rushed the stage had frightened him. He said that he liked most rock music but that the years 1963, 1964, and 1965 had been the most important ones in forming his musical tastes. He said that he admired the Rolling Stones but found their recent albums disappointing. He said that Paul McCartney was his favorite songwriter and that in his opinion McCartney outranked Cole Porter and Rodgers and Hammerstein. He said that after he'd played the Garden he and his staff had sat around trying to figure out how much G.E. and Sylvania had made on flash cubes during his concert. The figure they came up with was nine thousand dollars.

PIOMBINO'S AN HOUR FROM LIVORNO

ITALIAN newspapers would probably call this *una storia moderna.* It never made headlines, but it happened to me, and recently, so I remember every detail. And it happened because I was an American girl who, by travelling around the Mediterranean on her own, learned step by step to be never at a loss. My name is Margo, and at the time I had been abroad for three years and had found a job in Livorno teaching English to Italians. I picked up extra money travelling up and down the coast as a newspaper stringer and free-lance interpreter.

This story, in fact, began on a train—the one that runs from Genoa down to Rome. I'd boarded the train in Pietrasanta, smiling already because I'd just been paid for an assignment there. The sun shone into the train and I walked along the corridor looking into all the windowed compartments to choose where I would sit. I had money in my pocket and I was window-shopping. I had passed one compartment and then walked back to it, and I remember I did that for three definite reasons: A free seat by the window faced the direction the train was moving in, a radio inside was playing a pretty French song, and a nice smell of man's pipe tobacco was in the air around there. So I walked in and sat down with my coat in my lap and began to read a book, and when I looked up it was straight across the aisle into the clear blue eyes of the boy seated opposite. He was the most wonderful blue-eyed boy I'd ever seen in my life.

He looked at me, then out the window, then straight across at me again, and I could see that he was struck, too. Still, for the next twenty minutes, we looked back and forth and then out the window, just riding along like that, seated eye to eye, anxious to look but not wanting to stare. Time passed; the train kept on moving.

The things that had attracted me were his, of course; he held the pipe and radio, with some books, in his lap. His hair was dark blond, the same color as his beard, and a white collar stood out from his dark-blue sweater. His hands were folded—a quiet boy, contained; his left foot was in a cast. Yet, though I noticed all these things, I couldn't have said what I saw in him exactly, and when I looked out the window I wondered what he might notice about me, other than that I was wearing a long red dress.

The train rounded a curve, and suddenly, who knows why, we looked at each other; we both held on. Courage seemed to swell and rise up within us and, from pleasure and relief, we broke out into smiles. The train kept on going; we sat there beaming.

There was one other passenger in the compartment. "Pisa!" he said, and stood up and put on his coat.

My God, I thought, Livorno is next. Perhaps this boy thinks I'm going clear down to Rome.

Besides, seeing that we'd already acknowledged each other, it might have seemed impolite not to speak. So I decided to say something, it wouldn't matter what. "Are you a student?" I asked, in Italian.

"I work," he replied, as easy as that. "For an oil company."

"Oh, you're a geologist?"

"Manual worker."

"Does that mean you build things?"

"Well, yes, I build the wooden models for oil rigs, derricks."

"Oil rigs in Italy?"

"Sometimes in Italy. But I've worked all over—Pakistan, Algeria, different parts of the world."

He crossed his right leg over the foot with the cast on it. "But you've travelled, too. I can hear that you're foreign. How did you get here? All the way by train?"

I leaned back in my seat. I was happy to confide. "Oh, one step, then another. I started from New York on a Yugoslav freighter. It stopped first at Tangier, so that's where I got off. I travelled through Morocco, then up through Spain, across Provence, and down into Italy. Oh, I also went to Greece."

"But you knew all the time you would settle in Italy."

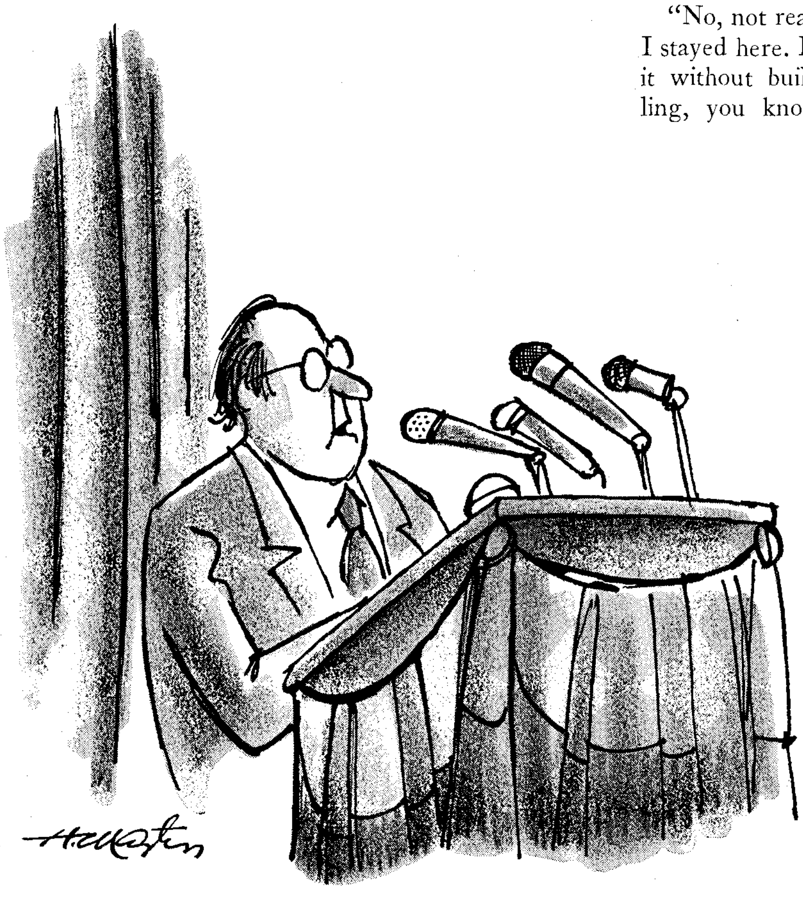
"No, not really. I found work and so I stayed here. But I couldn't have done it without building up to it. Travelling, you know—that was the scary part. Always moving along, coming up each time against a new place. Whenever I arrived at a new town, I never wanted to enter it unless I knew what would happen to me."

"Why not?" He looked concerned. "What could have happened to you anyway?"

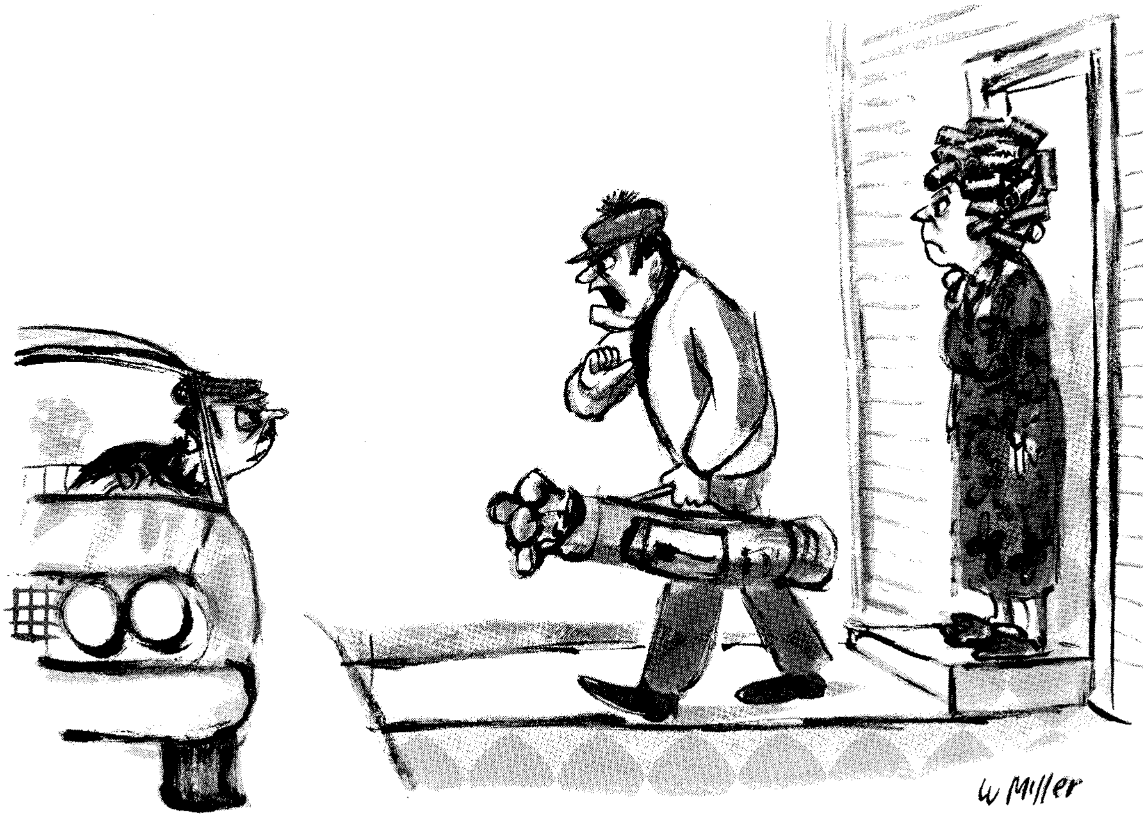
"I don't know, it was all imagination. I guess I thought that, being alone and a foreigner, somehow I was more likely to die. Not true, of course; in fact, you manage. And what I learned at each point wasn't that I was smarter than I'd thought but that it was much harder to die than I'd thought."

"But what did you think? That you'd starve? That you'd freeze?"

"I'm telling you, it was stupid. After all, I



"Why I would like to be President: I would like to be President so I could live in the White House and ride around in big cars and helicopters and have big banquets and get on television whenever I wanted to and be in motorcades and parades and have my picture taken all the time."



"Good morning to you, McCarthy, and, if you don't mind, I'll *make the wisecracks about my wife's hair rollers."*

had money in my pocket—traveller's checks, you know—to eat, to sleep. True, there was the language; then I couldn't speak it. But if I knew what I wanted—food, a hotel, a cup of coffee—I'd still know it when I saw it. If I didn't know what to call it, I could still go straight to it."

"So there was nothing to fear," he said, very kindly.

"Nothing at all. But I couldn't know that till I already passed through it. I never set out to be an independent girl."

He laughed. So did I. I looked out the window. Ten minutes to Livorno.

"But you," I said, "are you really a traveller? I thought all Italians lived with their families. Besides, we're in Italy. You can't be far from home."

"Home?" he said. "I left fifteen years ago. I was born by the sea—"

"Me, too. New Jersey."

"—in Sicily. I left because I had to. I'm an orphan of war; my father was killed in Russia, or maybe Yugoslavia."

"And your mother?" I asked, for I knew Italians are called orphans if they've lost only one parent.

"She's at home in Siracusa," he said. "I was put in a boarding school. I ran away three times, but when I was fourteen they had to let me go. I took my father's suitcase and went up to Milan. I got working papers there. And since then—well, I've told you, I've worked all over. North, south, even abroad. So though when I travelled I had the company behind me, when they said, 'Move ahead,' then I felt the way you did. But now I've learned, too; you have only to see what's right there in front of you."

We looked at each other.

"Now I live in Genoa. I've fixed up an attic in the medieval section."

"Then tell me," said I, "why you're on a train riding south."

"Because I'm based in Piombino for a couple of months."

"Piombino?"

"An hour south of Livorno. You've probably never heard of it. It's a country town. Small—I like that. Before I broke my foot, I rode a lot on the beach."

"On a cycle?"

"No, a horse. There's lots of flat land, and ancient ruins in the meadows. That's Etruscan land, you know; now it's tombs and weeds. From the beach in Piombino you can see the east coast of Elba."

The train stopped in Livorno. I got up to leave.

"Why are you getting up?"

"Because I have to get off. I live here. I teach English."

"English in Livorno?"

"In a language school. On Via Grande, down near the port. I'll ride right by it if I don't get off now." I slid open the compartment door, walked quickly down the corridor, jumped a step to the platform.

He leaned down from the window. "Here, you forgot your book. I would have run after you, but I've got this cast."

"Thanks," I said. I could not imagine why I'd forgotten it.

"Oh, my name is Roberto."

"Oh! Like my brother."

He smiled. "You see? You do have a home, a family. We all come from someplace." The train started to move. "I'll come back to see you! English school, Via Grande!" Then the window passed, the train passed, and the tracks were empty.

I buttoned my coat and put my hands in my pockets and walked down the platform as though everything were normal. I counted the steps to the underground passage leading out to the street. It was only twelve o'clock. But I didn't want to take a bus into town right away. My mind was on the train, and I had lunch at the station.

FOR the next three weeks, I had other things to think about. I had jobs to do, students to teach. I went to Florence to interpret for three days. I sold an article and did research for another. I kept up with newspapers and guided some tourists.

Still, here and there, I'd come upon reminders. I happened to give a lesson to a girl from Piombino; a man had me write a letter to an oil company in Trieste. Headlines kept dwelling on elections in Pakistan. Oil was discovered off the coast of Algeria. I read, in some book or other, that blue-eyed men in Sicily are descended from the Normans.

The last Tuesday in October, I ran into Teresa. It was late afternoon and I was walking home from the morning's interpreting job, well paid and with lunch besides. When I met her

TALKING TO MYSELF

Spring this year in Austria started off benign,
the heavens lucid, the air stable, the about
sane to all feeders, vegetate or bestial:
the deathless minerals looked pleased with their regime,
where what is not forbidden is compulsory.

Shadows of course there are, Porn-Ads, with-it clergy,
and hubby next door has taken to the bottle,
but You have preserved Your poise, strange rustic object,
whom I, made in God's Image but already warped,
a malapert will-worship, must bow to as Me.

My mortal manor, the carnal territory
allotted to my manage, also my fosterling
I must earn cash to support, my tutor also,
but for whose neural instructions I could never
acknowledge what is or imagine what is not.

Instinctively passive, I guess, having neither
fangs nor talons nor hooves nor venom, and therefore
too prone to let the sun go down upon Your funk,
a poor smeller, or rather a censor of smells,
with a singular palate that can take hot food.

Unpredictably, decades ago, You arrived
among that unending cascade of creatures spewed
from Nature's maw. A random event, says Science.
Random my bottom! A true miracle, say I,
for who is not certain that he was meant to be?

As You augmented and developed a profile,
I looked at Your looks askance: *His architecture*
should have been much more elegant. I've been let down!
By now, though, I've gotten used to Your proportions,
and, all things considered, I might have fared far worse.

Seldom have You been a bother. For many years
You were, I admit, a martyr to horn-colic
(It did no good to tell You: *But I'm not in love!*);
how stoutly, though, You've repelled all germ invasions,
but never chastised my tantrums with a megrim.

You are the Injured Party for, if shortsighted,
I am the bookworm who tired You, if short-winded
as cigarette addicts are, I was the pusher
who got You hooked. (Had We been both a bit younger,
I might well have mischiefed You worse with a needle.)

I'm always amazed at how little I know You.
Your coasts and outgates I know, for I govern there,
but what goes on inland, the rites, the social codes,
Your torrents, salt and sunless, remain enigmas:
what I believe is on doctors' hearsay only.

Our married life is a drama, but no stage play where
what is not spoken is not thought: in Our theatre
all that I cannot syllable You will pronounce
in acts whose raison d'être escapes me. Why secrete
fluid when I dole, or stretch Your lips when I joy?

Demands to shut or open, include or eject,
must come from Your corner, are no province of mine
(All I have done is to provide the time-table
of hours when You may put them): but what is Your work
when I librate between a glum and a frolic?

For dreams I, quite irrationally, reproach You.
All I know is that I don't choose them: if I could,
they would conform to some prosodic discipline,
mean just what they say. Whatever point nocturnal
manias make, as a poet I disapprove.

Thanks to Your otherness, Your jocular concords,
so unlike my realm of dissonance and anger,
You can serve me as my emblem for the Cosmos:
for human congregations, though, as Hobbes perceived,
the apposite sign is some ungainly monster.

Whoever coined the phrase *The Body Politic*?
All States we've lived in or historians tell of
have had shocking health, psychosomatic cases,
physicked by sadists or glozing expensive quacks:
when I read the papers, You seem an Adonis.

Time, we both know, will decay You, and already
I'm scared of Our divorce: I've seen some horrid ones.
Remember: when *Le Bon Dieu* says to You *Leave him!*,
please, please, for His sake and mine, pay no attention
to my piteous *don't!*s, but bugger off quickly.

—W. H. Auden

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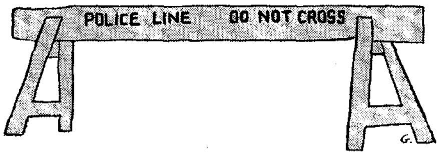
on the street in front of her building, she put her arm through mine and drew me inside and upstairs to her living room to talk.

Teresa was the daughter of an ancient-Greek classicist, and, on her mother's side, a noble uncle wrote fables that were awarded prizes in Italy and abroad. A great-uncle, up in Milan, held a Nobel Prize for poetry.

I used to tutor her father in English, and when she heard from him about me—a foreign girl, in this out-of-the-way place and on my own, too—she began to take a special interest in me. Friends all called her *una donna generosa*, which means in Italian that she was richly endowed. Her husband owned a large fleet of ships, and she lived high up in a roof-garden apartment where the floors were of marble and all the mirrors framed in gold.

"Tell me where you've been, and what you've been up to," she invited, leaning back, tall and blond, on a rose velvet couch. The maid had come in with a silver fruit bowl, covered, as usual, with a gold-threaded napkin. Teresa lifted the napkin and offered me some fruit. I took some grapes and told her about my interpreting that day for a tobacco trader who'd come down from Ireland to buy a stock of pipes—hand-carved Italian pipes. That naturally led me to tell about the boy on the train.


POLICE LINE DO NOT CROSS

"And then?"

"And then nothing. He never came to see me."

"Margo, you're smitten."

"I am not," I protested. "I only mentioned it in passing."

"Nonsense. You're all at sea. Do you wish to be ready for anything and everything?"

"I am ready. I'm waiting."

"Not good enough, my dear. Waiting will get you nowhere. Why on

"I declare, sometimes I think our whole life is arranged for tax purposes!"

• •

earth don't you go to Piombino and look for him?" Teresa was a big woman, and she spoke her mind plainly. "Heaven knows, if I hadn't my own eternal duties to attend to, I'd certainly take more advantage than you. You know how it's always been in this part of the world. We Italian women, we pass our lives in households—fathers', husbands', finally our sons'. But you, you're outside this; you can move where you like. Yet now that you've come this far you've come to a stop."

That was true. For too long in Livorno I'd been the friend of a patient man, older and wise, who, like many Italians, lived with his family (in this case with his mother), so though he was fond he was also immobile.

"The boy on the train's younger," observed Teresa. "What's more, he broke his foot, so he must have been swifter. A pair of blue eyes, a ready spirit . . . Whatever you pine for, you glimpsed it in passing; now fly like an arrow to the heart of the matter. Gather your wits. You know about trains—how to read a schedule, buy a ticket. Piombino is on the same line as Livorno. You've travelled this far; why not step one town further?"

I DECIDED to go, and I didn't think about it twice, except later to wonder what dress I should wear. That evening, I spent an hour trying everything on till, so clearly, it struck me: I'd wear the same dress that I'd worn on the train.

Next morning I took the bus down to the station. But I dawdled at the newsstand, buying a paper, and missed the Rome express to Campiglia Marittima. That was a bad omen; it meant I had to take a local all the way and wouldn't reach Piombino until two in the afternoon, leaving only three hours of daylight to look for Roberto. It was a dark day besides, overcast and cloudy—hardly weather to go looking for strangers!

Ten minutes out of Livorno it started to rain. The rain splashed on the windows and you couldn't see a thing. I knew we were travelling straight down the coast, past cliffs and inlets and craggy headlands. The tracks ran down the edge of a coastal plain, and the train caught the wind from all four sides. I thought about the winds for which I'd learned names: *scirocco* from the south, *tramontana* from the Alps, *maestrale* from France, *libeccio* from the sea. I did not worry; the train was on a track.

This train had no compartments, and all the seats faced forward. There were framed countryside scenes on the backs of the seats, so if you didn't look out at the scenery you looked ahead at the pictures. Near the next-to-last stop, I got up to use the bathroom. It was occupied and while waiting I read a sign, in English, outside the bathroom door. "Passengers!" it said. "Do not throw objects out of the window. They may damage a person and full prosecution of the law may ensue." I wanted to ask the conductor whom they'd paid to translate that one.

Then, while I was standing there, the other passengers arose to get off the train. I was pushed out of the aisle and down into a seat. After they left, I

"I want a copy of 'Worldview' and 'World, a Review,' but don't ask me why, because I don't know."

• •

was alone in the car. When I'd finished combing my hair, in the bathroom, I strolled up and down the empty aisle a few times. I kept myself company. I examined my newspaper and whiled away time.

The station at Piombino had one room, and it took one minute to walk through it. Outside, across a piazza, were two crumbling brick towers with an arch between them. There were signs on the towers; one said "Roman" and the other said "Medieval." I imagined that brick walls had once surrounded the city to keep out mountain bandits or pirates from the sea, though with gates at different points to let in travellers from abroad. Now these walls were no more, and neither were the gates. Anyone could walk in, for whatever reason.

So I walked through the arch to see where I'd go from there. One thing about Italian towns, I knew, was that, no matter what the layout, the important streets and squares often had the same names. Michelangelo, Garibaldi, Leonardo—wherever you were heading, these were good points to start from. A sign said I was standing in Leonardo Square, and Garibaldi Street ran straight out from it. That's the one I took, and I could see from the width of it I was now on my way.

Roberto had told the truth; this was a country town, all right. Tiny shops were lined up neatly, both sides of the street, with lettered signs above them like labels on boxes. I walked along and read them as I went by. "Callista" was where you'd go to have your calluses cut. "Copisteria" was the man who would write out copies. Oh, I knew the kind of country town this would be: even salt and pepper would be sold in different stores. Each of the stores on this street was one plate-glass window wide, with a double wooden door in the middle. From the street, you'd look in to see the stock on the shelves, and to enter you'd turn a handle as in opening a cupboard. This has nothing to do with the story.

Anyway, I kept walking down Garibaldi Street. The shops were still closed for the afternoon lunch break, but I stopped at a café. Cafés never close, and this one had a sign hanging outside with the picture of a telephone inside a yellow disc. I went in and asked for a telephone book.

There was nothing listed under "petroleum," so I tried another tack. If Piombino's so small, I thought, it can't have much in the way of industry. A company that sends workers to Algeria and Pakistan must easily be the biggest company in town. I looked in the yellow pages for the companies in boldface. "ITALSIDER" had the biggest, blackest letters, and so I decided that that was what I'd head for. I bought a cup of coffee, and this still seemed the best plan.

"Italsider?" said the barman. "Nothing easier, young girl! You must walk down Garibaldi till you get to the harbor. You'll see the smokestacks from a long way off. But what does a foreign girl want with big industry? I don't suppose you're looking for a job there!"

I said, no, I was looking for something else. I paid him and smiled at him, and kept walking down Garibaldi.

From then on I kept my eyes straight ahead. He was right about the smokestacks. They rose straight up above the red roofs of the town—three black tubes beside a metal frame tower burning at the top, and taller than any lighthouse.

Presently, I arrived at the harbor. Then I had to turn left to head toward the factory. The street, very wide now, ended at a high wire fence. Behind it was a parking lot and, some distance back, large buildings and warehouses.

I saw I'd arrived with the afternoon shift. Hundreds of workers were marching in. They were dressed alike in blue denim overalls and metal hats. But they didn't have cars. And they didn't have lunch pails. Italian workers always go home to eat.

So I fell in with the ranks of the returning workers. At the gate stood a watchman, to wave them in. He held a lantern in his hand, because it was a dark day.

"What brings you here?" he said, when I stepped up before him. "And in such gloomy weather! But put down your umbrella or you'll put somebody's eyes out."

I took one step closer and said rather loudly, "I happen to be looking for a certain young man. I don't know his last name, but he is employed by an oil firm in this town."

He rolled his eyes about. "Oh, young lady," he said unhappily, "you've come to double trouble. I tell you, we have thousands upon thousands of workers. I can't exactly go calling them out by Christian names! What's more, this isn't the right address at all. This company's metallurgical—nothing to do with oil." Of course. Why would an oil company have smokestacks?

So I stood there, letting the rain drizzle down on my head.

"Come in out of the rain," he said. "Not here. This is my guardhouse—room only for one. Go over there—see, that big building there. It looks like a warehouse, but it's really offices. It's got central heating, too. When you're dried out, you might try Public Relations. They may not help, but they know how to welcome strangers. I'll send up a message to tell them that you're coming."

I put up my umbrella to walk across the parking lot. Then I entered the building and walked down a corridor, lined on both sides with blank wooden doors. You would think they'd put "Public Relations" out front.

I turned a corner and bumped into a janitor. "Public Relations? I didn't know we had them. But there's a man upstairs who can speak five languages. It's not for nothing you've come to such a big company."

I tried the second floor. There was a glass door with a sign on it, and I knocked on the sign. A man in shirtsleeves beckoned me in.

"I'm Public Relations, my friend here is a linguist, and you, it is obvious, must be the stranger. Well, then, have an easy chair, make yourself welcome, and also tell us who you are, where you come from. The guard says you're foreign. Have you come here on business, or are you travelling at random?"

I explained about myself—also who I was looking for. And I said I had only one reason in coming, for I'd forgotten on the train a rare and imported American book, which this boy, if I could find him, might just perhaps be holding for me here in Piombino.

I looked at their faces to see the reaction but decided to take the next words out of their mouths. "I can imagine the strange impression this must make on you. A foreign girl, unaccompanied, chasing through towns and factories after a nameless Italian she glimpsed once on the train! And I confess I hesitated to present myself to you, worrying how it would look. Until I reflected, All reasonable men, when confronted with such a girl actually before them . . ."

"But no, Signorina! Do not even suggest that! You did absolutely right in presenting yourself. That's what we're here for—you could almost say we've been waiting. Don't be shy about it, not one bit. We have daughters, sisters, and they're always leaving books behind, on every train they take."

Then the man in shirtsleeves motioned toward the linguist. "My colleague was born in Egypt, so he's travelled, too. Please, if you wish, tell your story from the start. He may have some intuitions. For, since you're in the dark about that young man's name, you'll have to describe him by some other means."

So I recounted, very slowly, everything I could remember. But I noticed they weren't writing any of this down. They leaned back and shut their eyes, these coöperative Italians, dreamily taking in all I could say of the train ride, the sunshine, the music, and the pipe tobacco—straining to imagine that distant scene . . . the colors, the clothes. With all these things together, they might in a flash divine how to fill in the picture. If only I could make it vivid enough . . .

There were some seconds of silence before the linguist cleared his throat. "It's clear that this Roberto won't emerge from thin air. We must come down to facts. And I can tell you for a start that I never saw a manual laborer with a beard."

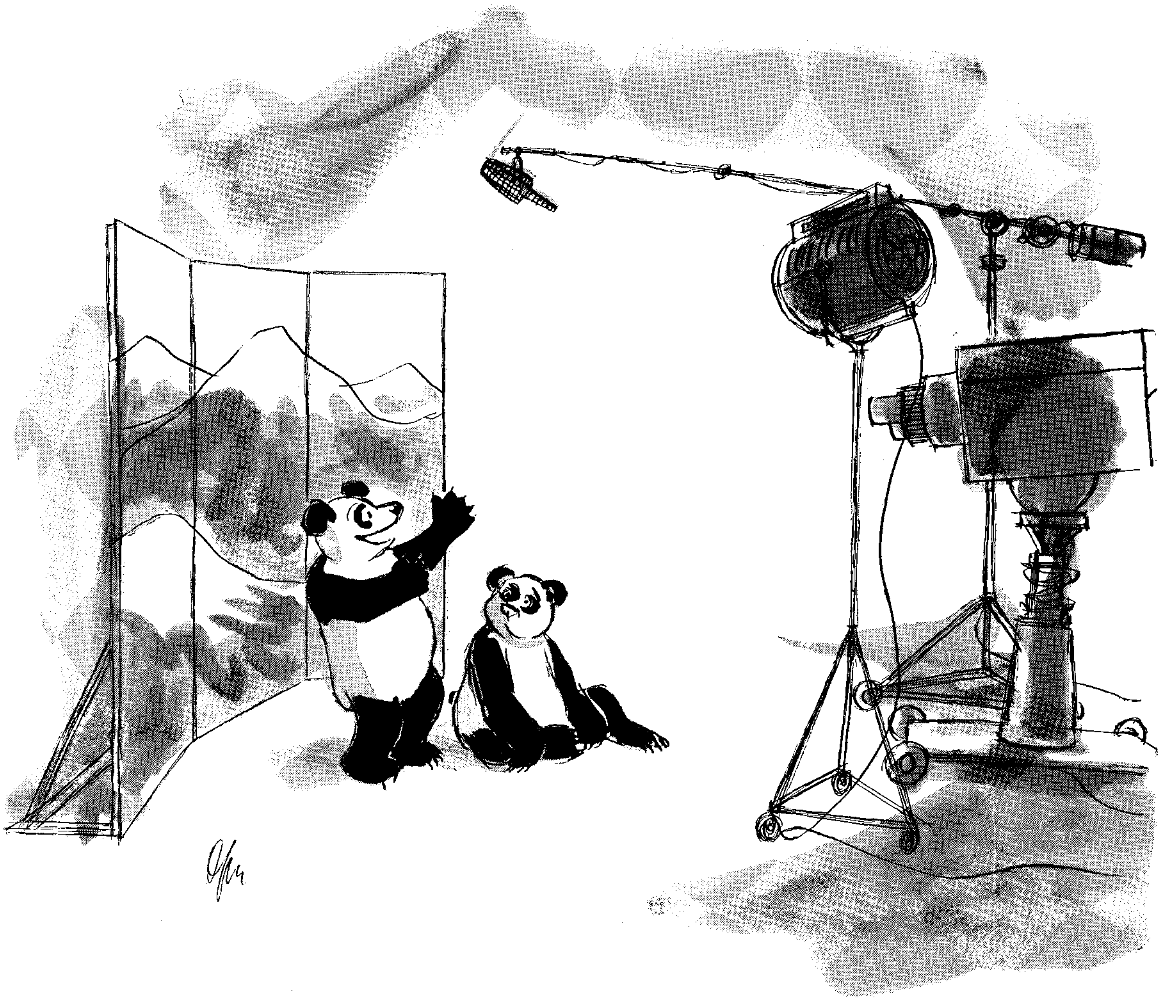
"We could tour the assembly lines," the public-relations man said.

"That would take three days. Besides, men on the job are all dressed alike. She'd never spot him from a distance."

"We could try another company, if we only had a clue."

"If he's really a carpenter, perhaps he works outdoors."

The man in shirtsleeves sighed. "My friends," he said, "this is idle speculation. Soon it will be dark, and then we



"Well, sure we're honored that it's the National Zoo. But we'd have been as happy had it been the San Francisco, or the Brookfield, or the Bronx, or any of them. In short, we're happy if we can, in our small way, contribute to a greater amity between our two glorious nations."

won't know where to look. Besides, the office will be closed. We must think of something now, and for my part I can't think of anything, short of sending our fair guest on her way empty-handed."

Said the man with five languages, "We must try to individuate the most telling particular. This is not the beard, nor the pipe, nor even the blue eyes. Yet what else is left?"

"Algeria and Pakistan—but they're too far afield."

"The same goes for the rest—I mean the birth in Siracusa and the attic in Genoa. No, I tell you," said the linguist, "it is the cast on the foot! If we knew when he had the accident, we could call the infirmary."

"Yes! Now we're on the road!" The man in shirtsleeves pressed forward. "Just how long did Roberto say he had that broken foot?"

"He didn't," I said.

"Well then, tell us about his beard. Was it very long, or short?"

"What has that to do with it?"

"For heaven's sake, young woman! A man can't start a beard while he's working on the job! The first few days are ugly; he'd feel too embarrassed. He would only start his beard while on vacation or sick leave, so that when he came back he'd have a decent growth. That's what I did last summer when I, too, broke my foot. Unfortunately, I'm not Roberto, though I have blue eyes and I sometimes smoke a pipe. But you see—we already are narrowing the field. At any rate, the point is, Roberto broke his foot just a very few days before he started to grow his beard."

I observed that Roberto's beard was about ten centimetres long.

They stroked their chins.

"Ten centimetres—roughly three weeks. Plus three weeks since the train ride makes it six. Let's call the infirmary and hear what they have to say."

The infirmary said they weren't allowed to make casts.

"Then he went to the hospital!" announced the linguist. "So will we, by car. We'll have to go in person and confront the orthopedist. For it may be private information, and then it's goodbye Roberto."

So the linguist and I went out into the rain. We got into his car and drove to the hospital. It was in an old part of town, full of one-way streets. The back streets had names I'd never heard of.

"Where do we go for orthopedics?" the linguist asked the desk clerk. She eyed us up and down. "If you have a bone to set, you'd better wait here for the doctor." The linguist took my arm and we walked past her up the stairs.

Patients in plaster casts lay propped on metal beds. They lay there looking up at the plaster ceiling. Fat women in blue aprons were scrubbing the floor. We walked between their buckets, and they grumbled as we passed. They were not used to people leaving footprints on their floors.

We continued down the corridor and found the doctor's office. The doctor was at a desk writing on a pile of folders. He kept on writing while the linguist explained our mission. Then he leaned back in his chair and put his pen between his hands.

"That young man told a lie, Miss," he said to me gravely. "His name is not Roberto. It's Ignazio. Giangori."

That threw me. I said, "Are you sure there's no mistake? A busy doctor has so many patients. Blue eyes, a pipe, a beard. Also, if he stayed here in your hospital, I'd guess he read a lot of books."

"That's right—a little snobbish. Origins in Siracusa, broke his foot six weeks ago falling off a horse. Stayed in the room behind you."

"Where does he live? Where does he work?" put in the linguist.

"Can't tell you," said the doctor. "Wasn't my affair. As far as I'm concerned, it's strictly goodbye Ignazio."

"Can't you call Administration?"

"They're closed until five. Besides, the walls are being painted, and the files are stacked in boxes. Wouldn't want to bet they'd be alphabetical, either."

We left the doctor in his office and went out into the rain.

"Why don't you leave me here?" I said. "It's all right; I've an umbrella. Later, I'll try Administration on my own at five. And if not"—I sighed—"I guess I'll just forget about my rare, imported book."

The linguist wasn't listening. He counted on his fingers. "Beard, blue eyes, Siracusa, six-week-old cast. Everything fits, except that traveller's name. Ignazio, Roberto. Why d'you suppose he lied?"

"That's the easiest part of all!" I laughed, for the first time that day. "What Ignazio wouldn't want to be called Roberto? Sweet boy from Sicily—I can imagine how he feels."

"Well, whatever he feels about his first name, at least we know his last one. Let's go back to Italsider and try the Office of Detectives."

"Pardon?"

"Every Italian, you should know, carries an I.D. card on his person. The information's recorded every place he goes. If Roberto has walked up to our front gate even once, he couldn't have got through without registering his card. You did, but you're foreign. You can travel where you like."

Back we went to Italsider and the Office of Detectives. There was only one, and he had a little office, and the walls were lined with cabinets.

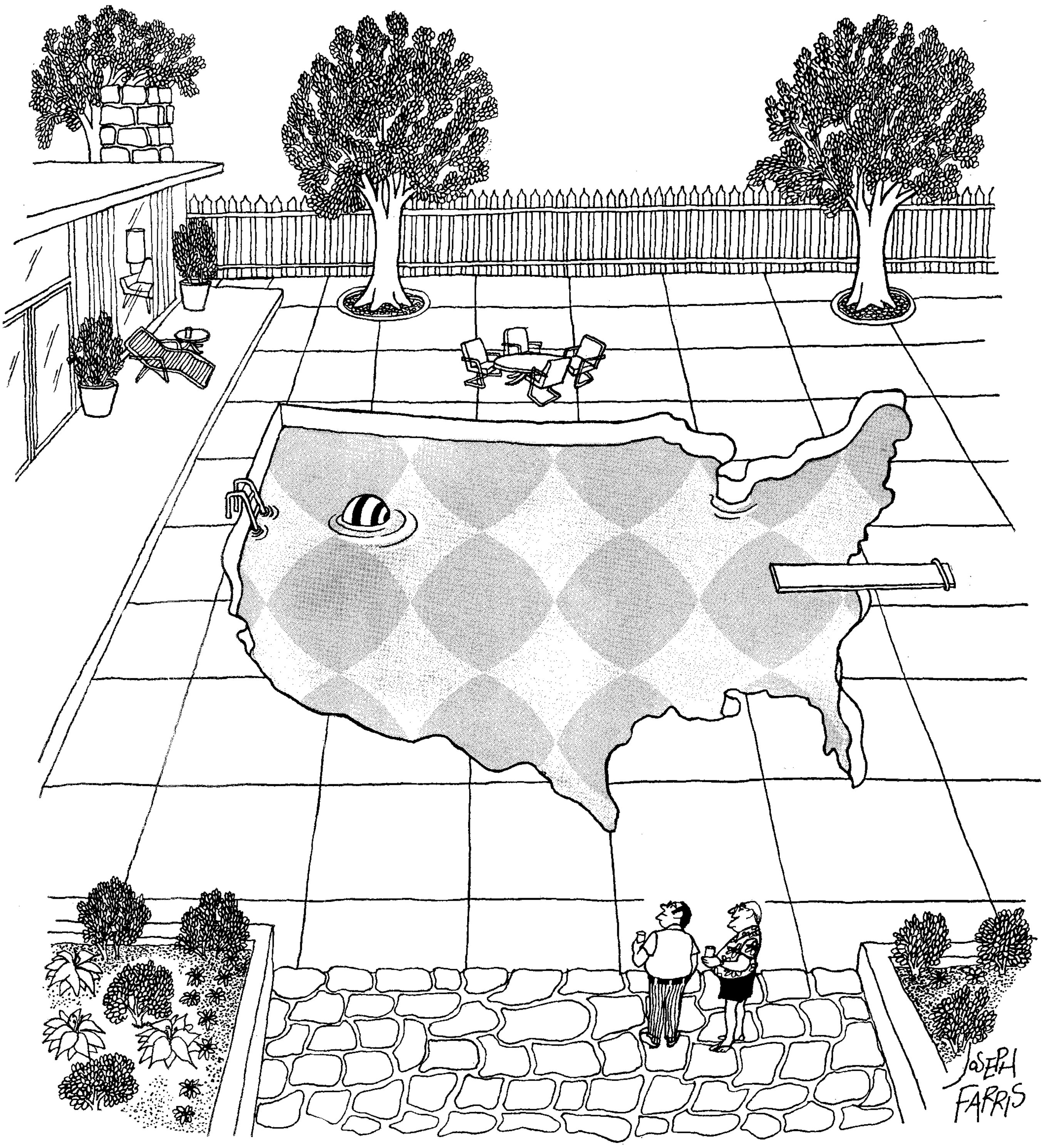
"What business brings you here? Is it public or private? Tell me, and also if I can help. Speak out, don't hide a thing. Sincerity's the best policy."

"We want Ignazio Giangori," said the linguist. "The reason is we're looking for this young foreign lady's book."

The detective opened a file drawer, lifted out a card, and then picked up the phone and dialled a number. "*Sì, sì, sì,*" he mumbled, with his hand on the receiver. Then he put down the phone. "Out on sick leave. He works for a subsidiary that lays pipelines for oil. But he called in this morning from the Pensione Rosa, Via San Pietro 27, Piombino."

The linguist took my arm and we walked out into the corridor. "Perhaps you should return to your office," I said. "Now I have an address, so, as for me—I'm on my way."

"A fine name for hospitality I'd have in that case! Letting a stranger traipse to the furthest ends of town. And you might not find the number; who's to say they are in order? If



"This country has been good to me."

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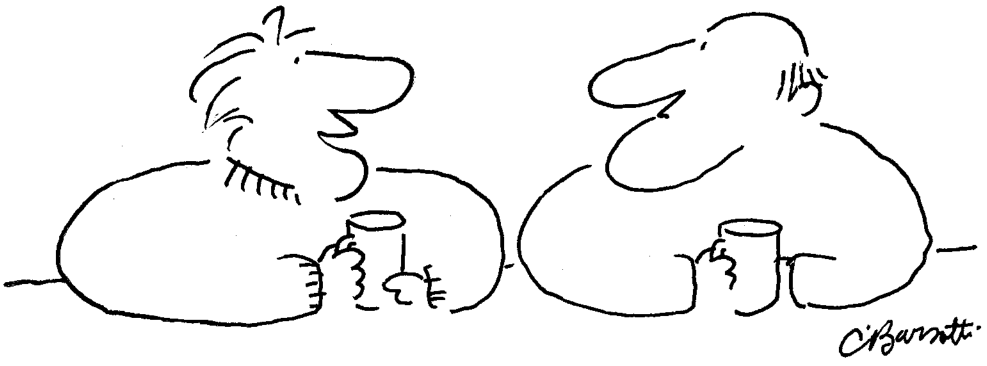
we go by car, we'll be there in fifteen minutes."

We drove to the Pensione Rosa, and he parked outside the door. And since our search had then become a project taken up together, I thought that—not to check my story but just to follow it to the end—the linguist would naturally want to go in. Instead, he said, "Young lady, the rest is in your hands." Then he reached into his pocket and handed me a key chain—an engraved metal disc. I turned it over in my palm. There were smokestacks on one side, "Italsider" on the other. "No proper host," he said, "would let a guest leave empty-handed." And so saying, he opened the car door on my side. I got out and watched him drive away into the rain.

Then I stepped into the lobby of the Pensione Rosa. It was cramped and musty, and I could see into the kitchen. A sullen-looking woman came out, wiping her hands. "I would like to speak to Mr. Giangori," I said. She turned down a hall. I heard her knocking on a door. There was a mirror near the desk, and I grabbed into my bag. I couldn't find my comb; I thought, I'll have to use my hands. But when I looked up to the mirror, he was standing in the door.

He couldn't believe it.

His mouth fell open and he stared without a word. There was more space between us than there'd been on the train. Then he rushed straight to me and pulled my head against his shoul-



"I'm a rough-and-tumble writer of hard-hitting tales for the average Joe."

• •

der. I felt his beard against my forehead; his voice was in my hair.

"God," he breathed above me. "You, out of the blue!"

I didn't say a word. I just leaned back and smiled.

"Well, smile away!" he said, laughing, and, leaving one hand on my shoulder, he took one step back so we could take a longer look.

I was astonished at his being so much taller than I'd thought. Then I remembered that before I'd only seen him sitting down. But something else astonished me that is harder to explain; I began to see more clearly just what I'd spotted on the train. It was nothing I could have told the office men about—not the beard or the blue eyes, that he read books or smoked a pipe. It was the certainty of his readiness to take a chance.

For though I took him by surprise and he'd never thought to see me, I'd known all along that he would understand my gesture—that, finding it before him, he would rise up to meet it.

And he did, of course; he grabbed me. But I had not expected that he'd also be so grateful. Whereas a proud boy would have taken it in stride, this one stood back at arm's length—and still could not believe it. Oh, he wasn't only flattered, or simply glad to see me. He was joyful and incredulous.

"What brought you here?" he said. "There was so much to stop you! Girls don't act like that. Besides, I never came to see you. You might have been offended. And I didn't say that you were pretty—how could you know I'd like you? You might have been embarrassed. But you couldn't have cared less!"

Again he shook his head. Then suddenly he gave a start. "How on earth did you *find* me?"

I smiled and shrugged. "Oh, one step, then another . . ."

"Let's go outside. I want to hear it from the beginning!"

He took my books and my umbrella to his room, then picked a sweater off a coat rack. We walked out the door. I noticed he limped. The street lamps were on. The rain had stopped as night was coming on. Now the streets were fairly crowded with people looking in the shops. We walked along, passing lots of windows. "Have a chocolate, a sweet. What would you like? Something to drink?" I smiled and shook my head. I didn't need a thing. He pulled along beside me, torn in two directions—sideways toward the shops, forward down the street. He wanted me to eat, but he wanted me to talk.

My story came out in pieces, the way that it had happened. And at different points he hugged me as if to say, "Congratulations!" But when I got to the end he didn't let me go. He kept his arms around me and we two just went on walking.

We passed a woman on the sidewalk, come out to get her wash. She stared at us meanly, as though she were properly dressed in street clothes, but she had on a floozy housecoat and silken high-heeled slippers. I laughed. "If that's the kind of thing she likes, how can she disapprove of us?"

I don't remember where we walked then; I think under some arches, ancient gates to the city. We walked down different streets. We seemed to turn a lot of corners. At some point, we'd started kissing, because we could not help it. Cars drove slowly; people paused to stare.

"If the linguist saw us now—"

"—he'd say it wasn't true we'd only met once on the train!"

We came down to the harbor, but far from the factory. Here, there was a stone embankment, a seawall you could walk on. At the end, there was a lighthouse with stone benches all around. While we were sitting on a bench, it started to rain. "Now we can't get up," he said. "Our places will get wet." So we sat there for an hour. We forgot about the rain.

"You have to stay," he whispered. "Say you don't have morning lessons."

"I'll have to call Livorno." I knew I had no lessons.

"Say yes!"

"Not up to me!" I got up and ran three steps.

"If my foot were in good shape, then I'd make you run!"

He got up anyway and ran limping round the lighthouse after me, but instead of his catching up with me, I ran straight into his back.

"We ought to sit down," I said.

"Can't. Not now. Too late."

"What do you mean?"

"The benches are all wet."

So we just stood there together as the wind blew off the sea and the rain came pouring down.

"Well," I said, leaning against him. "I guess I'll call . . . Livorno."

He touched two fingers to my lips, then put those fingertips to his. And with his arms still around me we started walking back, stepping over puddles, and with each step his fair, open face, floating, buoyant, above me. Ground gave way; we were walking on lightness.

We came to a tobacco shop: "You can call, you know, from here." I put a token in and dialled the school. He half turned away, but still heard me on the phone. "No lessons! Hooray!" he shouted. People stared.

He pulled me from the shop; we ran out into the street. The tobacco clerk ran after. "Hey, kids! You didn't pay! A joke's a joke." We laughed. He jangled lots of coins. The lady took her money. We went straight to the pensione.

The lobby was cramped and musty, as we'd left it.

"I know it's a dreary place," he said. I shrugged. "Anyway, we're here," he said. "Later we'll get you a room; first we have to go to supper." I took off my wet sweater and followed him through the lobby across an open courtyard to the dining room.

Fifty workers lived at the Pensione Rosa, he said, and forty-nine were in the dining room, eating. They were still in blue overalls. Our table, like the others, was small and square, with a plastic cloth and metal clamps on the corners.

The men in the dining room were a rough lot. They shouted, they drank wine and forked up chunks of meat from their platters. Roberto whispered, "The steak is no good here. It's all bones and gristle. We're on the coast, so we ought to eat fish."

We had red sea urchins and juicy pink squids and rice with clam sauce. Then we had fruit—ripe persimmons (the kind that come from Syria but grow well in Sicily) and strange purple oranges wrapped in red paper.

Meanwhile, the men at the next table called in the waitress to turn on the TV.

Roberto sighed. "With such noise about, I haven't had a meal in serenity for two months. Usually I bring a book here to keep them at a distance—though often I pretend I'm reading and just turn the pages. Anyway, now you're here. Let's leave them to their rowdiness and make our plan. Later they'll amuse themselves with bowls. But since it's raining, they'll go to bed early. You get a room now; then we'll go out and come in later." He nodded toward the landlady. I looked up across the room. She had a sullen face. I'd noticed that before, but I'd thought it was the rain.

So we called the landlady over and told her I wanted to spend the night. She looked doubtfully at my passport, mispronounced my name. She gave me a room on the top floor.

I went upstairs to it and rumpled the covers. Then we went out into the rain and walked for an hour. When we came back, the whole place was quiet. Everyone had gone to his lodgings.

We went straight to Roberto's. And since we couldn't turn on lights, he lit a candle. Then I took off the gold earrings I'd brought back from Morocco. He took off the amulet he'd brought back from Pakistan. "Well, you're not any girl from next door," he said. "I can see you've been around the block a few times!" We laughed at this boldness and went on undressing. Then we lay down face to face—we did not want to close our eyes—but our having walked in so much wind and rain, plus my having come all those miles, had so worn us out that immediately we fell into a deep, deep sleep.

THOUGH we woke up during the night, I didn't really see the room until morning. Light came through the shutters; there was a sink, another bed, a cupboard, and a table. Roberto was standing up. He'd opened the cupboard door.

"So many clothes!" I said from the sheets.

"I know." He seemed embarrassed. "There's too much here to get into a suitcase. Still, I never had this much in Sicily."

"Oh, did you look the same in Sicily?" I sat up in bed.

"Well, I'm taller now, of course. And my hair's got blonder, and now I have my beard. You know, I wore a tie then, and shoes with laces. Now when I go home, they don't recognize me. I won't speak in dialect. They call me a foreigner."

"Oh, say something in dialect."

"*Sei bedda.*"

"Sounds funny. Is that '*bella*'?"

"No, it's silly; you won't understand. I don't like to talk in dialect. Besides, the thing about my accent is that no one can place it."

While he was talking, he picked out a pressed pair of slacks and a snake-patterned shirt—the kind that was popular in America then. He pulled on a blue sweater and drew his shirt collar

"En garde, world. Eh, Malcolm?"

out. The collar points were beautifully pressed.

So I got dressed, too—I only had the one dress. I put it on, and we walked out into the sun. I felt as if I'd been through a washer and a dryer. My hair was frizzy, my sweater had shrunk. The sun hurt my eyes. I couldn't wake up.

We walked to the station as though we were drugged. So much sun—it was hard to take. We boarded the train and found a spare compartment and sank down onto the cushions, kissing. That would have gone on till noontime, but the whistle sounded and he had to get off.

"I can't travel," he had said, "because of my foot. Besides, I'll lose pay if I don't check in every morning for sick leave." So we decided, instead, I would come back in three days.

SEVENTY-FIVE hours later, he was on the platform again, tall as a prince as my train pulled in. My train was on the further track, and he waited, smiling, while I crossed over.

He had a light-green suit on, with a white shirt and a tie. "I thought I'd dress up!" he called across, grinning. Everything looked damp and fresh and sunny. "The town's still drying out from all that rain!" He opened his arms. Then, with our arms wrapped around each other, we walked through the station and down the street.

There was so much more to look at, now that it was sunny. We walked along, wide awake, and chatted about it all. I told about what I'd seen from the train window—a yellow brick aqueduct, persimmon trees in bloom, plump straw haystacks shaped like cottages. "Here in town, too," he said. "You know—street scenes." We passed postmen on bicycles, sweepers with twig brooms, school kids with briefcases strapped to their backs.

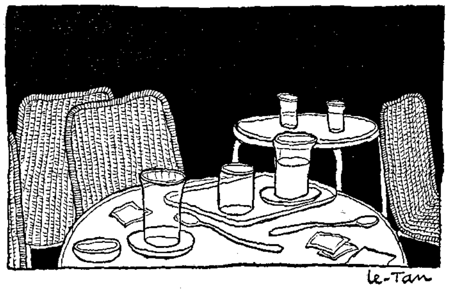
We walked through a market and then down an alley. "Oh, this Italian sun *is* funny," I said. "It shines like blazes but doesn't warm the air. When you stand right in it, it's hot on your skin, but when you step behind a wall it's suddenly cold." We came out of the alley and headed toward the harbor, toward a part I hadn't seen before. Here, there was a sandy beach with fishing boats tied up. An old man was boiling nets in a vat. There were some nuns on the beach, tending two naked children. "The sacred and the innocent," said Roberto.

We sat on a bench and looked across at Elba, that bright, conspicuous isle.

"I've heard it is green and fertile," I said, "but from here the earth looks reddish."

"That's the iron ore. The Etruscans knew all about it. They opened great mines there, and when they'd mined the ore they'd row back and work it here in Piombino. This town's been metallurgical for centuries."

I leaned back and sighed at the thought of so much history; three thousand years—it was too hard to picture. Besides, the light on the water hurt my eyes. I leaned my head on his shoulder. There was salt spray in his beard. We turned our faces toward each other and the sun went to our heads.



An hour passed like that. He murmured something about his room—that another worker had moved in with him.

"I couldn't say no. After all, I've got two beds; my room's a *matrimoniale*."

"How strange," I said. "Why don't they just call it a double?"

"Because in Italy they don't. Anyway, this boy's there now."

"Well, then, we'll use mine. I'll check in when we get back. It's a weekend, though. D'you think the pensione'll be free?"

He lifted his head slightly. "There's something I have to tell you." But he didn't take his arms away, so I thought, It can't be bad.

"It's bad," he said aloud.

"Well, spit it out."

"Spit?"

"That's just, you know, an Ameri-

THE MEXICAN PEACOCK

(For Flannery O'Connor)

He presses the eight-o'clock dew with sharp, short paces,
the tail, laid plume on plume, balanced over the grass
by inches, dipping not touching; the stiff, elegant
crest over the head level in motion as a queen's chin,
the ordinary toes carrying cautiously every ocellate
moon, sun, whorl, enjambment of color.

The water-lily cups have unclenched to the glitter—
white and pink still chilly, ixora and oleander
still moist—but the Mexican sun is stoked and ready.
The peacock mixes blues and greens, deepens them, pauses,
preparing to celebrate himself in an invisible glass
that kindles a blue royal enough for a *pavo real.*

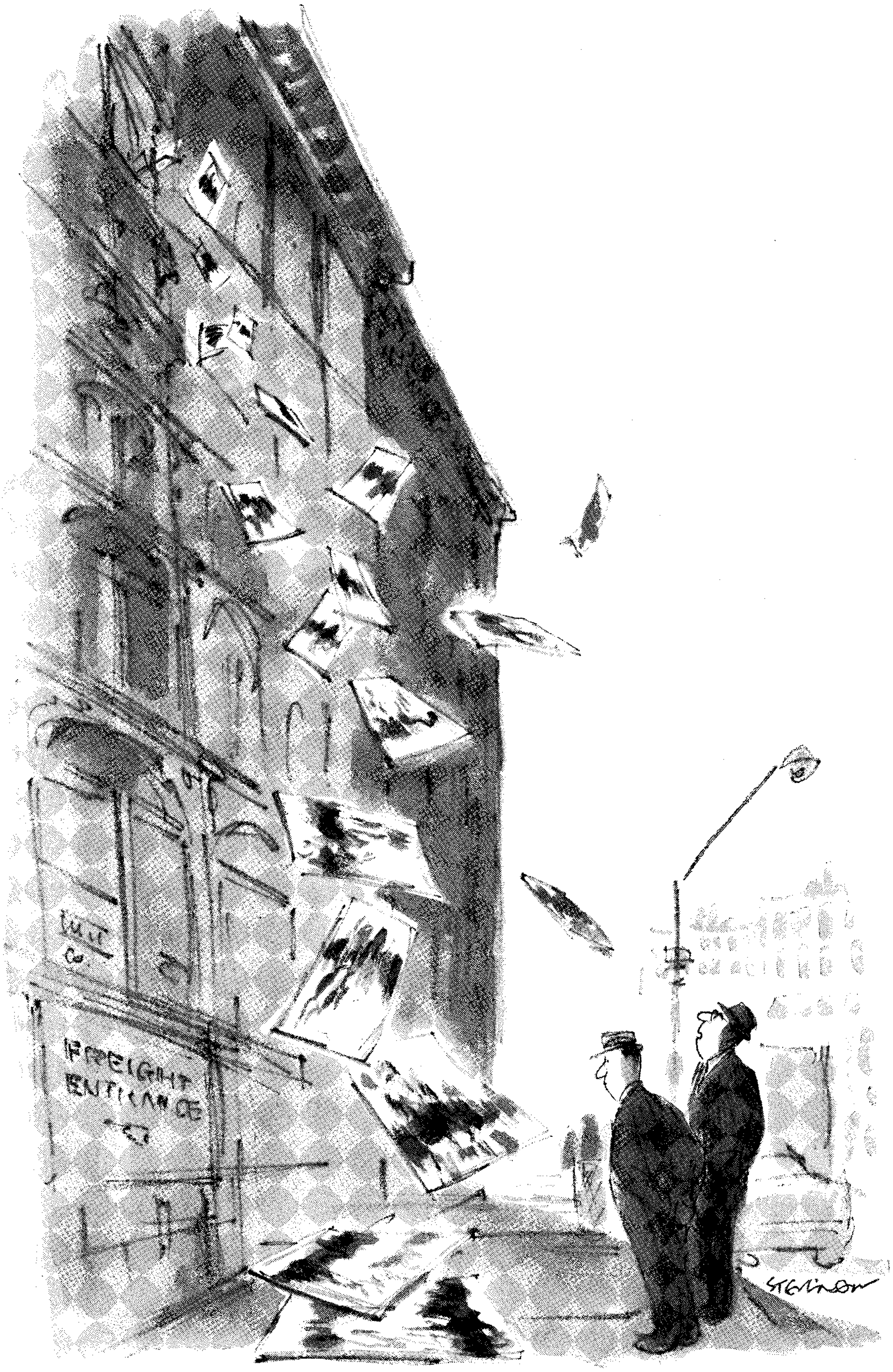
You, a woman not dazzling, and cripplingly caught,
moved as swift and pitiless as light, neither more nor less,
among the pinchbeck vanities, the mingy shifts
of the heart, the small, shabby panics of the killer,
the lethal state of grace abrupt as a pitfall.
Intellect, intellect, love, and shame occupied your power.

Yet the vain, stupid, ill-tempered peacock obsessed your desire
from child to death; the unfurled arc,
the eye of glory, the tilted head of a bad bird
went straight to the center spot, the bull's-eye of mystery:
its maker's imperious pleasure in a living thing
lovely and loveless as a pausing peacock,

who pauses now, suddenly to hoist his soundless plumes
trembling and blazing in a fringy arc;
to the right he bows his crest; shudders his moons;
ignited by the sun, bows to the left.
That message of gratuitous pleasure to the beholder
in communion with our joy transfixed you.

—Josephine Jacobsen

• •



"He's probably entering a new period."

• •

can expression. What is it? Just say it." I was ready for anything.

"In plain words, I'm married."

That I wasn't ready for. My mouth went dry. I swallowed to wet my tongue. But I didn't say anything; I thought I'd hear the rest. Also, I'd seen a headline about a divorce bill in the papers.

"I told you I was working in Milan," he said. "Nine years ago—I was twenty—I went home on vacation. In my brother's living room there was this girl, about sixteen. She was watching TV; I liked her a lot. I sat down beside her; she moved away. Every night, the same story; you can imagine. Anyway, I met her family; in a month we were married. I brought her to Milan. But things went badly; we fought all the time. In a year, we had a baby; the next year, another. Still we were fighting. I spoke to her plainly. I said I was leaving. And for the last six years I've been on my own, travelling and working—you know, like you."

I thought how what had brought him here wasn't what'd brought me, but that, still, one way was as good as another. So I just kept silent. He went on talking.

"In all those six years, I didn't see her once. Then, two months ago, she wrote me here—just a few weeks before I met you on the train. She asked me only to come to Sicily to see the children. So I went, and I saw them, and—oh, Margo, can't you see? I have two children. The most wonderful thing in the world is making children."

I didn't see the problem. "Do you want to make more?"

"But now I don't have to! That's the whole point. I already have a family; now I have to make a home—a household, parents and children. Marriage isn't just two people, you know. When I went back there, I saw what I had done: I'd abandoned the household, the conjugal roof. And I said I would bring her to Genoa next month."

I took all this in and said nothing. He leaned his forehead on mine and went on talking. "Even if we don't get along, I won't leave her ever again. I've decided. Oh, I know you'll say I'm wrong, but I won't change my mind."

"I cannot say you're wrong." I spoke very slowly. "Your decision comes naturally out of your life . . . and since I haven't shared it, I can't know what went into it." He closed his eyes. "But that doesn't mean I won't sleep with you tonight."

His eyes flew open. "You're talking about the past, and you're talking about the future," I said. "All I say is we should act on the moment. What we have right now doesn't happen every day. Look, we're still sitting with our arms around each other."

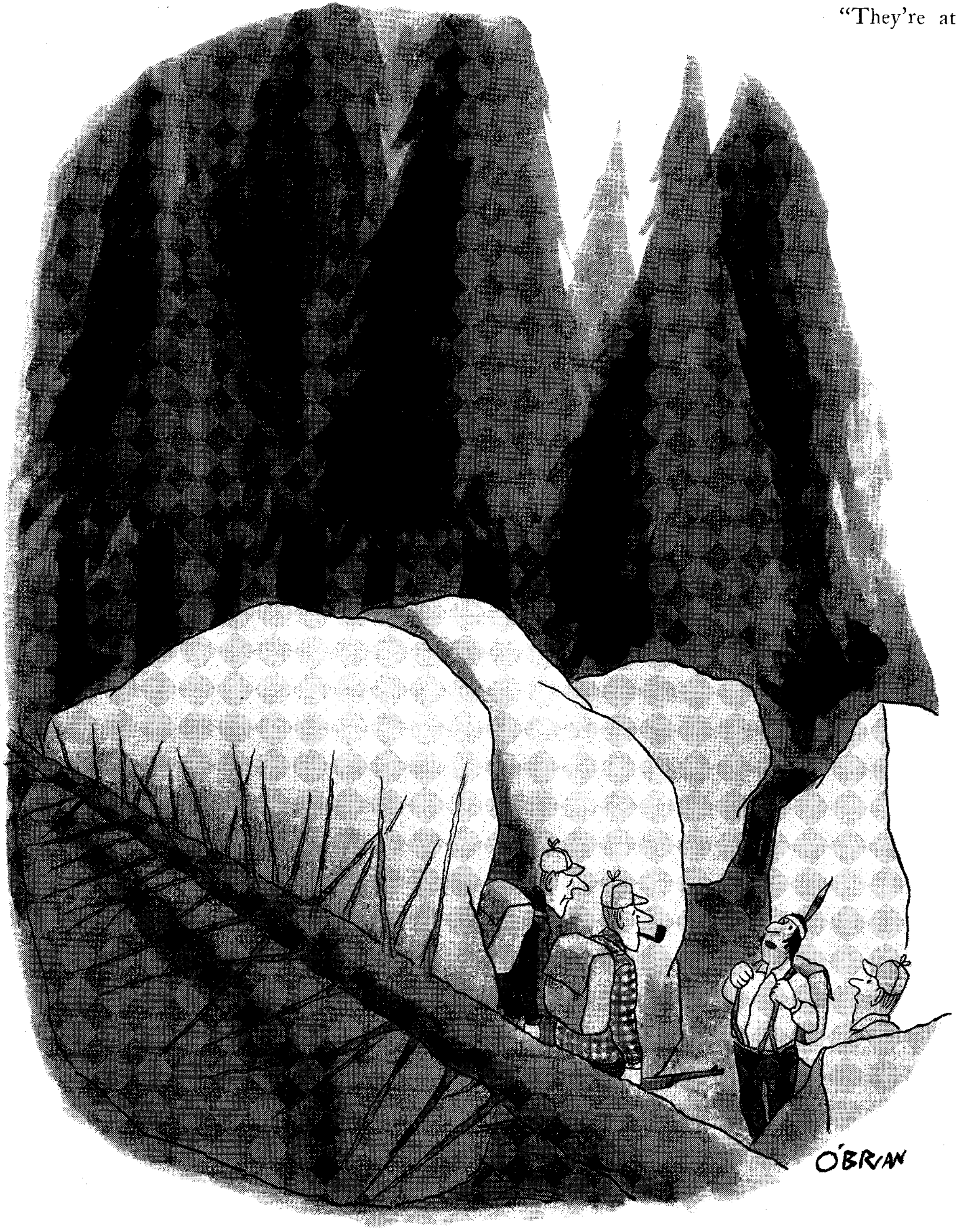
He dropped his arms slightly. "I don't know—I can't think. I thought you’d want to leave.” He stood up from the bench and rubbed his forehead. “God, it’s hot.”

I stood up, too. “Let’s go for a walk.” He took my hand and we walked down the street.

WE just drifted around; we weren’t heading anyplace. “Let’s go in there”—he pointed across the street to a big variety store with a neon sign: “Cooperativa Proletaria.” The first floor was crowded. He said, “It’s payday.” We rode up on the escalator—a new installation. We browsed through racks of clothes, long aisles of knickknacks. He remarked on the number of household articles.

I said, “At four o’clock in Livorno, people crowd on the sidewalk, waiting at the door for the store like this to open.”

“What else can they do?” Roberto said. “They work and spend their money. The other day it rained, so you didn’t get to see—but all the housewives come out at this hour to look. Then, before dinner, they all go back in.”



“We are lost, but if we wait for nightfall we can watch the sky for searchlights from supermarket openings.”

We went back down the escalator and out to the street. It was beginning to get dark. Ahead, I saw the station, but I looked the other way. I thought, Dinner’s still ahead, I could be patient. He looked at the ground. “You have to go tonight.” But we were still holding hands. We walked, without talking, back to the pensione.

We passed through the courtyard with the other buildings all around. The dining room was empty. “Where are all the workers? This place could use some life.”

“There’s a new film,” he said. “They’re at the early feature; we’ll go later, if you like. It’s right near the station.”

I don’t remember what I ate. I don’t remember ordering. He touched his glass to mine, but I could not imagine a possible toast.

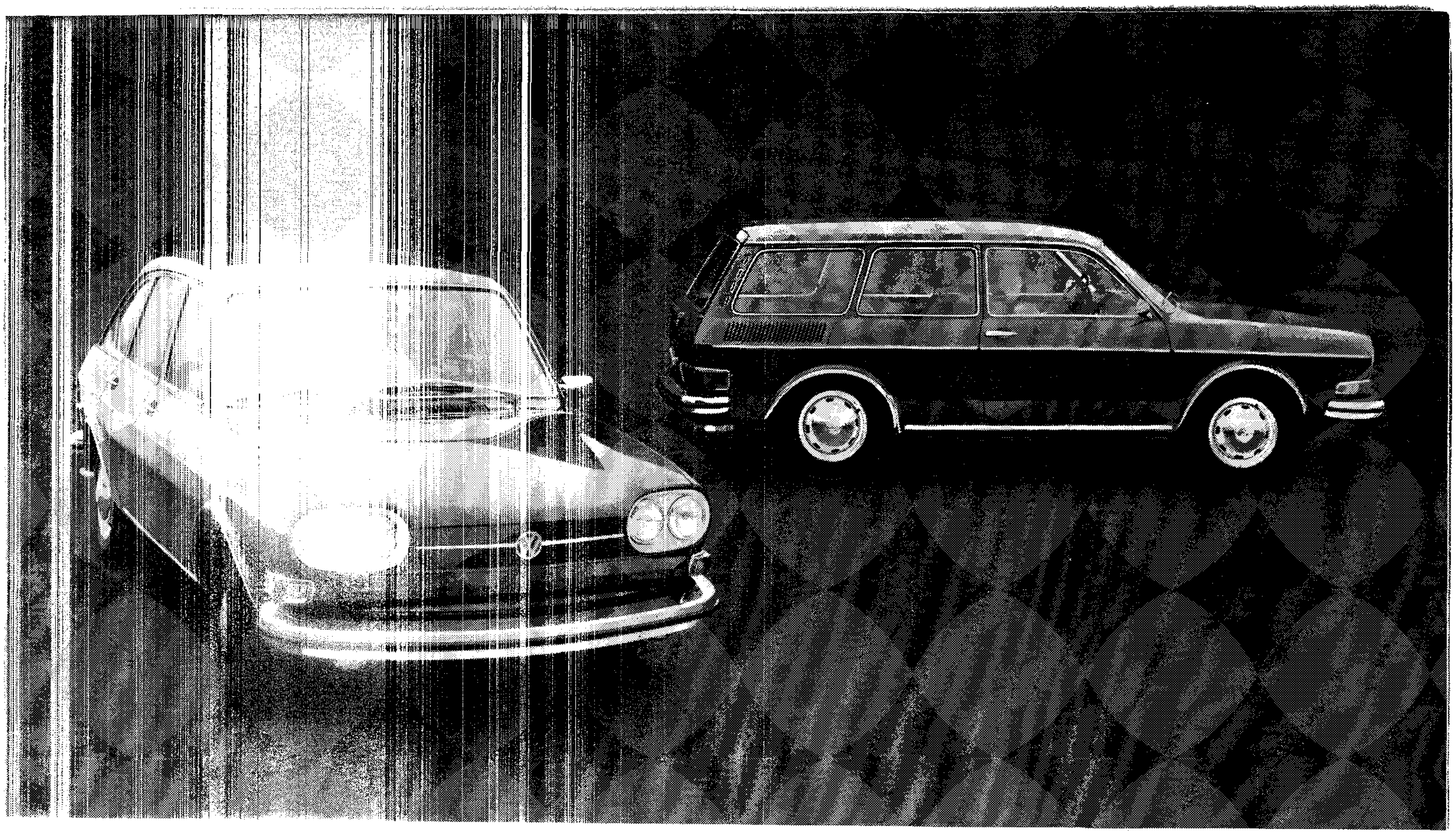
The waitress brought raw artichokes; he showed me how to eat them. You picked off the leaves, dipped them in oil, then chewed around the edges and dropped them in a plate. I couldn’t get over how they turned brown around the teeth marks. He talked about Genoa; a man has to make plans. I sat there and watched the chewed-off leaves turning brown.

Finally, we went into the kitchen to pay for our meal. The kitchen was like a storeroom; there were wine casks and potato bins and jars of green olive oil. Garlics and onions hung on strings near something that looked like a mess of flies but was a cluster of grapes, shrivelling into raisins.

We went to his room to sit for a while. I sat down on his bed; he sat down on a chair. He offered to show me some photographs of his wife.

“No, thanks,” I said. “I’d rather look in a mirror.”

“Would you like to



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[illegible] is that way.

What really matters in buying a luxury car is not how rich you are.

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Indeed, luxury isn't only for the rich.

It's also for the wise.

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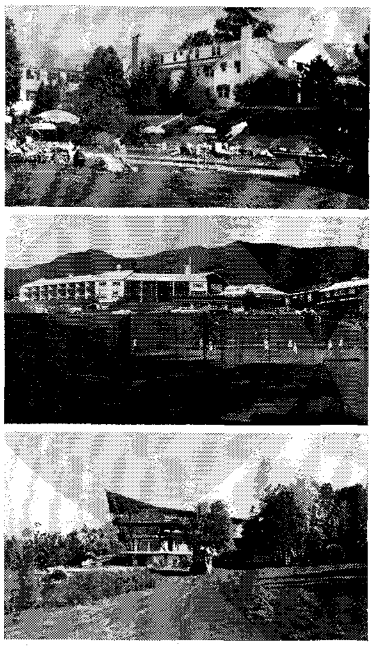
*If an owner maintains and services his vehicle in accordance with the Volkswagen maintenance schedule, any factory part found to be defective in material or workmanship within 24 months or 24,000 miles, whichever comes first (except normal wear and tear and service items), will be repaired or replaced by any U.S. or Canadian Volkswagen Dealer. And this will be done free of charge. See your dealer for details. ©Volkswagen of America, Inc.

Three glorious ways to enjoy Stowe in summer:

The Lodge, The Toll House, Stowehof Inn.



Stowe in summer. You can roam our cool valley, hike or ride on Vermont's highest mountain (or float up in our Gondola). You can play golf, tennis, swim. Antique hunt. Take in our summer theatre. Or just watch the grass grow and hear the bells in our white steeples. You'll love it all when you stay at one of our three great lodges: The Lodge, The Toll House, or Stowehof Inn. How do you choose? Send for our brochure. We'll tell you about our Golf Plans, too. Superb summer value. Mail our coupon today.

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see some notebooks? The kids are studying English."

I knew that wouldn't do. "I can read my clippings."

"What clippings?" He was interested.

"The ones here in my folder. I brought work with me this time. It's research—clippings—for an article."

"What about?" He wished to talk.

"About American girls who marry Italian men. There are statistics—a lot of them do it. But they make out badly with Italian husbands."

"Why?" He looked annoyed. "Couldn't I be American?"

I didn't answer. He moved to the bed, beside me. In less than ten minutes, we were both flushed and breathless; just a sigh, and with a rush things fell into place. And again, as before, his voice was in my hair. "Oh, look what we've got. But you can't stay on, you can't. If I'd met you first—now there's too much in the balance."

"What's in the balance? It's right in our hands."

Again he stood up. "We'd better go to that movie."

I stood up slowly. I didn't say a word.

Outside, he talked into the night air about his wife. "I'm lucky, in a way. Alone in Milan, with two babies, you know, she could have fallen into just anyone's hands. But she went home to her parents. And she's waited for six years. She must be crazy about me."

We walked along. He kept on talking. "You know, all these years, I could have—well, looked for a new companion. But I never did, and this was my reasoning. One who accepted living with me—knowing I was married, that I'd always be married, that I'd never be able to, well, regularize our union—what kind of girl would that be? I mean, she'd always be free, too. What girl would accept a whole life like that?"

THE movie was too fast. I couldn't understand the words. He held my hand, and laughed at the jokes. After a while I got up and went to the back. Near the bathroom, on the balcony, was a door leading outside. It was the top of the marquee and hung out above the street. I went out to get some air and leaned on the railing. Across the street were houses—solid, dark fronts. The shutters were all closed, so even if there were lights on you could not see inside. The street was dark and absolutely empty. No one went travelling around on trains at that hour.

I went back to my seat. My mind was made up. "I can't take the train tonight," I announced. "There're lots of reasons."

He sat up straight. "We'll have to talk outside."

Outside, he took my hand and started walking toward the station.

"The train gets in after midnight," I said. "There won't be any buses."

"There's bound to be a taxi."

"Besides, the pensione'll be closed. I don't have a key."

"Ring the doorbell. After all, it's a hotel."

We talked as quickly as we walked, but were already at the station.

"Roberto," I said, halting. "There's—well, something else. To tell you the truth, I have this problem—well, and somehow, you see, with you, I was hoping . . ."

At least he had stopped walking. "Please, woman," he pleaded, "it's me I'm worried about. If you don't leave tonight, we'll be over the precipice."

"What precipice?" I said. "We're standing on a sidewalk."

He took my arm and led me through the station. The train was waiting. It looked particularly empty. He opened the train door. I stepped up and turned around. "Take my amulet," he said, and he stretched up both his arms. I had the upper hand, but it wasn't that I wanted. There were still a few minutes; he might change his mind. But the whistle sounded, and the door closed between us.

So that's how it ended. The train pulled out, and there was nothing left to do but just sit down. I couldn't believe it. We'd been there; he'd drawn back. Still, he had his reasons; I understood that. And it was not all bad. After all, I'd been right. I'd had so little to go on, and still I'd been right—just the flash of a smile, and I'd leapt up to it. It might have been anything—a place, a boy, anything. And I can tell you this much: I'd leap again. Life, I'm convinced, is the bird in the hand.

—LINDA ARKING

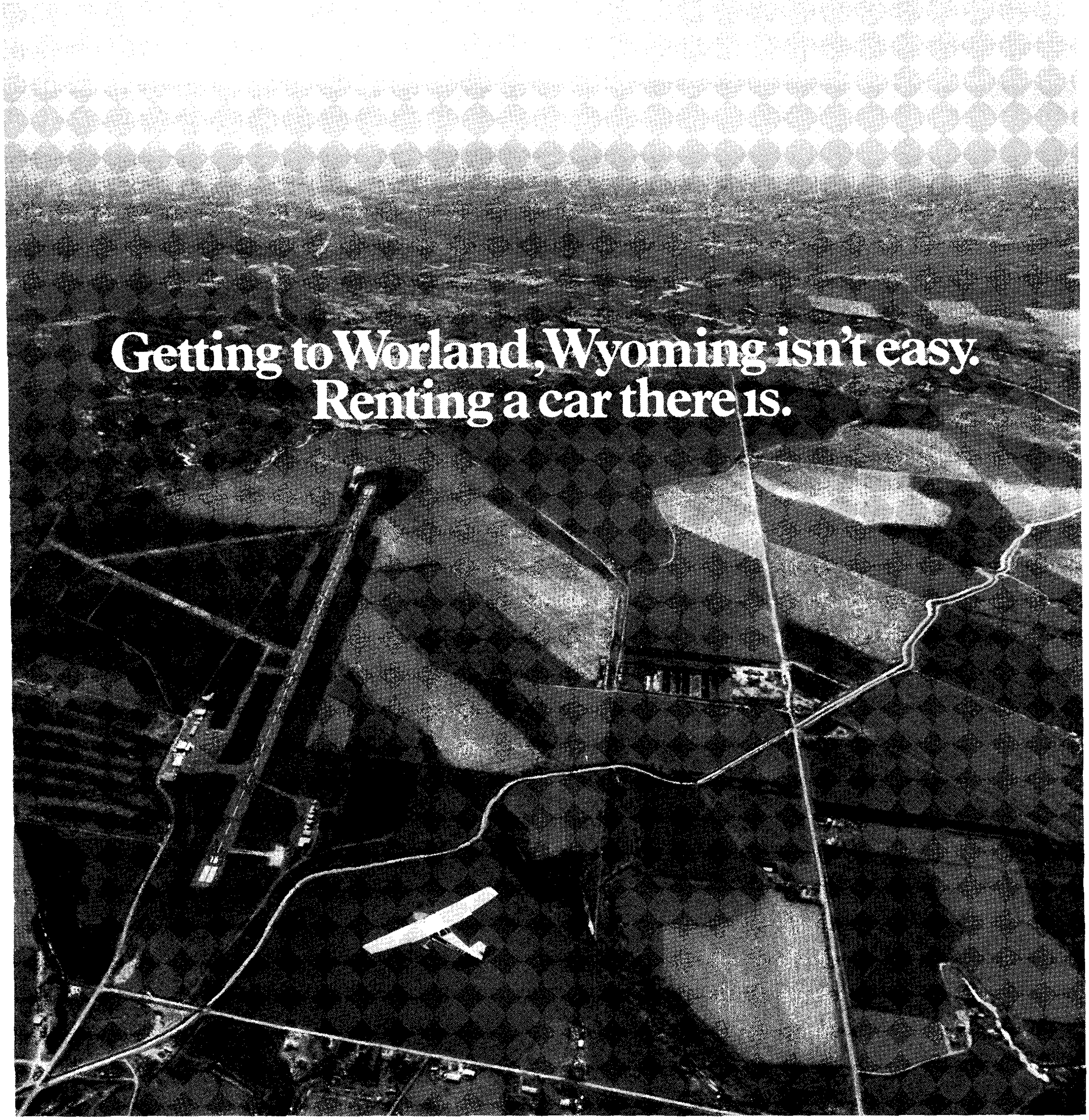
•

NEW YORK—A grant of $500,000 by General Electric Company to bring a major series of international music and dance programs to Public Television was announced Monday.

The series of 12 programs, which will be aired over the Public Broadcasting Service starting in October, will present initially 14 hours of world-famous performers in music and dance selections.

The program will include me.—*Scranton (Pa.) Times.*

Good!



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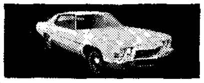

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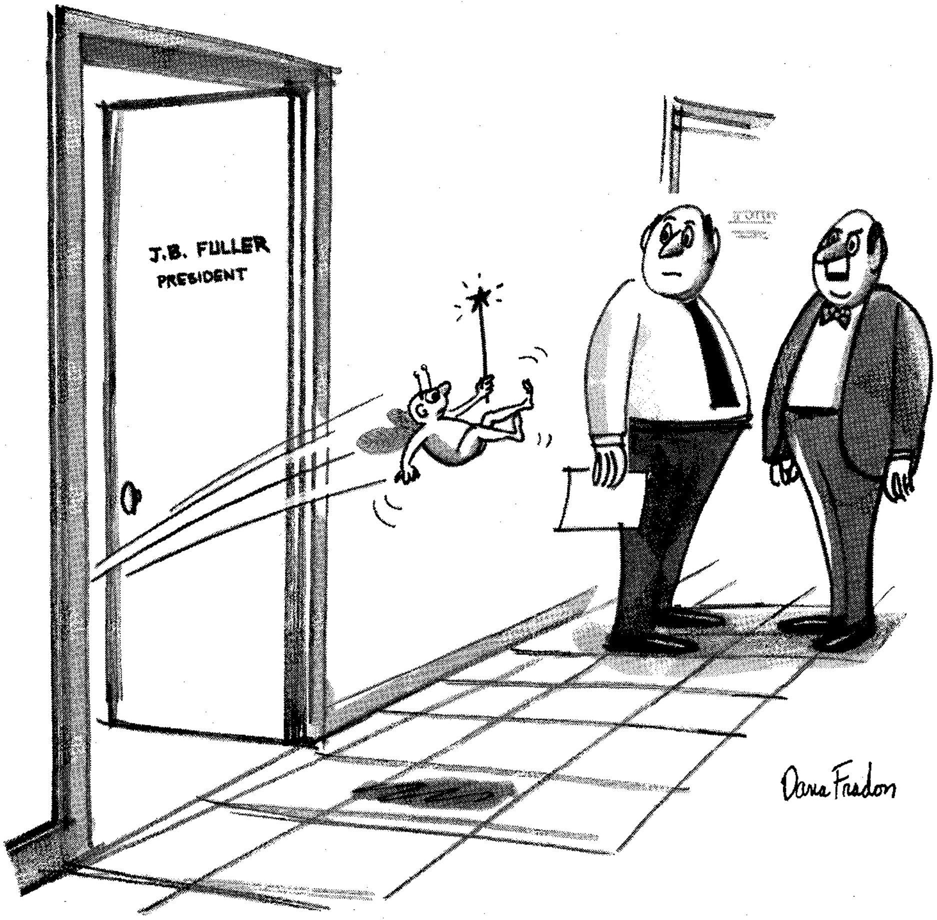
THE THEATRE

OFF BROADWAY

Frank Chin, a poet and dramatist, brings us the first news (theatrically speaking) of the Chinese Americans in our midst in a moving, funny, pain-filled, sarcastic, bitter, ironic play called "The Chickencoop Chinaman," which almost bursts its seams with passion and energy. It will be playing for the lucky subscribers to the American Place only until June 24th. Mr. Chin's hero, Tam Lum, was born in California. He is, by trade, a documentary-movie maker, and he talks and talks in a furious and dazzling eruption of verbal legerdemain ("I'm tired of talking, but when I stop it's so goddam awful") that reveals, as if in a blaze of Fourth of July fireworks, himself and his parents and his grandmother and his other relatives and his anonymous ancestors who were brought into this country to build the Union Pacific Railroad. The play is no monologue, though. There is action, and there are a lot of other people. It opens with Tam Lum sitting in a plane that is about to land in Pittsburgh, and having some sort of wild daydream about a Chinese drum majorette. He has flown in from Los Angeles, where he has been making a movie about a black boxer, and he intends to film a segment of it in Pittsburgh, where an old black man whom he supposes to be the fighter's father is working as an exhibitor of pornographic movies. While Tam Lum is in Pittsburgh, he stays with a Japanese-American boyhood friend, a dentist, who appears to be completely acclimated to America, and who is living with a pregnant young white woman—a needling, contrary snubber and charmer (Sally Kirkland has never been better or better cast)—and her little boy, the child of a previous marriage or association. The action is complex, and flashbacks and dramatized fantasies abound, but it is the dentist's household that is the focus of it all—the place where most of the characters eventually end up, and where surface frictions mask a kind of love and peace. The young woman senses that Tam Lum is a disturber of the peace the moment he sets foot in the door, and her needling and put-downs are the weapons she uses against him.



"That's what I mean about J. B. He absolutely will not accept help from anybody."

I'm afraid that I have made "The Chickencoop Chinaman" sound more exclusively verbal than it is. The words are what count, but the play is theatrical and inventive, and Jack Gelber, who directed it, has let no opportunity for stage life get by him. He is rewarded by fine performances. Besides the indelible Miss Kirkland, Randy Kim is remarkable as the anguished, self-hating, witty hero; and Sab Shimono as his dentist friend, Leonard Jackson as the pornographic-movie man, Calvin Jung as another Chinese, more comfortable in his skin, and Anthony Marciona as the little boy are very good, too. A few of the scenes seem a bit foolish, and others run on beyond their natural breaking point, but there is so much that is right with the play that the few paltry things that are wrong hardly matter.

Al Carmines' opera "Joan," which had a limited run at his Judson Church last fall and was reviewed in our issue of December 11th, has now opened for an unlimited run (I hope) at Circle in the Square. To recall it to you as briefly as possible, the St. Joan of the show is an anti-war militant who spends the first act roaming the East Village and most of the second act in the Women's House of Detention. The part is played and sung to perfection by Lee Guilliatt. As for the Reverend Mr. Carmines' contribution, his words and ideas have never been more inspired or theatrical, and his music has never sounded more imaginative or enchanting. Have a good time. —Edith Oliver

•

That Night Flight to London

It leaves New York at 8 P.M. and flies through the night. Air-India's 747. What do so many seek and find on it?

Beauty, for one thing.

Why fly a pallid plane when you can have hostesses in saris, an Indian-palace view, even a God of Love. Yes, Krishna flies That Night Flight.—*Adv. in the Times.*

Krishna? At the controls?

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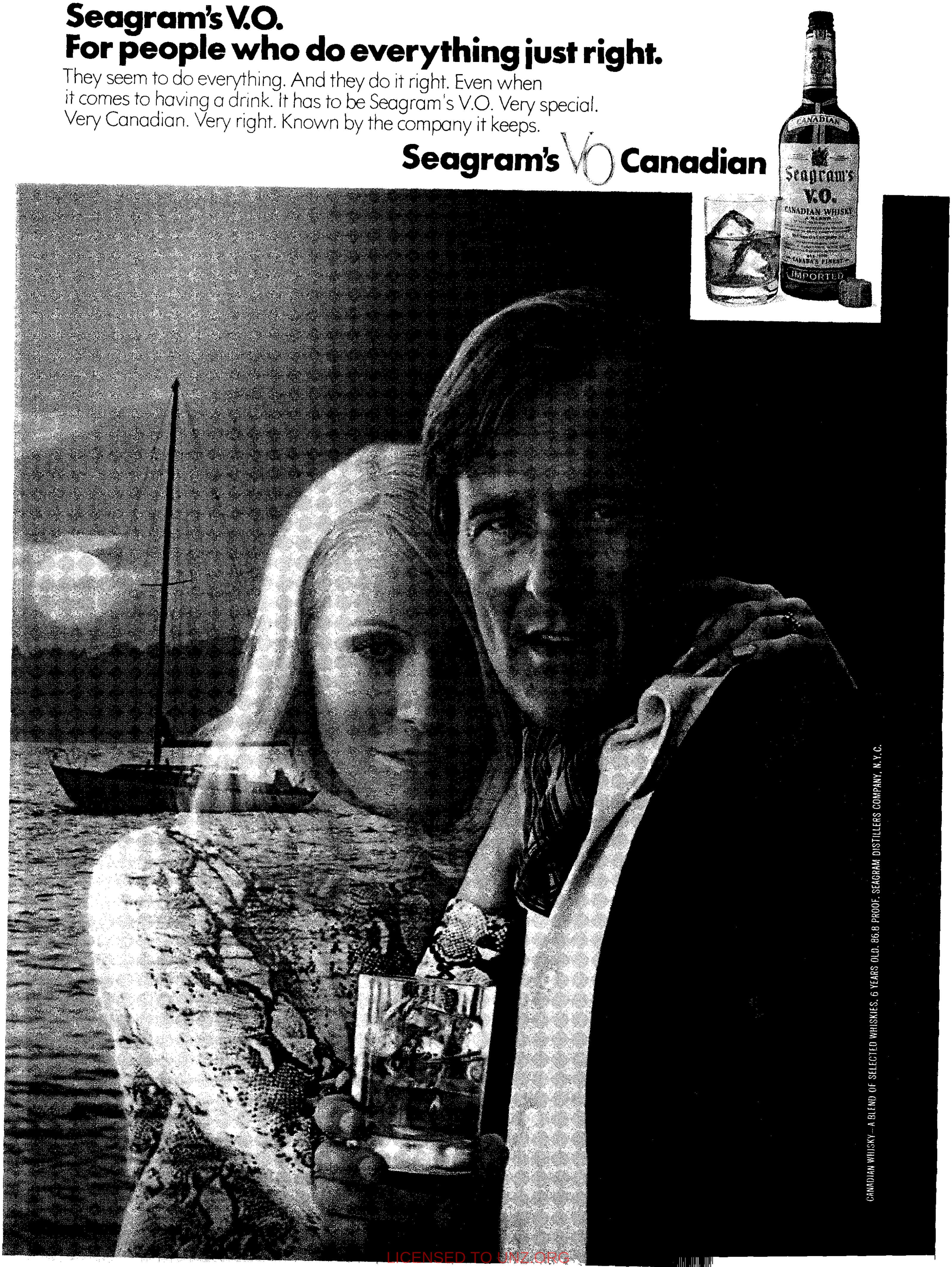
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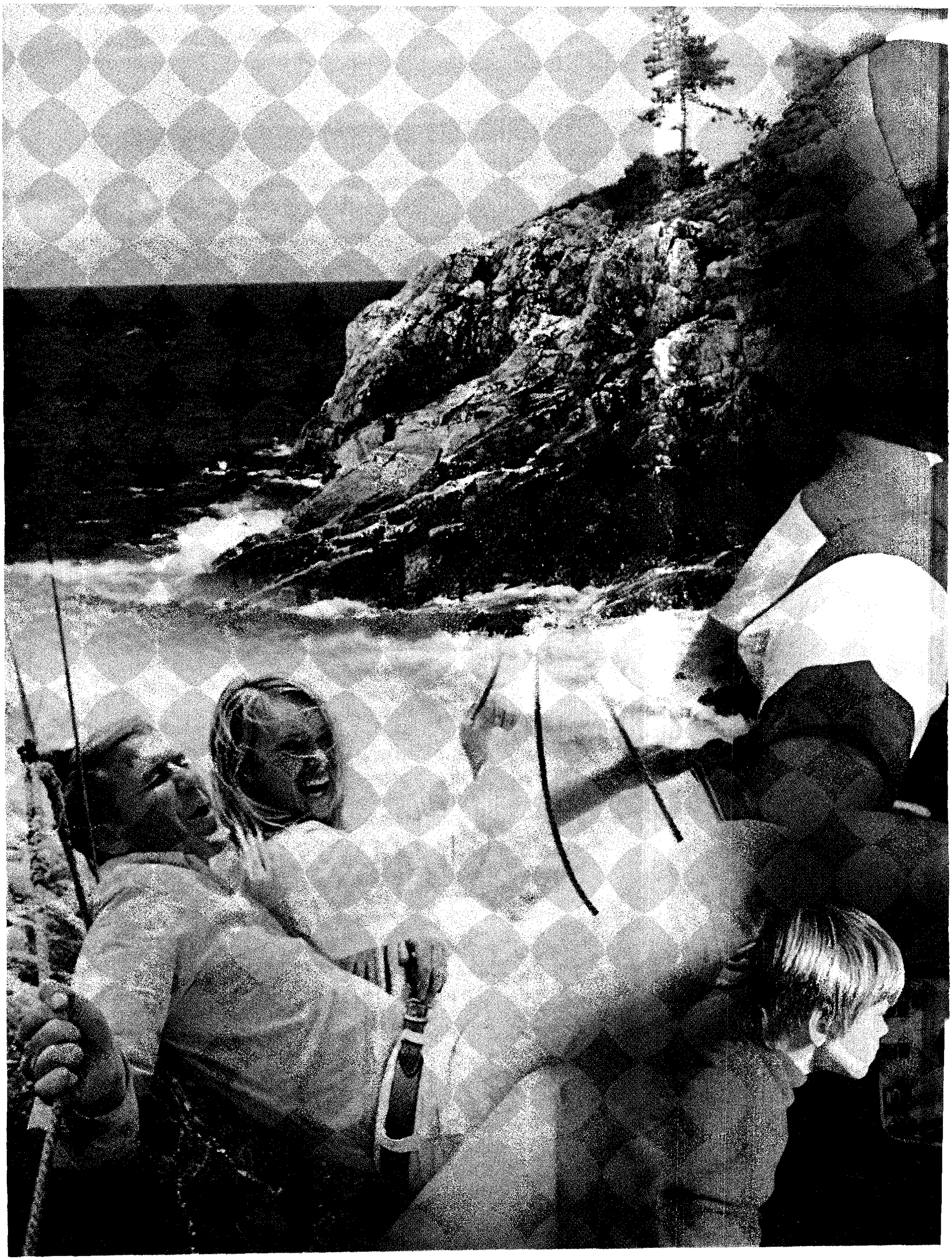

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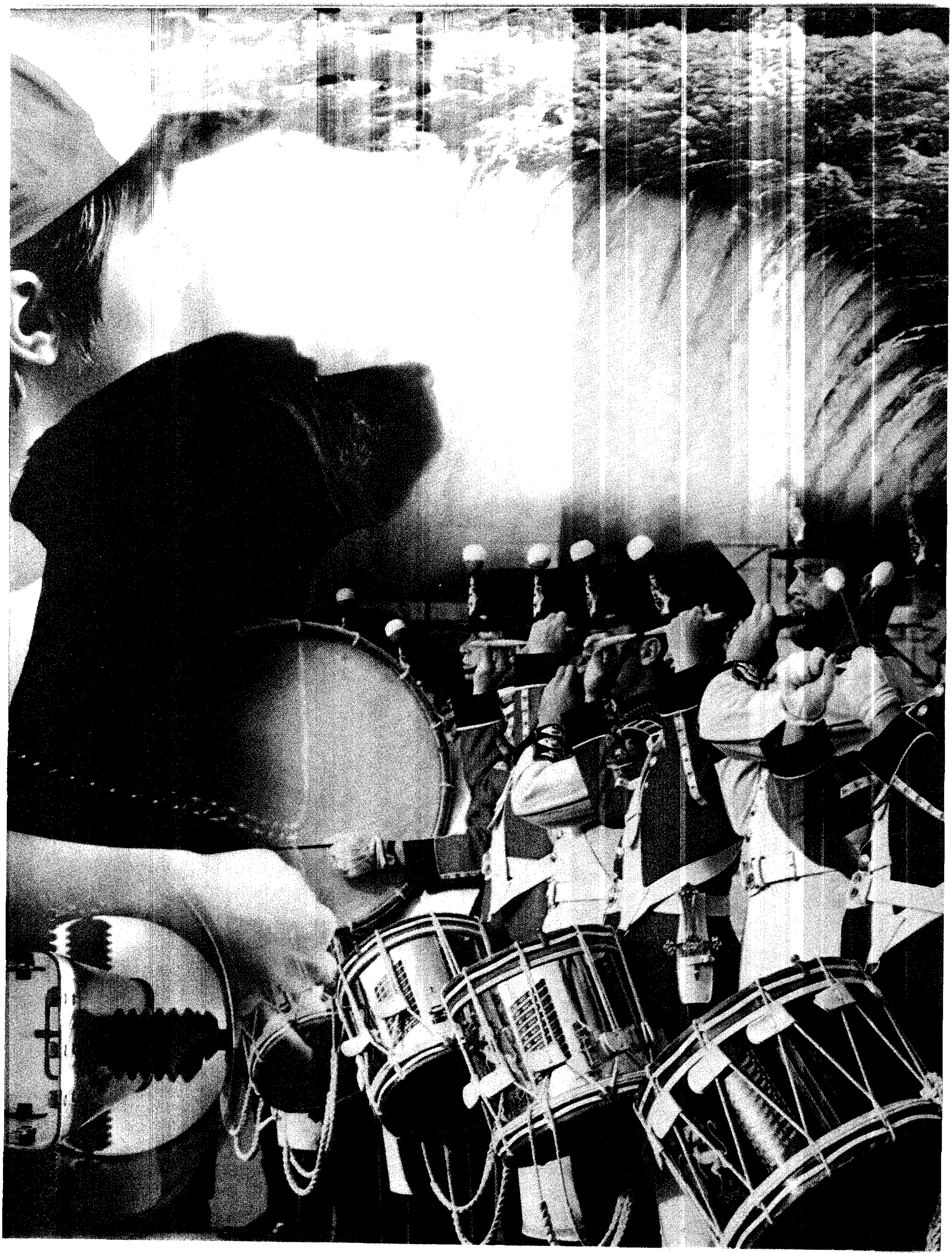
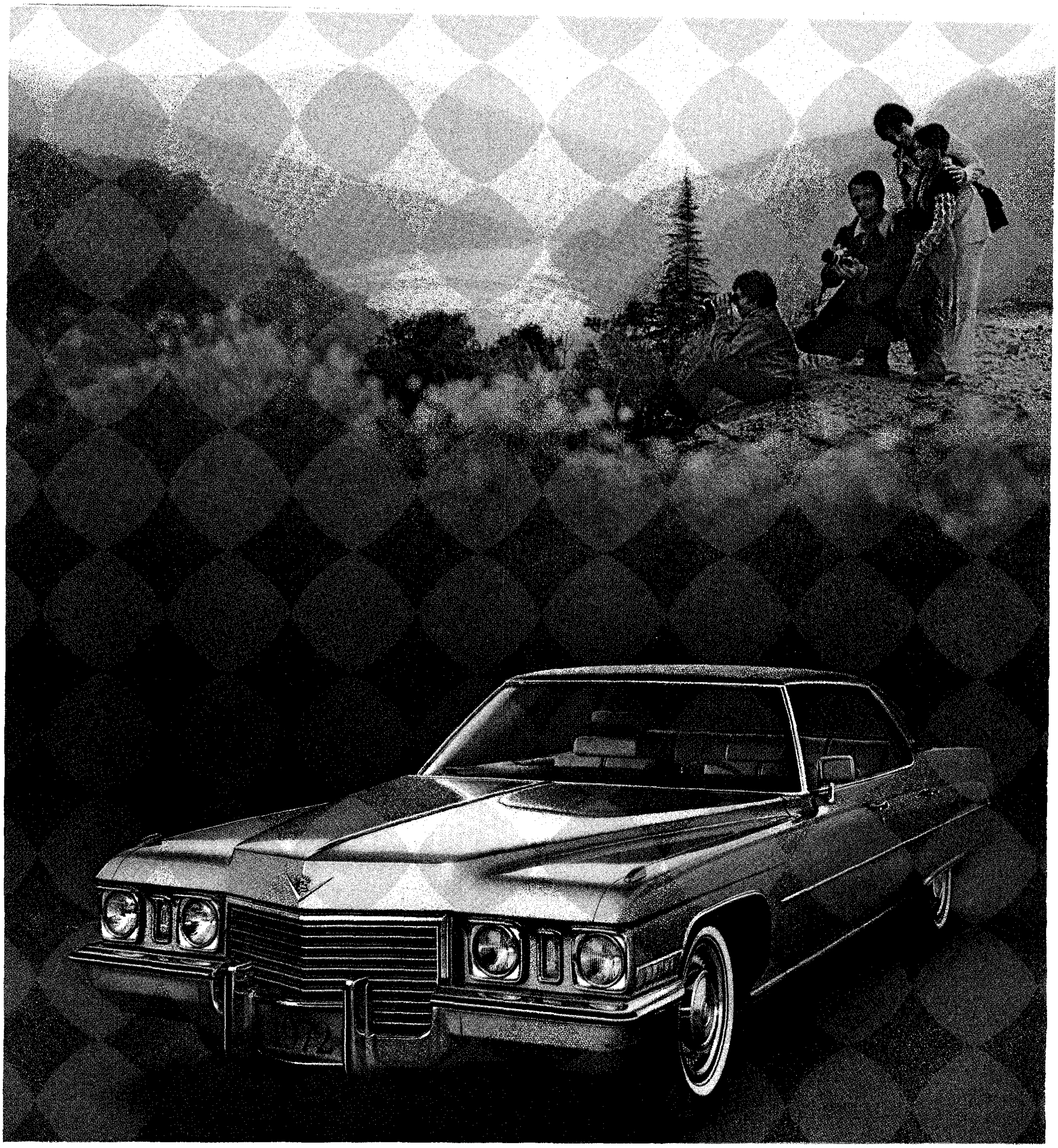


Discover us. Write Ontario Adventures, Queen's Park, Toronto, Ontario, Canada.



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THE CURRENT CINEMA

Dear, What's a Pull-In?—or, The Sausages-and-Mash Drama

IN "Frenzy," Hitchcock is back in London after a long time—it's sixteen years since the remake of "The Man Who Knew Too Much"—working with his old fanged humor. The picture begins with a track up the Thames. A tugboat goes under Tower Bridge and pours out a feather boa of filthy smoke. The movie travels silently under the bridge, in one of Hitchcock's nonchalantly amazing shots. Then we are listening to a knighted buffer spouting propaganda to the press on the terrace of County Hall about how "your government" and "your local authority" have beaten pollution. " 'Bliss was it in that dawn to be alive,' as Wordsworth has it," he says. And then the crush of reporters, courteously bored, suddenly has its attention caught by the sight of the naked corpse of a woman in the Thames, and rushes away from the knight. "It's a woman!" "It's a tie, all right." "Another necktie murder." After a quick change of scene to a suspicious-looking man (Jon Finch), who soon does up his tie with disagreeable pedantry, you mutter to yourself, "I thought as much," and then discover you were on to the wrong suspect. From the very beginning of the film, therefore, you know the misapprehension that is to go on existing in the minds of the police. Hitchcock has always believed that suspense and surprise have nothing to do with one another. So much for the canard that people wreck everything by giving away the plot. Synopses seldom spoil the shocks in Hitchcock—except, perhaps, the ending of "Psycho." They do no great harm to "Frenzy"—which is Hitch back in an old form of *Punch*-Cockney thriller—because the weak-faced good-looker of a Covent Garden fruit merchant who is played by Barry Foster is very quickly shown to be guilty of the rapes and murders-by-necktie that are put down by the police to the sterling and rather bovine recalcitrant barman played by Jon Finch.

The man stalking the murderer is a detective from New Scotland Yard, played by Alec McCowen. An acerbic chap with Hitchcock's own twist of knowing humor, he is saddled with a loving wife of cloying cuteness, played by the brilliant Vivien Merchant. She is taking a course in Continental gourmet cooking, and he has to suffer for it regularly at the end of a long day. While she is seeing to the quails with grapes, dear, which starve him to death, he tips the conger eels and unspeakable bits of frog back into her dainty silver soup tureen and dreams of bacon and eggs and sausages, which we see him eating when he is at liberty at the office, tucking into a trayful on his desk. Late in the film, he explains patiently to his wife that a pull-in—crucially involved in one of the murder cases—means a place where lorry drivers can go for "humble food like sausages and mashed potatoes."

For a long time he is misled on the trail, maybe through hunger. He thinks that the obvious suspect is guilty. Everything leads to the man. The barman, just sacked from his job for apparent thieving and blatant cheek, was once married to one of the later victims (Barbara Leigh-Hunt, playing a genteel woman who runs a marriage bureau). Another victim is played by Anna Massey, a skinny, poignant redhead, here doing a perfect London working-class bird's accent and giving a beautifully brainy, energetic performance. The plot depends on Sherlock Holmes detective business with an analysis of potato dust and on a rhythm of coincidences that move as fast as the shuffling of a cardsharper. The violence shown amounts to relatively little. It is transferred to the mind of the audience and turned into an emotion more like anticipation of the seemingly inevitable. The most upsetting murder isn't even seen. The camera simply tracks very slowly away from a closed door, down a stairway, through a front door, and then up to look in at the window of the house on Henrietta Street—running at right angles to Covent Garden market—that holds the fruit merchant's flat, over an old publishing firm called Duckworth, which has a brass plate like a dentist's.

As in "The Trouble with Harry," the story has a sense of humor that seems very English. It may have been both consoling and astringent for Hitchcock to work in England again. He is mordantly good at conveying a certain rabbity working life. He does it here, for the first time in ages, with the parts played by Alec McCowen and Barry Foster. There is also a sort of sabre-toothed gentility that he greatly relishes, and no one else in the commercial cinema uses savage silence so well. In one three-minute sequence done without dialogue you can almost hear him enjoying himself. He is as fascinated by the twinges of domestic psychology as he is by plot, and he revels in air pockets of dead hush. Like Simenon, he cuts corners, and he has the cold control and insight of Simenon. He also has an instantly recognizable way of handling exchanges of looks and silences between people. The eternal imbalance of power in private relations obsesses him. He is the dramatist of edginess, and the reporter-poet of impossible small calamities, such as a flash in "Frenzy" when a man nearly gives himself away by sneezing. It is like the moment in "The 39

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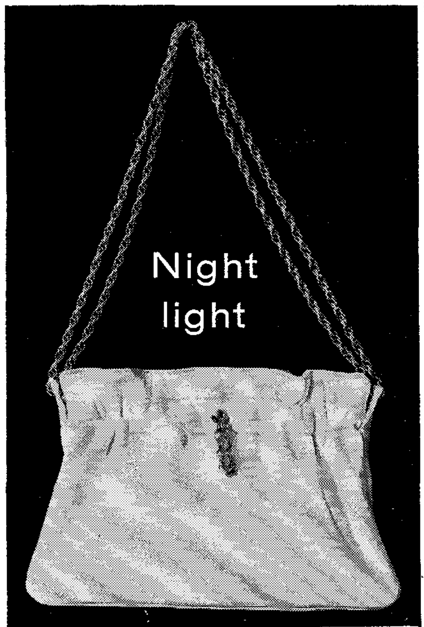

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Steps" when events are held up by a traffic jam caused by a flock of sheep, and like the use of a facial affliction in "Young and Innocent." He thought of putting Cary Grant into Lincoln's nostril on Mount Rushmore in "North by Northwest" and sending this character, too, into a sneezing fit.

In "Frenzy," we are in Hitchcock's old world of using *Evening Standard* and *Daily Express* headlines to grab us into a chain of events. He instructs us always in the belief that catastrophe surrounds us and, like the blandly pretty flying kingdom in "The Birds," is likely to take over. In this film, as so often before—in "Rear Window," for instance—he manipulates one's frustration about a frantic honest man's possibly not being recognized in time as someone telling the truth. People in Hitchcock are always compelled to act out their natures, and so the world he creates is determinist. Mr. Memory, in "The 39 Steps," is destined by his talent to answer questions about the spy ring, and he gets shot for it. We, in our turn, are destined by curiosity to cliff-hang as Hitchcock pleases, and there seems no escape. He can make determinists of us all. It is this, more than anything else, that may really be sticking in our throats when we call him a gloater, or a showman who is a glutton for our punishment. He lives in a very fast-moving land, sharp with erotic and ironic detail, where the camera is often used subjectively as a character in the story. One would never find Hitchcock putting the camera in one of those impossible positions behind the steering wheel of a car or below the waste catch of a washbasin. He is interested by the mannerisms of hysteria, and there is an extraordinary vivacity about his social eye. The streets and clothes and expressions of a London that he sees rather as the old-style city are reported in "Frenzy" with the most fine-grained detail. One is taken into a territory of spirited visual gossip, conducted by a guide of lazy humor and command.

Hitchcock's Englishness has always had a powerful grip on him. With "Frenzy," we are nearly back in the days of his great English films—"The Man Who Knew Too Much," "The 39 Steps," "Secret Agent," "Sabotage," "Young and Innocent," "The Lady Vanishes"—which is astonishing for a man of his age and after the poorness of "Torn Curtain." This sense of nationality always gave his English work a pungency and a warm swiftness. He is lucky to have been able to draw on Anthony Shaffer to do "Frenzy's" sly screenplay, not to speak of a cast of first-rate, well-equated actors pretty much unknown outside England, so that audiences have no preconceptions about who are the stars and therefore unkillable. Maybe going back to England revived something about his technical energy and sharpened the famous cutting edge of his sense of family combat, though there is no abatement of the fact that he sometimes treats his audiences abominably. For instance, we are asked to believe that a hero now in his early thirties got the D.F.C. as a squadron leader, which would put the Blitz somewhere around 1960; and there is outrageous macabre use, clever though it is, of the "MacGuffin" that he says every thriller of his needs—in "Frenzy," a diamond-initialled pin. By "MacGuffin" he means something of crucial importance to the character that is of no weight at all to anyone else. Not to his public, because not to Hitchcock.

OUTLAWS or heroes? "The Great Northfield Minnesota Raid" is written and directed by Philip Kaufman, who seems a careful historian of the real lives and urges of the James brothers and the Younger brothers when "Yankee" and "railroad" were their dirtiest words. It is a wonderfully lucid and vivid film about the time. The action is set in 1876. Kaufman shows us men who were driven into being outlaws because they were seeking redress for their wrecked lives as pacific farmers. We are in the post-Civil War age of febrile expansion. The railroad owners who cut into the gang's properties have now become the prime enemy. It is the period when everyone seems to be on the make and glittering with progressivism. Kaufman even shows us the glint of commerce in the eye of somebody who thinks of marketing superstition by mass-producing a single silver earring that he sees a man wearing to ward off fear.

Popular opinion is so much with the gang that the state legislature is prepared to grant the members amnesty, holding that the real criminal is the business greed that has led to the appropriation of their landholdings. Cole Younger (Cliff Robertson, wearing a home-grown black beard) wants an end to a life lived by rifle, but Jesse James (Robert Duvall) will always hold a different view. After a film full of losses and bungled ambitions for the bank robbers intendant, Jesse's position is still that when you go on a raid you've got to expect to lose a man or two, and that the purpose of the aborted foray is anyway to show them damn Yankees the Civil War is still going on.

It is a time of change, when some people believe in "heathen medicine" and others hold that the glimmering future lies in science. People's faces glow about the new machines. They're a wonderment. What's a wonderment? Something that's a wonder to behold. A wonderment can be a calliope, beautifully fitted out with brass funnels (but kaput, and Cole's itch to mend the magnificent thing is to cost the gang the success of their bank raid). A wonderment can be one of the half-loathed, wholly beautiful new trains: ingenious and shapely objects of purpose decorated with further brass and glossy woods, and inhabited by men talking with their hats on. A wonderment can be photography; we see criminals' dead bodies photographed formally in coffins that are held up vertically, like family-photograph frames, with the photographer professionally ordering a man to say "cheese" who is propping up a corpse. A wonderment can be womankind, shown in the form sometimes of sumptuous tarts and sometimes of fatigued wives, but always seen as staunch and to be considered. The film also has a contagious sense of amazement about the new game of baseball. Mud flies everywhere. A ball splinters to bits in the air from a gunshot and there is nearly a riot. Flying big thighs mesh in tags that are more like rugger scrums. A ball lands in a mess of cow dung. And meanwhile there are bets to be laid at the wager booth, which looks like a Punch-and-Judy stand, and buns to be bought from the bun seller. The visual detail of the film is moving and precise, down to the splendor of the shop lettering on Main Street and the red tassels in the local whorehouse. Mr. Kaufman has made a beautiful, simple film about gaudiness and hope. He is probably right in implying that these things characterize frontier life and expansion anywhere. The film is not really a Western: more than that.

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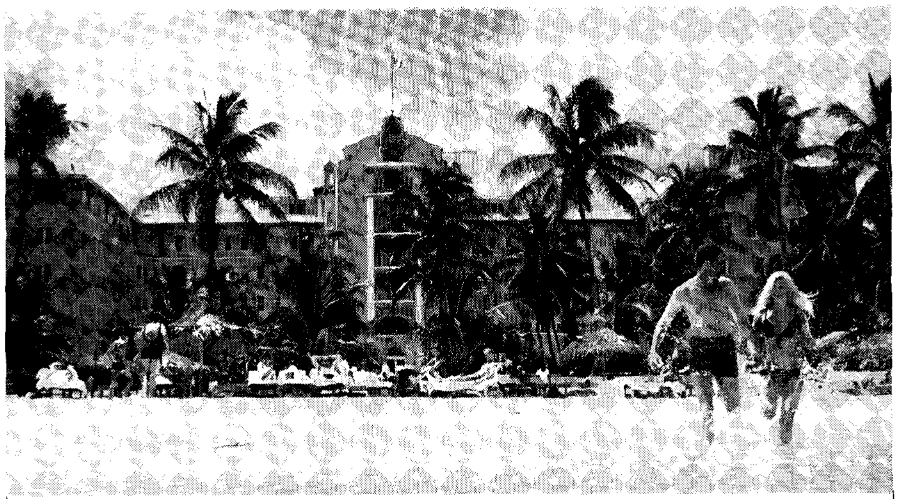

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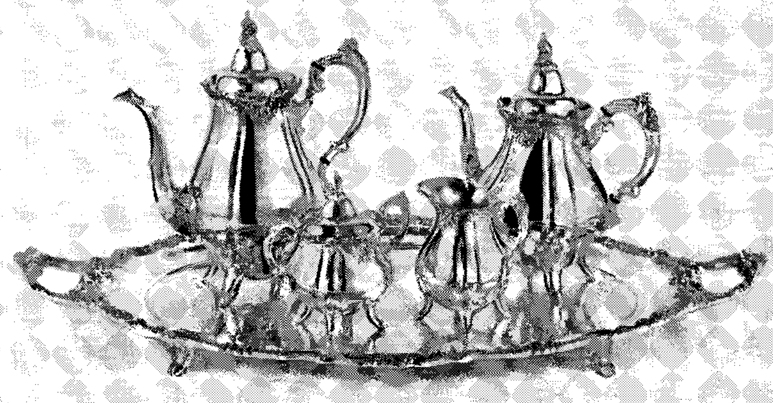

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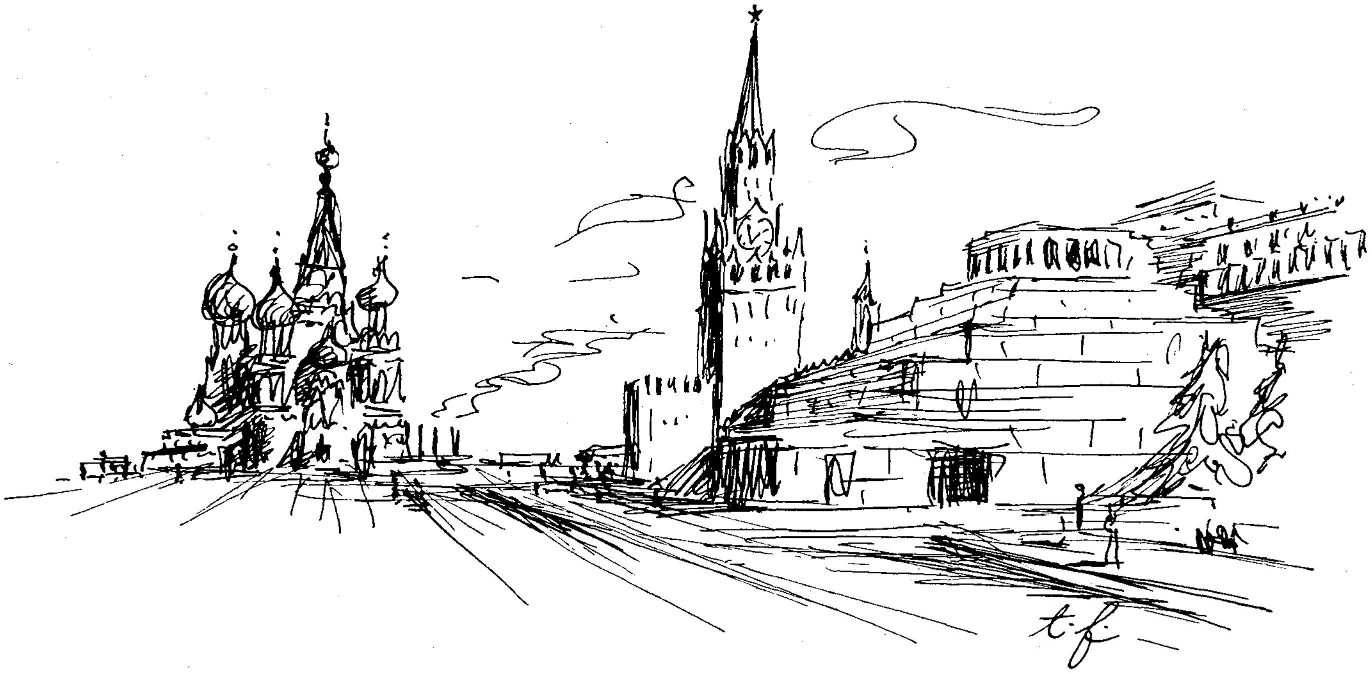

“SOLARIS,” a Soviet motion picture, written and directed by Andrei Tarkovsky, that won a prize at the Cannes festival early in May, had its Russian première at the Moscow film club during the first days of President Nixon's meetings with the Soviet leaders here. The picture tells the story of explorers on a space station who discover a new planet. The planet emits brain waves that impart total recall to everybody on the space station. Suddenly the most distant and awful memories become the quick and vivid substance of daily life. Withered and corroded by guilt for past actions, relations between lovers, friends, and colleagues all go wrong. In the end, it becomes clear that only by non-remembrance of things past, only by blurring obsessions, can people achieve what one character calls “happy contact.”

As time lends perspective to the Soviet-American summit meetings, that film turns out to have been an appropriate backdrop. There were forty hours of personal encounter among the leaders on both sides, opening with a two-hour tête-à-tête between President Nixon and Party Secretary Leonid Brezhnev that started ninety minutes after the President reached Moscow, on May 22nd; including a five-hour session that lasted past midnight at a dacha outside Moscow, where Mr. Brezhnev was joined on the Soviet side by President Nikolai Podgorny and Premier Aleksei Kosygin; and continuing through plenary sessions of large delegations, signing ceremonies, plane and car rides, banquets and receptions. Discussions at these meetings covered the widest range of subjects—from Vietnam, through arms control and trade, to the condition of the Soviet Jews. While many agreements resulted, probably the most important consequence by far was a transformation of outlook. On both sides, a number of old obsessions were blurred, if not erased.

The Soviet view of Mr. Nixon at the moment the summit meetings began was described to me by a Russian specialist in American affairs who has important Party connections. “We knew Nixon first as a doctrinaire anti-Communist,” he said. “We thought of him as being anti-Russian. He seemed to us a little man who wanted to build himself up in American eyes by arguing against Khrushchev. American colleagues told us he was not trustworthy. As late as 1967, we were advised by an American—a Republican whose name would surprise you—that Nixon was not a fellow from whom we could buy a used car. When he came to the White House, we were pleased to hear him talk about moving ‘from confrontation to negotiation.’ We noticed that he began arms-control talks, and that while he was not helping the talks we had initiated with West Germany, he was not stopping them. Then, suddenly, without warning, there came the invasion of Cambodia. We said to ourselves, ‘Here is a man who acts hard even when he seems to speak softly, a man who tries to catch you by surprise, take you off guard, a man who erects unpredictability into a doctrine.’ That is why last year in his speech to the Twenty-fourth Party Congress Brezhnev referred to Nixon's ‘zigzag’ policy. Subsequent developments only deepened our sense of a tricky, ‘zigzag’ policy. The approach to China seemed to be a ganging up on the Soviet Union—not immediately, maybe, but in the years ahead, over the long run. So we felt obliged to take countermeasures. In that spirit, we drew much closer to countries in a position to resist both America and China. We entered into a fifteen-year friendship pact with Egypt. We developed a new set of relations with Iraq, which will now be sending us oil. We signed a pact with India that made us her closest supporters. We developed a deeper interest in Japan. We agreed, at the time of Podgorny's visit to Hanoi last October, to give the North Vietnamese fuller military support. Thanks to Nixon, I might even say, we developed a global foreign policy.”

Mr. Nixon's view of the Russians had been born of his experiences during the Khrushchev years. He appeared to regard the Soviet leadership as predatory and perfidious, ready, as he lamented in his most recent State of the World message, “to treat the occasional improvement in our relations as a transitory opportunity to achieve narrow tactical advantage.” He remembered, in particular, how the Russians had tried to turn to advantage the spirit of good feeling engendered by two past summits—the Geneva summit of 1955, which was followed by the dispatch of arms to Egypt that initiated Russia's penetration of the Middle East, and the Vienna summit, which was followed by the effort to put nuclear weapons in Cuba and the missile crisis of 1962. As a precaution, therefore, Mr. Nixon devised with Henry Kissinger what has been called the "linkage" policy, which rests on the proposition that most, and perhaps all, developments in American-Soviet relations are connected, and that there has to be progress along a broad front if there is to be any progress at all.

In approaching the Moscow summit, Mr. Nixon followed with almost religious fidelity the principle of keeping up the pressure everywhere. Before starting to talk arms control with the Russians, he began building an American anti-ballistic missile, to match the A.B.M. system the Russians had long since built around Moscow. He indicated that progress in arms control was necessarily connected with an easing of tensions in the Middle East and Germany. When negotiations on a German settlement began, he made them conditional on a Berlin agreement. His rapprochement with China put further pressure on the Russians. When India, backed by Russian arms, fought the Pakistanis in Bangladesh, Mr. Nixon had Henry Kissinger suggest that this might force a cancellation of the summit meeting. When the North Vietnamese, backed by Soviet logistical aid, began their latest offensive, the President turned the challenge directly against the Russians. He bombed the port of Haiphong, hitting one of their ships, and mined the harbors and bombed the rail lines connecting North Vietnam with Russian supplies. Then he flew off to Moscow, after remarking at a White House reception on the eve of his departure that the Moscow summit would be a summit of substance, not spirit.

IN that last respect, at least, Mr. Nixon was right. No matey atmosphere sprang from the Moscow summit meetings. There was only one sign of bonhomie—at the final diplomatic reception, when Mr. Brezhnev told a group of reporters that Mr. Nixon had taught him how to say "O.K." Though Henry Kissinger described the meetings as "warm and personal," Foreign Minister Andrei Gromyko said that the personal relations "were not warm." That view was strengthened on the Soviet side by the handling of Mr. Nixon's personal appearances in Moscow. Security police kept crowds from collecting along the routes of Mr. Nixon's trips through the city. I was on the Leninsky Prospekt as Mr. Nixon entered Moscow at the start of the visit, and ten minutes after his motorcade had passed, crews were out taking down the flags along the way. I watched the President leave Moscow across the Kammeny Most, a bridge

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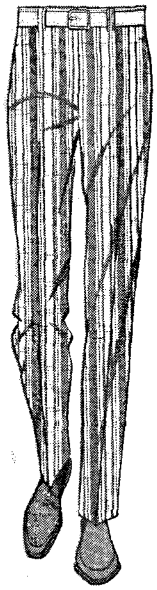

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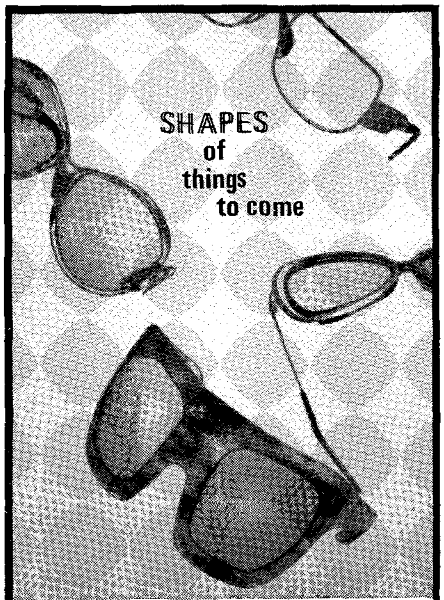

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that connects the Kremlin with the road to the airport. The American flags on the Kremlin side of the bridge were coming down before Mr. Nixon's motorcade had passed the shore on the other side.

The cool attitude of the government was reflected among private citizens. In the interest of the summit meetings, *Pravda* had not published word on the Haiphong bombing and the damage done to the Russian ship, but a friend from Novosibirsk who happened to be in Moscow told me that he had heard of the bombing on the Voice of America; when he passed the news on to other Russians in Moscow, they were indignant. "If Nixon bombed our ship," one of them asked, "why are we receiving him in Moscow?" I listened with a group of Russian economists and political scientists to the President's TV speech from the Kremlin. They were not impressed. One said that the speech was good only as propaganda. Another asked how the President could make reference to Tania, the dead little girl whose diary he saw in the Leningrad cemetery, when "he is making Tanias every day in Vietnam." A third, who had spent some time in Kansas, asked me what the response to the speech would have been if it had been given in Kansas. I said the point was that the speech was given in Russia, not in Kansas. He said, "Hell, in Kansas they would have laughed at Nixon pretending to be a peace lover."

Nevertheless, the summit meetings appear to have changed Mr. Nixon's reputation considerably here, graduating him in Russian eyes from the status of an opportunistic Red-baiter to that of a statesman moving more or less in harmony with the tide of history. When, some days after the end of the summit meetings, I visited Georgy Arbatov, the head of the U.S.A. Institute in Moscow, who often speaks for the Soviet leadership, Arbatov said, "As a Marxist, I was never much interested in psychoanalyzing your President. I didn't think the talk about the New Nixon or the Old Nixon was very interesting. What mattered was his response to circumstances—particularly to two changed circumstances in your country. One was the growing complexity of international affairs, which showed, especially in Vietnam, that it was not possible for a single power, however strong, to have everything its way. The other was the change of priorities—the lesson that rulers cannot neglect domestic business. I think these circumstances had a positive effect. We accept your President now as a serious leader of a major power prepared to make concrete progress toward peace."

Less explicit, though perhaps more revealing, were the reports on the summit given to foreign diplomats by Gromyko. One of the most perceptive of the diplomats gave me this account of his interview with the Foreign Minister: "At the outset, he emphasized the importance of the agreement to limit nuclear weapons. He is an extremely skilled diplomat, experienced, with a full mastery of detail, and with great resources as an actor. Like most Russians, he can look you straight in the eye and tell a monstrous lie without betraying the falsehood in any way. But there seemed no possibility of dissembling in the exultation that Gromyko expressed for the Kremlin about the nuclear-arms-limitation agreement. He said over and over again that it was reached on the basis of complete equality. He stressed the point that there was total parity, and that the United States and Russia were now on the same strategic footing. Many Russians had claimed they wanted the arms limitation so they could divert resources to other uses, particularly consumer goods. But Gromyko made it plain that the main accomplishment was the admission of Russia, after years on the outside with nose pressed to the glass, to the inner circle. It was as though the supreme *arriviste* had been elected by the only other member to the most exclusive club in the world."

The understanding on Europe that the Russians reached with the President seemed to suit them almost as much as the arms agreement. The European Security Conference, which the Russians have wanted so much for so long, is due to take place early next year, with the participation of the United States and Canada, the other NATO countries, and the members of the Warsaw Pact. At that meeting, the participants will formally accept the treaty on Berlin already worked out among the Big Four, and the agreements on frontiers worked out between West Germany and Russia and between West Germany and Poland. Taken together, these treaties amount to a peace settlement of the Second World War. The territorial gains made by Poland and Russia at the expense of what used to be Germany are recognized. So are the division of Germany into two states and the existence of Berlin as a city belonging to neither. In essence, this is only a contractual acceptance of a set of facts that has existed for years. But the Russians set great store by contracts; they like to have things signed, sealed, and delivered. So the European agreement reached at Moscow is no small achievement for them, particularly as it was accompanied by some internal pulling and hauling.

The opportunity to make the new European agreement opened up only in 1969, when Willy Brandt, the Socialist leader, became Chancellor of West Germany. Many of the outstanding political figures in Russia and Eastern Europe were suspicious of the overtures that Brandt made as part of his *Ostpolitik*. The Party ideologues grouped around Mikhail Suslov didn't like the idea of compromising with Social Democrats one bit, and they kept saying that all Germans are the same. The Communist military men and their allies in the defense-oriented heavy industries—"the metal-eaters," Khrushchev once called them—had the usual suspicions about easing tensions, and their views were repeatedly voiced by Pyotr Shelest, Party Secretary in the Ukraine. At least some of the East European hard-liners—notably Walter Ulbricht, of East Germany—were wholly opposed to extensive dealings with West Germany. But Brezhnev himself seized the initiative. He established a warm personal relationship with Brandt when the two met at Brezhnev's summer palace in the Crimea in 1970. When opposition cropped up from Herr Ulbricht, Brezhnev himself went to Berlin and arranged for a new Party Secretary, Erich Honecker, to take over in East Germany. He made détente in Europe the principal theme of the Twenty-fourth Party Congress, in Moscow, in April, 1971. So the European agreement solemnized with Mr. Nixon was by way of being a personal triumph for Mr. Brezhnev.

The marks of Brezhnev's primacy among the Soviet leaders were all over the Moscow meetings. Even before the sessions got under way, he won a blanket approval for his policies at a plenum session of the Party's Central Committee; by no mere accident—as the editors of *Pravda* like to say—there simultaneously took place the transfer of Brezhnev's old antagonist Pyotr Shelest from his base in the Ukraine to a less prominent position as one of nine Deputy Premiers in the central government. At the summit itself, Mr. Brezhnev was the one Soviet leader to confer extensively alone with Mr. Nixon. Though he stayed away, for protocol

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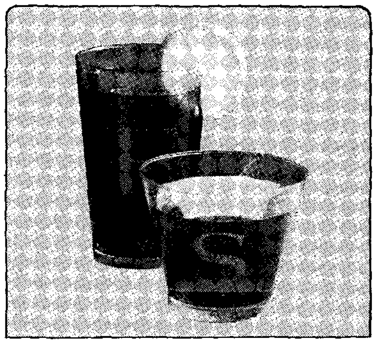

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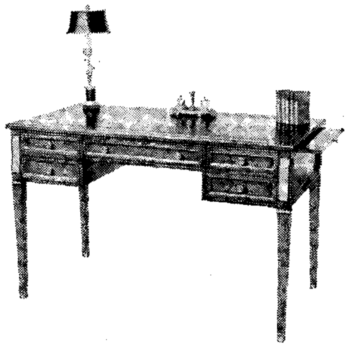

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reasons, from the airport receptions, the ballet, and most of the formal dinners, he broke protocol to sign the arms-control agreement with the President. He was also clearly Mr. Nixon's opposite number during the final diplomatic reception, when the two men strolled together around the St. Alexander Hall, in the Kremlin. A picture published in the *Pravda* of May 23rd showed a huge oblong conference table with chairs arranged for perhaps a score of persons, but there were only two at the table—Brezhnev and Nixon.

ONE reason Mr. Brezhnev has been able to make his European policies prevail in Moscow is that he has protected his rear. As recent troubles in Lithuania suggest, disaffection of various kinds abounds inside the Soviet empire. But the present Russian regime has learned how to contain—as distinct from repress—the kinds of internal dissent that were stimulated in the past by contacts with Western Europe and the United States. Literary dissent is a case very much in point. The contentious Leningrad poet Iosif Brodsky has been allowed to emigrate. Alexander Solzhenitsyn, the Nobel Prize-winning novelist, has refused what are practically engraved invitations to leave Russia, so he has been made a kind of internal émigré. Though "August, 1914," the new Solzhenitsyn novel, describing the terrible reverses suffered by the Russians at the hands of the Germans in the opening battles of the First World War, has not been published officially, nearly all the Russians I met—and, I was told, all educated Russians—have read it. The book has been so widely circulated that it has occasioned a pun on the word "*samizdat*," which is generally applied to unofficial publication. Strictly speaking, "*samizdat*" means "self-published." In the case of the new Solzhenitsyn book, Russians use the term "*tamizdat*," which means "published over there."

Despite this vogue, however, the regime has apparently been able to isolate the book as an anti-Soviet work that is appreciated only by a special minority. Mme. Yekaterina Furtseva, the Minister of Culture, actually seized the moment of the summit meetings to deliver a bitter attack on Solzhenitsyn in a press conference at the center set up for journalists covering the summit. When she was asked why Solzhenitsyn was not officially published in the Soviet Union, she replied:

> By his works and writing, he has proved a long time ago that he has transgressed the bounds of literature and become an opponent of Soviet reality. Not only has he opposed the Soviet system, he is putting himself against the Soviet people and their achievements. . . . The former aristocrats, the prim and proper aristocrats, the generals: they have taken the side of the Soviet system. You may have heard about the fate of the general killed in a concentration camp by the Germans. He was a former aristocrat, and yet he was not made to come to their side. And Count Aleksei Tolstoy. If we read his works on the Revolution, on the civil war in the Soviet Union, this is the most consistent and profound account. It seems that Alexander Solzhenitsyn has embarked on a completely different road. He cannot accept the Revolution. He cannot accept what has happened in this country. He is opposed to our entire society. In fact, he has raised his hand against the very dignity of the Soviet people.

Jewish dissent, hardened by harsh restrictions against emigration to Israel, was a strident, semi-revolutionary movement only eighteen months ago. Since then, the regime has allowed emigration to Israel at the rate of about a thousand per month. With the possibility of an exit visa now real, most Jews who want to emigrate are reluctant to blot their copybooks by acts of open defiance. Direct challenges to the regime by Jews are now confined to a very few militants. Some of the militants were picked up by the police just before the President's visit, and a few others were called for military service. But in general the regime now relies on psychological pressures—notably the threat of exclusion from work and from society—to keep Jews in line. These pressures are not slight. An indication of what goes on is contained in a letter, which I was given a copy of in Moscow, from one I. S. Narsky, professor of philosophy at Moscow State University, to Mstislav Keldysh, the President of the Soviet Academy of Sciences. In the letter Professor Narsky says:

> In recent times, I have several times come across the allegation spread about me among members of the Department of Philosophy and Law of the Academy to the effect that I am concealing my actual nationality, in that I am actually a "Polish Jew." I could ignore these rumors were it not for the fact that they are an obvious connection with the fact that I have been proposed as a candidate corresponding member of the Academy. The above-mentioned allegations and rumors have a libellous character and they in no way correspond to the facts.

There follow five paragraphs of proof that Narsky is not a Jew.

Despite these pressures, emigration to Israel has acquired an almost routine character. Some Jews who decide to emigrate take pains to insulate Russian friends and colleagues against the adverse effects. Vitaly Rubin, a Jewish scholar whom I visited in his apartment in Moscow, tells—in a brief open letter to Western scholars—this story of how he went about preparing to ask for a visa to Israel:

> I am a Sinologue, my book about ancient Chinese philosophy was published in 1970, and I have written fifty articles about history and philosophy in ancient China. My wife is a lecturer of German language, my sister a zoologist. For the last three years I have worked as a senior researcher at the Oriental Institute of the Academy of Sciences in Moscow. When my superior at the end of January heard that I wanted to go to Israel, he proposed to me to leave my work and I agreed.
>
> Perhaps for you such an action seems strange. But in the Soviet Union the existence in an institute of a person who wants to emigrate to Israel is considered a shame for the whole body and especially for the chief. I didn't want to do harm to my colleagues, so I left my work in February (almost a month before I applied for a visa).

Another traditional center of trouble for Russia, Eastern Europe, has been unusually quiet recently. The Russians are particularly pleased with Edward Gierek, who replaced Wladyslaw Gomulka as Poland's Party Secretary about a year ago, and Moscow showed not the slightest qualm when, after the summit meeting, President Nixon visited Warsaw and received a triumphant acclamation. A brief flurry of trouble with Hungary over economic matters seems to have been settled amicably. The new East German regime could hardly be more coöperative with Moscow. Marshal Tito has just visited Russia to receive the Order of Lenin and, presumably, to work out an understanding with the Soviet leaders about an orderly passing on of power in Yugoslavia. The Rumanians, while asserting a certain independence in foreign policy, have kept a tight lid on dissidents who might depart actively from the over-all Communist line. All these states—and Czechoslovakia, too, which has yet to normalize its relations with West Germany—have been aligned with Russia in supporting the call for a European Security Conference. Thanks to the agreement on the conference, Moscow emerges from the summit as more than ever the master of Eastern Europe. According to one diplomat I talked with here, "Brezhnev is now the uncrowned king of the Socialist Commonwealth."

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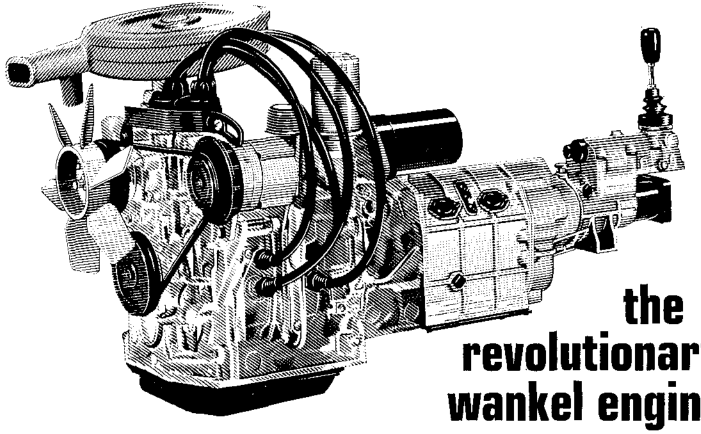

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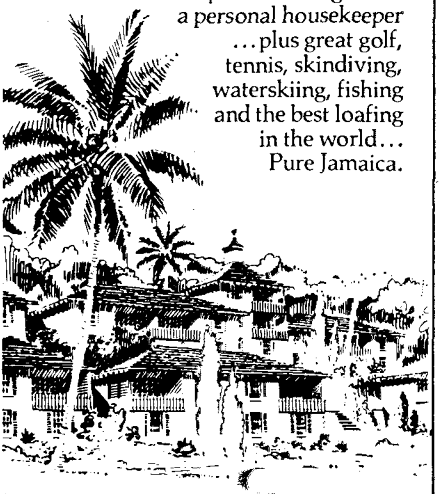

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now have a far wider sense of global responsibility than we thought," Henry Kissinger said at one point during his stay here. "They move with more deliberation than we supposed. They have far more insight into the policy implications of their actions than we imagined. We had with them on arms control the kind of sophisticated talk I thought could only occur in Cambridge." At one point, Kissinger facetiously suggested to Marshal Andrei Grechko, the Soviet Defense Minister, that a good way to solve the problem posed by Russia's giant SS-9 missiles and its new submarine-construction program would be to mount the SS-9s on the subs. "That way," Kissinger explained, "whenever you fire a missile, you'll also sink a sub." Marshal Grechko, a six-foot-four Goliath with a chestful of ribbons, did not laugh at first. But later he pounded Kissinger on the shoulder and told him, "We have considered your suggestion, and we find that it is original but not practical."

As to President Nixon, he made no effort to play off one Russian leader against another. On the contrary, he invited *all* three leaders—Brezhnev, Kosygin, and Podgorny—to come to Washington on a return visit. Neither was there any attempt to win a public debate such as marked his meeting with Khrushchev in the kitchen of the American exhibition here in 1959. He behaved at all times, in short, like one who is fully aware that the various agreements worked out with the Soviet leaders on arms control, Europe, and trade—not to mention space and the environment—require commitments to continuing coöperation over a long period.

As for the Middle East, the United States gave a mild endorsement to the mission of conciliation by the United Nations negotiator Gunnar Jarring, who has always been a Russian favorite. The United States did not even bother to include in the final communiqué any mention of the Indian subcontinent, where the President had been particularly critical of Russian actions. Nor was there any mention of Japan, where the Russians have been showing signs of encroachment on what used to be an American preserve. The declaration of principles produced as a general guide to future conduct struck some outsiders as a virtual non-aggression pact. "If we had ever signed something that friendly with the Russians," one Western ambassador in Moscow said, "Washington would have had us expelled from NATO."

Probably the most important discussions were those on Vietnam. The five-hour working session at the dacha was entirely devoted to that question. Mr. Gromyko told one ambassador that the exchanges were hard, and in the final communiqué the two sides set out separate positions. But the Russian statement, a bare two sentences long, did not mention the recent mining of the harbors or the increase in bombing. The American statement emphasized the conciliatory parts—the promise of a cease-fire and troop withdrawal—in Mr. Nixon's speech of May 8th. The Moscow gossip is that the Russians asked Mr. Nixon for a detailed description of the kind of settlement he had in mind. One theory is that the purpose of President Podgorny's visit to Hanoi was to urge upon the North Vietnamese the wisdom of trying to negotiate a settlement with Washington.

In evaluating the significance of the summit meetings, one Western ambassador said, "Maybe it's not a new Yalta, a new condominium, a new carving up of the world. The Big Two may not reign—but they rule. The Moscow summit clearly shows that in the triangle with China there are only two points that count. During the meetings here, Peking was excluded from all the main business in the world. The Chinese must be very angry with President Nixon. They must see that he used them—that the reason he went to Peking and made such a fuss about Chou En-lai was to improve his bargaining position with Brezhnev in Moscow. Still, there is nothing much China can do about it. If the Chinese want to improve their position in the world, they will have to make up to the Americans. Maybe that's why Kissinger was invited back to China so fast. Nixon and Kissinger have achieved a true tour de force in triangular politics. Relations between Peking and Moscow represent the new Cold War." In any event, the summit meeting of the Big Two appears to have been a remarkable demonstration of their willingness, under certain circumstances, to subordinate the obsessive ideological differences of the old Cold War.

—JOSEPH KRAFT

•

BED AND BOARD—(Jean-Pierre Leaud, Claude Jade) Francois Truffaut's sequel to "Stolen Kisses" follows his alter-ego, Antoine Doinel (Leaud), into marriage to Christine (Miss Jade). It's finally time for Doinel to frow up and slowly accept his position as husband and father.—*Evanston (Ill.) Review.*

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FOR a long time, jazz was a functional music, a dance music. It was danced to in ballrooms, in roadhouses, in night clubs, in cabarets, and in living rooms. It was danced to under striped tents at June coming-out parties, and it was even danced to in movie houses, when jitterbugs took to the aisles. Then, in the thirties, a handful of jazz aficionados decided that their music was an Art, and it was moved for the first time into the concert hall. (Much blather ensued between the music's supporters, who were jubilant about crashing such sacred confines, and its detractors, who sneered at the pretensions of this dirty dog of a music.) And it was presented in another non-dancing format—the hushed, elbow-to-elbow weekly "jam sessions" at Jimmy Ryan's and Hickory House and the Village Vanguard. The thirty-per-cent entertainment tax levied on all dancing during the Second World War was the coup de grâce, and the magic link between the musician and the dancer—the one excited at *seeing* his music in the limbs of the dancer, and the other excited at dancing to the music his idols played for *him*—was broken, and it has never been the same since. Be that as it may, this permanent promotion from the functional to a fine art brought into being a new middleman—the jazz producer. By the early fifties, he had been raised to the Sol Hurok level because of a voluble and volatile Californian named Norman Granz. In 1953 alone, Granz, who was producing both records and live events, released two hundred L.P.s—a figure unmatched before or after in jazz—and at the same time his eleven-man troupe, Jazz at the Philharmonic, played all over the world, before some four hundred thousand non-dancers. But the next year another and more durable jazz producer appeared. (Granz is now down to a limited number of European concerts, and he long ago sold his record company.) He was George Wein, a twenty-eight-year-old Bostonian who played more than middling jazz piano and owned a famous Boston night club—Storyville. That summer, Wein put on the first Newport Jazz Festival. In many ways, it had the cachet of the early jazz concerts in Carnegie Hall. It was held in Newport, still a fortress of rectitude and wealth, and in the colony's heart of hearts, the Newport Casino. There were just two concerts, and everything went well; the turnout was excellent, the music was excellent, and Wein broke even. Next year, the Festival was moved to a big baseball field, and in time there were four evening concerts and three afternoon ones. But in 1960, the first of the sociological blows that were to stagger Wein during the next eleven years fell. Ten thousand kids, full of beer courage and piqued because they couldn't get into the sold-out field, rioted. The Festival was shut down, and Wein was out of business. Two years later, he was back. He moved the Festival to a huge area overlooking Newport Harbor, and it flourished until 1969, when the Visigoths returned. This time, they broke into the enclosure and attempted to board the stage. They had come to hear the rock groups Wein had idealistically included in the Festival in the hope that the rock would be the orange juice that would make the castor oil of the jazz groups palatable to the kids, who, if not anti-jazz, were non-jazz. The Festival tottered but didn't fall. The all-jazz 1970 Festival (no rock) went by without a ripple. Then, last year, the kids came again, largely because there was no place else to go, and this time they overran the field and tumultuously occupied the bandstand, and the Newport Jazz Festival was finished. But Wein, for all the critical darts that have been thrown at him through the years, is an imaginative and invincible man. (It has often been pointed out, and rightly, that the Festival was too big, the musical quality was highly erratic, the concerts were too long, and no performer had enough time onstage. But many of the events he staged at Newport were unique and indelible experiences, among them whole concerts given over to gospel singing, to tap dancing, to Louis Armstrong, and to Ray Charles.) Not long after last summer's disaster, Wein asked himself a rhetorical question: Why not hold the 1972 Festival in New York City? The result is the Newport Jazz Festival-New York, which, scheduled for the first nine days of July, may well be the largest single cultural enterprise ever put on in the city. Over thirty events are planned—concerts (secular and sacred), jam sessions, films, seminars, drama, and a dance. They will be held in Carnegie Hall and Philharmonic Hall, in Yankee Stadium, in Radio City Music Hall, in a church, on a Staten Island ferry, and in the parking lot of the Brooklyn Museum. Six hundred musicians will appear, and they will constitute a huge, living history of jazz that will stretch from the seventy-six-year-old New Orleans trumpeter Kid Thomas to the sensational nineteen-year-old bassist Stanley Clarke. The Festival will, Wein hopes, be a retrospective, a renaissance, a rejoicing.

"Hmm. 'Heads will roll.'. . .'Heads will roll.'. . . I like it. It's simple and to the point. Well done! I'll use it."

FESTIVAL PRODUCTIONS is the grab-bag title Wein has given his producing company, which, in addition to staging the Newport-New York affair, will offer this summer miniature festivals in Hampton (Virginia), Atlanta, Houston, and Cincinnati (two have already been presented, in New Orleans and Oakland), as well as a twenty-day, twenty-city European tour in the fall that will include the likes of Jimmy Smith, Dave Brubeck, Sonny Rollins, and Charlie Mingus. Festival Productions occupies a warren of ground-floor rooms in an apartment house on West Seventy-fifth Street, and I stopped by a while ago to see how Wein and his leviathan are coming. Wein occupies a spacious office at the back of the complex, and when I arrived he was sitting behind a big, worn Queen Anne library table. He was wearing a dark-green suit, a yellow button-down shirt with white stripes, and no tie, and he was on the telephone. Wein is a compact arrangement of spheres. His round head, which is nearly bald, has a heavy apron of hair on the sides and in back, and it is set directly on a round, perfectly proportioned body that is continually orbited by ball-like hands. He has a strong nose and narrow eyes, and he suggests a Roman emperor. (Years ago, at one of the evening Newport concerts, I caught a sudden, dramatic glimpse of his head in profile in a lighted aperture at stage right; it was Julius Caesar.) He talks rapidly and effortlessly in a booming Boston voice, and he laughs a great deal, more often in rue than in joy. Boulder-size superlatives are strewn throughout his speech. Wein put down the phone and laughed. "That was Mary Nicholas," he said. "She's worked for Robert Wagner for twenty years. He's accepted the chairmanship of the Newport-New York Festival Committee. He's a jazz fan of the thirties, and, more than that, he's one of the great New York City buffs. He's been fantastic to us. Just one little way is when we write a letter to anyone important in the city we send it to him and he has it copied on his stationery and sent out. He still has a lot of friends in this town. I've lived in New York for twelve years, but I never really liked it until I started to put together this Festival, which we've been working at for the last six months. I've found out New York *is* the greatest city. Just in the management of its institutions, there's no comparison with other cities. In New York, people of position contribute ideas *and* money. Here's a good example: We're giving six performances of a kind of poetic suite with music called 'Miss Truth.' It was written by a girl who

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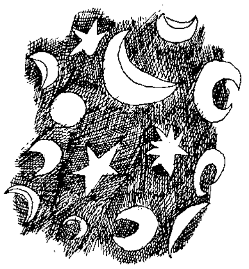
has worked with the Negro Ensemble Company named Glory Van Scott. She acts in it, too, and it has to do with a Negro slave. It'll be in Carnegie Recital Hall, and when I talked to Julius Bloom, who runs Carnegie Hall, he immediately said, ‘I think it's a wonderful idea. I'll contribute a thousand dollars from a special fund we have.’ Another example: After I'd approached Mike Grosso, who's the executive vice-president of the Fifth Avenue Association, out went a letter to all its members urging window displays and the like during the time of the Festival. When New Yorkers find out *you* are contributing, *they* contribute. Half of what we net will go to the Urban League. We're doing it because my wife, Joyce, and I believe strongly in what the League is doing and because we want to be part of the community. If General Motors opened a place in Harlem and shared half their profits with the Hundred and Twenty-Fifth Street Association, they'd see amazing results. But I have other ideas for being part of the community in the years to come. I'd like to see a New York Jazz Company—on the order of our symphonies and ballet companies and opera companies. It would have a permanent orchestra with, say, seventy-five members, and it would give subscription concerts every week during the season and outdoor things in the summer. Every kind of musician would be in the orchestra, and it would play every kind of jazz. I'd contribute to it, and I'd get matching funds from the arts councils and the foundations. They're only beginning to accept the existence of jazz. Of course, the jazz community has never been organized about money. We've never had a Joe Papp, who knows every angle of the foundations and how to approach them. I don't know it all yet, but I'm learning fast.”



A thin, slightly stooped man wearing a seersucker jacket and thick, tinted glasses came into Wein's office—Charlie Bourgeois, Wein's alter ego. “I just heard from Georg Brunis,” Bourgeois said. “He says he wants to stay in a hotel right across the street from where he plays. He says he watches Johnny Carson out there on the Coast, and all Carson does is talk about how dangerous the streets of New York are. God! I was down in Memphis last week, and they have the same problems we have.”

Wein laughed and waved his right sphere, and Bourgeois went out. “Charlie has been with me since 1951,” Wein said. “I met him when I was producing my first jazz concert in Boston, in the late forties, and he was doing another concert with Mary Lou Williams and Lennie Tristano. It was unheard of then to do a concert with Mary Lou *and* Tristano. All that anyone knew about Charlie was that he was a student at B.U. In the early fifties, when I switched to a modern-jazz policy at my club, Storyville, I heard that someone was taking my attractions around and getting them on the various local radio shows. It was Charlie. Eventually, he came to me, and said he wasn't rich and needed a job. I didn't have any money, so I gave him fifteen dollars a week in expenses. Charlie's value is impossible to assess. He never stops working. He has no self-aggrandizement. And he has a sense of quality about him that is very rare in this business, and it attracts many of the people we deal with. He's a chocolate freak, he collects Canton china, and he's a marvellous cook. In his spare time, he's helped get Bobby Short and Mabel Mercer reëntrenched in this city, and he hasn't taken a dime for it. Charlie was born in Island Pond, Vermont, and I think Rudy Vallée was, too. Can you imagine two more different people?”

The phone rang, and Wein talked briefly. Then he turned back to me. “Putting a thing like this on is an endless series of little headaches, a parade of aspirins. That call had to do with a man in Harlem who happens to be giving a huge free gospel show on the same Sunday we're giving our gospel program, which isn't free, in Radio City Music Hall. I've been trying to reach him for two weeks to see if we can work something out, but he never calls back. I think he's afraid I'll step on his thing, when just the opposite is true. The big headaches, like costs and production, are easier. We have a budget of nearly six hundred thousand dollars. It covers things like the tab for the two midnight jam sessions at Radio City Music Hall—twenty-two thousand; the cost of Yankee Stadium for two concerts—ninety-five thousand; postage—two thousand; the expenses for the Staten Island ferry—three thousand; and the musicians themselves, who come to almost a quarter of a million. We estimate that our gross income should be near a million. All in all, we hope to

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sell a hundred and seventy-five thousand seats, and on top of that we are getting sponsoring, no-strings money from several big companies. Of course, half goes to the Urban League, and even if we sell everything the rest won't go anywhere near wiping out the money I lost last summer at Newport, a loss that doesn't even include the dead wood—buildings, fences, and the like—that I have sitting up there on Festival Field. It looked before the Festival last summer as if I might become financially sound for the first time in my career, but it didn't work out that way. The people at Newport never appreciated what they had. Other communities would have helped subsidize the event, but all we got were restrictions, restrictions, restrictions. There was no need to shut the Festival down. The townspeople didn't know anything had happened out at the field until they turned on their radios next day. It didn't disturb them or the town. But it's all worked out for the best. In fact, I feel as if I've been promoted. I got the idea for the New York Festival at the Ohio Valley Jazz Festival, which we gave just after Newport. It was in Cincinnati, and it was just two days long, but we drew fifty thousand people. It helped keep us in business. More important, about eighty-five per cent of the people were black. I suddenly understood something: We had to move to an urban area. It's one thing to buy a five-dollar ticket to a concert and take the subway to and from Carnegie Hall, and it's another to travel all the way to Newport and pay for transportation and lodgings and food before you even hear a note. A lot of people can't afford that. I think we'll have a seventy-five-per-cent-black audience for the modern jazz and a seventy-five-per-cent-white one for the older jazz. I've discovered that the young blacks, despite all the talk about heritage and black-studies programs, are interested in *now*. Their history is what's happening *today*. It's the whites who are interested in the black past. One of the best programs I ever put together was at the first Hampton Jazz Festival, when I had the blues singer Skip James, the Staple Singers, a New Orleans group, Muddy Waters, and Willie the Lion and Earl Hines. It was a little history of early jazz, and it was free, but the kids didn't come. The next night, Dionne Warwicke was on, and we charged four, five, and six dollars, and twelve thousand kids turned up."

Wein laughed. A short, handsome, smiling black woman came in—Joyce,

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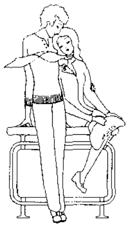

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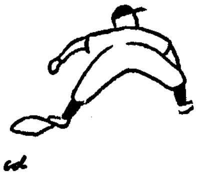
his wife. "Do you want to go out to the Brooklyn Museum and talk to them on Sunday?" she asked Wein. She turned to me: "We're giving a Heritage Fair out there, and we hope we can do it in their parking lot. There will be continuous music on five or six bandstands, and it'll be free. It will be a neighborhood thing, and we'll have as much local talent as we can find."

"Joyce is a whiz at things like this," Wein said. "She was the one who suggested having the Hudson River boat ride on a Staten Island ferry."

"I'm going to fix some lunch upstairs now," she said.



Wein said he would be up in a minute, and she disappeared. He got up and threaded his way through the outer offices of Festival Productions, stopping to talk with Marie St. Louis, another longtime associate, and with Bob Jones, who is in charge of the Ticketron machine that has been installed to sell seats for the Festival. Wein told Marie St. Louis he'd be back in an hour, and we crossed the apartment-house lobby to the elevator. "Joyce and I used to live in the office. The room where I am was our bedroom. But we took an apartment on the sixteenth floor a while ago, and I think it's one of the reasons I like New York now. Before we lived in this building, we had another ground-floor place, over on Central Park West. The only time I saw any sunlight was up at Newport."

THE Weins' apartment is dominated by a big living room, which is painted white and has a bank of windows looking out over the Hudson. There are long white net curtains at the windows, and they were swaying gently back and forth. The furniture is spare and comfortable, and there is a grand piano in one corner and a couple of portraits of Joyce Wein on the walls. Two places were set at a dining-room table near the piano, and after Wein and I sat down, she brought out shrimp salads and slices of toasted Italian bread. The shrimps were tiny and delicate and sweet. She said she had carried them back on the plane the day before from California, where her mother lives. She poured two ginger ales and settled nearby on a brown velvet sofa.

"The interesting thing about Joyce's family is how close it is to history," Wein said. "Her mother, who is eighty-four, was the youngest of thirteen kids. Her two oldest sisters were born before Emancipation. But all of them had secondary educations, and all of Joyce's brothers and sisters are college graduates."

"Jean Hewitt of the *Times* wants Mother's baked-bean recipe for the women's page," she said. "But I don't know what to tell her. All Mother does is put in some of this and some of that and a little more of this and a little more of that, and I can't get her to write anything down. We lived in Boston. I was the sixth of seven children, which included five girls and two boys. I went to the girls' part of Boston Latin, and then to Simmons. I was a chemistry major, and I worked for a long time in a lab at Mass General."

Wein laughed and shook his head. "Joyce was fifteen when she went to college and nineteen when she graduated."

"I was at Mass General until we moved to New York," she said, "and then I was at Columbia Medical School for two years."

"That was right after the 1960 riot shut the Festival down," Wein said, and he laughed again. "I was a hundred thousand in debt, and she took a job for six thousand a year."

"Well, we ate."

"We ate, and I sat around and actually played Scrabble with myself. Those were some days."

"I started working for the Festival in 1963—in particular the Folk Festival. I took over the housing and the transportation and the food."

"In its first years, the Folk Festival was the purest event we ever had," Wein said. "It was run by the performers, and everybody got paid fifty bucks for the weekend, no matter whether he was a Dylan or a nobody. Fifty dollars plus transportation and room and board."

Joyce Wein asked us if we wanted any more to eat, and Wein said he was on a diet. She cleared the table and sat down again. Wein and I moved over to another sofa.

"My father was a bricklayer," she said. "He was killed in an accident at work in 1942. My mother and father met at Hampton Institute, where he learned bricklaying. They got married and went to Philadelphia, but he couldn't find work—except as a hod carrier and mixer. So they went to Newark. My mother sat in the train station all day while my father ran around looking for work, but still no luck. They tried New York, but they didn't like it, and finally they settled in the South End of Boston, near Columbus Avenue. Things went well until the Depression, when my father went with the W.P.A. and my mother took in student roomers. But he was always a jolly man. We sat ten or fourteen at the table every day and we *talked*. There was no grabbing a hamburger and running. We sat and we talked."

"The police followed me into Joyce's house a couple of times when I was dating her," Wein said. "They wanted to know if her mother knew she was out with a white man, and Joyce would say—she was tiny then and full of indignation—she'd say, 'If you want me to wake up my mother at this hour, *you'll* have to take the consequences!,' and they'd leave."

Wein laughed once more, got up, and went over to the window.

"My father was active in the Boston branch of the N.A.A.C.P.," Joyce Wein said. "When the workers came to Boston for membership drives, they'd stay with us. I can remember being allowed to sit at the table and listen to their stories of how things were going in the South."

"We met backstage in 1948, at the old Boston Opera House," Wein said. "I was with Nat Hentoff, and I asked him 'Who's *that* over there?' and Nat introduced us."

"I was a big jazz columnist for the *Simmons News*."

"Joyce had a girl friend with her, and I offered to drive them both home, but she said no, and they took the streetcar. We didn't get married until 1959. It probably would have been a lot sooner without the racial thing. My family was dead set against my marrying Joyce."

"My mother wasn't all that happy about it, either."

"We were married secretly, by a justice of the peace in East Greenbush, New York, just over the state line from Pittsfield. If Joyce's sister and brother-in-law hadn't been with us, I wouldn't know to this day where we were married. Right after, we went to Europe, but my father found out about the marriage before we got back. Boston was still a pretty small place. He told me he'd never speak to me again, and he meant it. But I refused to knuckle under. I'd go home without Joyce and I'd provoke arguments with my father, I'd *make* him talk, because I knew very well that I was terribly important to him and that he'd die if he never spoke to me again. My parents

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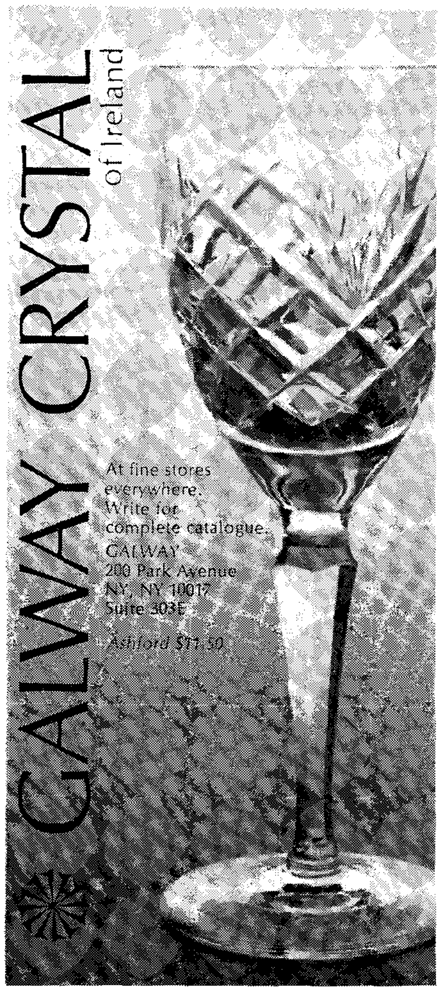
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had this backassward guilt complex going. They brought me up in a very liberal way. When I got interested in jazz, I'd bring Red Allen and J. C. Higginbotham and Frankie Newton home late at night, and my mother would stay up until all hours cooking for them. I think they felt that if they hadn't fostered all that that I would never have married a black girl. Finally, after a year and a half or so, my mother said, 'Bring Joyce home,' and I did."

"I talk to George's mother three times a week on the phone, and the four of us even go on *vacations* together."

"I was born in Boston, but I grew up in Newton. Ward Street. You know, Joyce, I was over there a while ago, and that street hasn't changed a bit. My father was a dentist first, then he went back to school and got his M.D. He became a surgeon, and now he does plastic surgery. There were just my older brother and me, and he was very influential in getting me interested in jazz. He bought a record-player once, and got all these fantastic free records with it by Benny Goodman and Louis Armstrong. But I was into music already. I loved to sing, and a couple of times I got thrown out of movie houses for singing along with Bing Crosby or Nelson Eddy. My mother played piano, and I started classical lessons at eight, and then switched to popular piano, party piano. I had always been intrigued by improvisation, by anyone who could play by ear, so I switched again and took jazz lessons from a teacher named Sam Saxe, and by the time I was fifteen I was playing jazz. I slowly got into the jazz world, which has its own way of life and covers the Brubecks and Goodmans in their Connecticut mansions as well as the guy sponging off some chick down in the Village. I played left hand once at the Tic-Toc Club, in Boston, for Lionel Hampton while he did his two-fingered thing in the right hand, and I met Paul Robeson at a party after I'd seen him in 'Othello,' which I'll never forget, and after I'd heard him sing on that record of 'King Joe' with Count Basie's band, which I'll never forget, either. After the Army, I went to B.U., and sat in at the Sunday-afternoon jam sessions at the old Ken Club. My first real professional gig was in 1948, with Pee Wee Russell and Miff Mole and Max Kaminsky. Sixty-two dollars a week. Then I worked with Edmond Hall, and we decided to give a jazz concert to make some money. It was at Jordan Hall, and we cleared eleven hundred dollars, and Ed and I split it. Then somebody suggested I open my own jazz club. I called it Storyville, and it was in the Copley Square Hotel. It lasted ten years, and at one time I had two clubs—that and Mahogany Hall, where traditional groups played. It was a great era for jazz in Boston, and whenever I go into a club up there now half the customers are from the Storyville days. I'd mix things up between the two clubs. If Sidney Bechet was in Mahogany Hall, I'd take him over to Storyville and he'd sit in with Art Tatum, which was unbelievable, or I'd get Charlie Parker to go over to Mahogany Hall from Storyville and play the 'Royal Garden Blues' while the Dixielanders' eyes popped out of their heads. I never made any money to keep in those ten years, but I learned just about everything I know. In 1953, Donald Born, a professor at B.U., introduced me to Louis and Elaine Lorillard, and they asked me if I'd like to put on some jazz at Newport, where they had a summer place. They were young, and they didn't know pickles about jazz, but they were into things. They'd brought the New York Philharmonic to Newport the year before and lost their shirts, but they wanted to try again with different music. I was interested. I'd had a little club in Gloucester in the summer, when Storyville was shut, and Joyce had taken me to Tanglewood, so I had thought about jazz in various summer situations. Lorillard put up twenty thousand dollars, but we didn't touch it, because the Festival made its own way and I didn't take the five-thousand-dollar salary I'd been offered.

"I think I'm trying to model the New York Festival after one of my typical jazz days in New York in the forties. I'd come down from Boston on Sunday and go to the afternoon jam session at Jimmy Ryan's. Then I'd have dinner and watch the ten-o'clock show at Café Society Uptown. After that, I'd stop in at three or four clubs on Fifty-second Street and wind up at the two-o'clock show at Café Society Downtown. I couldn't get enough jazz. I guess I still can't."

—WHITNEY BALLIETT

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THE RACE TRACK

Ladies' Day

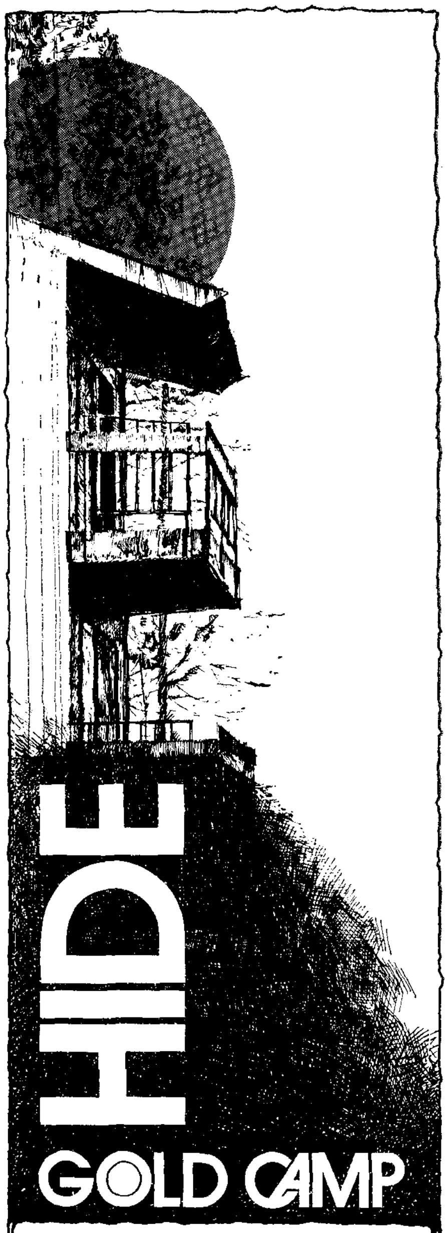
EAST and west, last Saturday was one for the ladies. At Belmont Park, Summer Guest won the Coaching Club American Oaks, the spring classic for three-year-old fillies, while at Hollywood Park Convenience beat Typecast in their match race for a purse of $250,000—winner take all. Convenience did it by a head, and from all accounts it was a cliff-hanger from beginning to end of the mile and a furlong. Most match races I've seen have hardly been that. In the last hundred-thousand-dollar ones I recall, Nashua led Swaps all the way at Washington Park in 1955, winning by six lengths or so, and Armed led Assault by eight lengths at Belmont Park in 1947. But Hollywood Park puts on good shows, and this one, with the richest purse for a match in the annals of racing, figured to be something extra. It was. Wish I could have been there. It seems that Typecast was first out of the stalls, but Convenience quickly caught up with her, and Lambert, on Convenience, and Shoemaker, on Typecast, went at it hammer and tongs right down to the wire. The match was an aftermath of the Vanity Handicap, on June 3rd, when Convenience, who had an advantage of five pounds in the weights, won by half a length from Typecast. What happened was that Fletcher Jones, a Californian, who owns Typecast and the Westerly Stud, put up $100,000 for a rerun; Leonard Lavin, the owner of Convenience and the Glen Hill Farm, in Glencoe, Illinois, matched it; and Jim Stewart, the general manager of Hollywood Park, added $50,000 for the turf club. One condition was that the contestants carry 120 pounds each. The event drew a crowd of 53,100, which is a lot of people. (There were only 34,405 at Belmont that afternoon.) Colonel Martingale respectfully suggests a match between Riva Ridge, winner of the Belmont Stakes, and Roberto, winner of the English Derby, at Belmont Park on Labor Day.

THE fifty-sixth running of the Oaks, which wound up thirty days of racing at Belmont Park, was a fascinating three-horse affair to watch. Susan's Girl was quickest in the dash from the gate, but Wanda was right behind her, and they went head and head for much of the way till they passed the mile marker. As they came down the long turn to the homestretch, Wanda took the lead. By this time, Summer Guest had moved, from a slow beginning, into contention, and when Turcotte gave her her head, she sailed past Wanda to win by four lengths. Susan's Girl came in third, another four lengths away. Six lengths still farther back, Country Belle led the four other starters, who had never been in the hunt. Summer Guest, who is owned by Paul Mellon and trained by Elliott Burch, is by Native Charger out of Cee Zee, and she had all the earmarks of a distance runner when she won Pimlico's Black-Eyed Susan and her prep for the mile-and-a-half Oaks—the Hempstead Handicap, in which she beat sturdy members of her own sex. Saturday was a big afternoon for Turcotte, who also rides Riva Ridge; the last boy to win the Belmont and the Oaks the same year was Sande, in 1921.

STAKES races for two-year-olds are getting fewer: not a one at the Big A this spring, and only two at Belmont. There was the Youthful, which went to Linda's Chief, though he might not have won if Stop the Music's overgirth hadn't become unfastened; and two days later the Fashion went to Queen's Mark. There will be three stakes for two-year-olds this season at Aqueduct, which reopened this week, and six at Saratoga. The Flash, which goes back to 1869, will be dropped. Progress, no doubt. Horse-watchers tell me that Ogden Phipps may have another Numbered Account in Her Prerogative, a two-year-old filly by Buckpasser out of Queen of the Stage. She'll probably not be out until Saratoga.

THIS department missed the Queen's Plate at Toronto again this year. Sorry. For the record, Victoria Song (he's by Victoria Park, one of my favorite horses) won the hundred-and-thirteenth running of Canada's classic from Barachois, Gentleman Conn, and twelve other three-year-olds. Barachois came out of it quite lame. . . . Elsewhere afield, Freetex, seventh in the Belmont, won the Ohio Derby, which has moved up into the hundred-thousand-dollar bracket, at Cleveland's Thistledown, and Bee Bee Bee, who hadn't been under colors since he won the Preakness, romped home by five in the Patriot Stakes at Philadelphia's Liberty Bell.

—AUDAX MINOR



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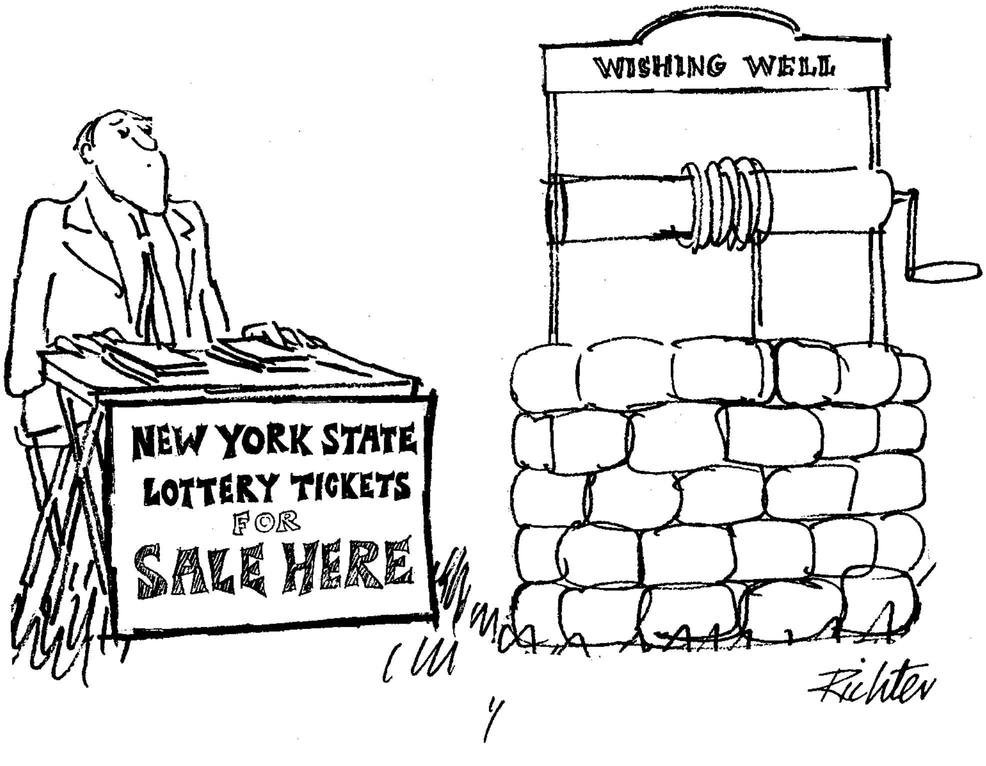
LETTER FROM VIETNAM

JUNE 15

THE most disturbing thing about the resumption of full-scale war in Vietnam over the past two and a half months is a cold, impersonal quality in the fighting, imparted by new, scientific weapons of awesome destructiveness. A trip that has taken me from Hué, in the north, to Kontum, in the Central Highlands, and down to the Mekong Delta, in the south, has reinforced my belief that, with the continuing, calculated help of their allies, the North and South Vietnamese are fully capable of going on trying to destroy each other indefinitely. This is not to say that such help can be provided forever, or that there is no hope for peace. Sooner or later, the big powers will probably take firmer steps to end, or at least to curb, the bitter fighting, or the Vietnamese themselves may finally work out some sort of political accommodation. Though there have been no firm indications that either of these things will happen soon, the North Vietnamese and their Vietcong allies are now privately acknowledging severe setbacks, and the best available figures indicate that the nationwide Communist assault—or at least its first phase—has been a failure. In the first two months, the Communists, according to the most conservative American estimates, lost some twenty thousand dead and forty thousand wounded, or roughly a third of the total number of men they committed to the offensive. (South Vietnamese claims of Communist losses are about twice as high.) Saigon's forces, for their part, have lost some seven thousand dead and twenty-three thousand wounded; about seven thousand of Saigon's men have been captured by the Communists (while the government has captured only about two hundred Communists), and some fifty thousand government troops, from both regular units and the various territorial elements, have deserted, most of them in the opening period of the offensive. (Some of these have now trickled back and are being reorganized into new units.) The Communists' casualties, if one accepts the lowest estimates, are about equal to those in the 1968 Tet attack (which were followed later that year by additional losses between two and three times as heavy). American officers, from our commander, General Creighton W. Abrams, on down to advisers—some of them, these days, *de-facto* commanders—in the field, have publicly said that the Communists have made their greatest military blunder since Tet. Given the considerable government losses, and the grave doubts that have been cast on the success of the American-inspired Vietnamization and pacification programs, this may be too broad an assumption. At the moment, at any rate, instead of showing any signs of giving up, the North Vietnamese and the Vietcong—though the latter have been considerably less in evidence than they were in 1968—are regrouping, and shifting their strategy and tactics, as they have frequently done before; that is, while they are still mounting strong attacks in such places as Hué and Danang, they are apparently reverting in most of the country to protracted guerrilla warfare. The recent violent pace of hostilities will in any event diminish during the rainy season, which has just started—and which affects all but the northeastern coastal and northernmost interior parts of South Vietnam and certain parts of North Vietnam—but it could pick up momentum again at the end of this year or the beginning of next year. In the interim, the indications are for a steady level of Communist pressure in the Delta and in the provinces around Saigon; although some people expect an assault on Saigon itself, the best estimate seems to be that the Communists do not have the capability for mounting anything like the 1968 Tet offensive against the capital, but could easily start throwing in hundreds of rockets a week from nearby areas, and might even attempt sapper attacks.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It is now obvious that Hanoi severely miscalculated both the strength of the American response to the offensive and the nature of the international response to it. Contrary to Hanoi's hopes, the American bombing and mining failed to keep the Moscow summit from proceeding on schedule, and at the meetings there were what Henry Kissinger described as "very extensive" discussions on Vietnam. To be sure, the indications are that there was a polite agreement to disagree about it and to deal with other problems while waiting to see how the current round of fighting came out. Beyond this, both the Russians and the Americans simply expressed pious desires to see the war ended. Privately, the Soviets are known to be much disappointed at the way the North Vietnamese have bungled the offensive, and particularly by what they regard as their allies' tactical mishandling of the five or six hundred Russian tanks they were given. On May 21st, the Army newspaper in Hanoi, in an oblique criticism of the imminent Moscow summit, made the point that good "Communists never place private national interests above the common interest of the world revolution," whereupon the Moscow radio, four days later, in a blunt Vietnamese-language broadcast, replied that "the Soviet-United States negotiations . . . are in complete conformity with the interests of world Socialism," and went on to say, in so many words, that the North Vietnamese were the ones who were guilty of placing *their* national interests ahead of "the common cause."

It may well be, therefore, that in the weeks ahead, or else after the American election, Moscow will once more try to persuade Hanoi to be less rigid in discussing peace terms in Paris, and this may be on the agenda of Soviet President Nikolai Podgorny as he travels to Hanoi this week. So far, though, there are no signs that the North Vietnamese would be willing to back down from their hard negotiating position. Whatever differences have existed in the Hanoi Politburo about whether to go for broke in prosecuting the war or to push ahead more slowly—differences that of late have no doubt been exacerbated—it is more than likely that the North Vietnamese will continue their present shifting military and diplomatic strategy. In fact, Le Duc Tho, the chief Communist negotiator, in his most recent statement in Paris, early in June, once more emphasized the North Vietnamese stand, and declared that, summits or no summits, the issues will ultimately have to be determined in Paris between Washington and Hanoi, just as soon as Nixon has given up on Vietnamization and his support of Thieu. Ambassador William Porter, the chief American negotiator, returned to Paris on June 12th saying that the United States was ready to resume negotiations, but the exact arrangements remained uncertain. Although Le Duc Tho was off in eastern Europe at the time of Porter's return, Xuan Thuy, Hanoi's No. 2 man, was preparing to return with what were called "new instructions."

Obviously, a prime question for Hanoi at this point is the permanence of Thieu's tenure. In Saigon, rumors that Thieu will quit continue to be heard, but so far there appears to be no basis for them, though there is still plenty of political contention, as is evidenced by the South Vietnamese Senate's rejection on June 2nd of Thieu's requests for full emergency powers. This has, of course, been regarded as a personal rebuke to the President, particularly in view of his agents' attempts to bribe various senators. Certainly Thieu mishandled the manner in which he asked for the emergency powers—which, since he already has declared martial law, most legislators don't think he needs anyway, except perhaps in the economic field. A new effort is being made to pass compromise legislation giving Thieu some of the powers he has asked for. Whether this succeeds or not, most politicians, including most of Thieu's staunchest opponents in both the Senate and the House of Representatives, agree that this is not the time for him to step down.

At this point, of course, Thieu's

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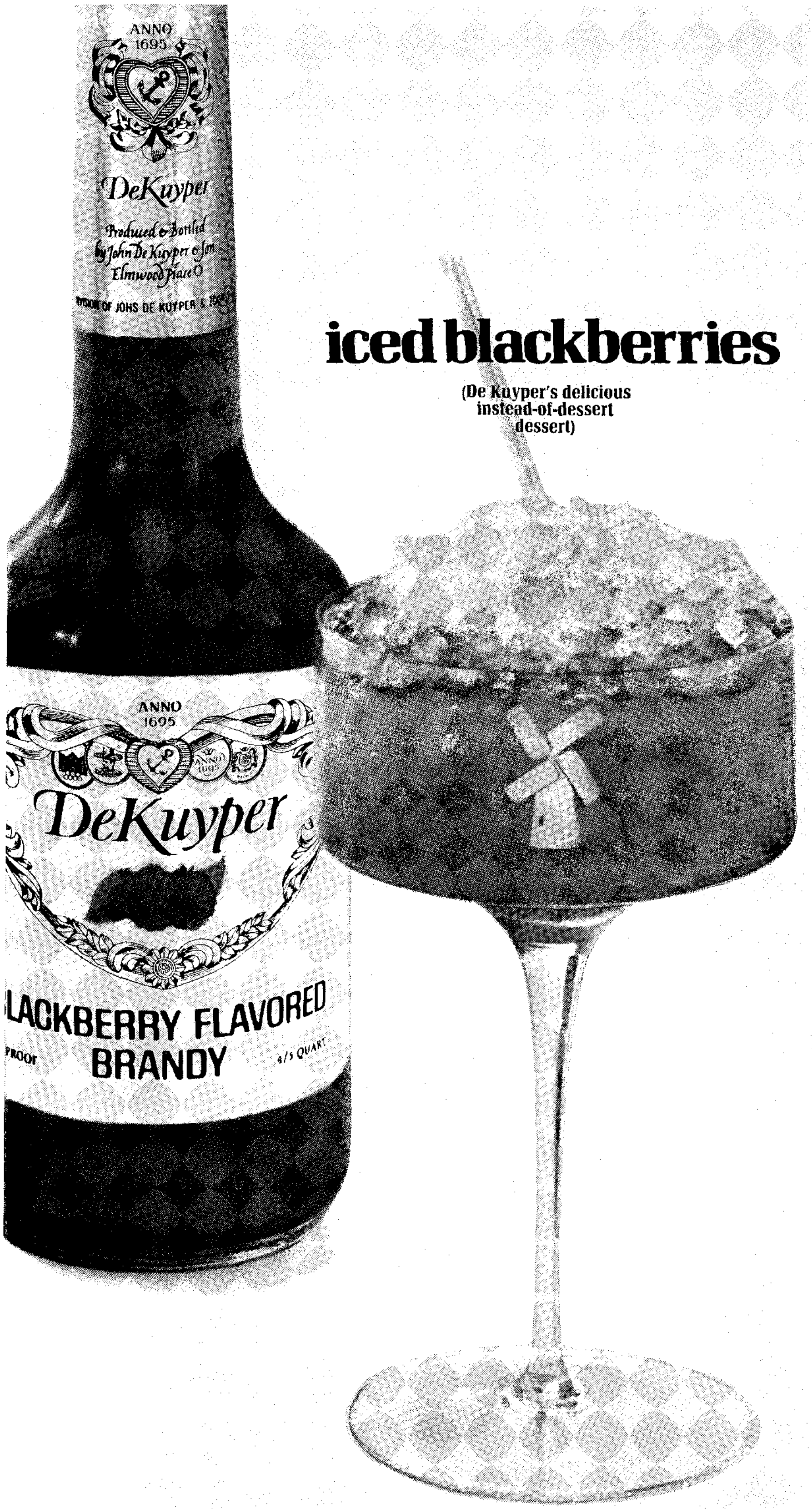

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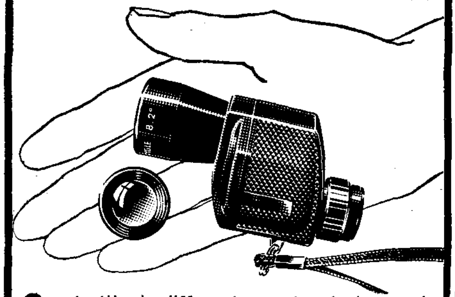
greatest strength derives from the fact that the government forces have denied the Communists any major victories on the battlefield, most notably at the key cities of An Loc, Kontum, and Hué. It is still admitted that everything would have collapsed without American bombing and other support, but an initial attitude of almost craven Vietnamese dependence on the Americans has been slowly altered to a developing pride in the performance of some of the better government troops. Beyond this, the outcome of the offensive, particularly around Hué, still hangs in the balance, and there are still many soft spots and many doubts about the effectiveness and endurance of the South Vietnamese military establishment. Extensive reorganization of units and shifting of commanders in the last few weeks reveal how bad things must have been before.

Most people here agree that if Hué, so important both strategically and symbolically, should fall to the Communists (which does not seem likely unless they are willing to pay an awful price), Thieu would resign. Otherwise, rightly or wrongly, almost all Vietnamese are convinced, as they have been from the start, that only the Americans—which is to say, President Nixon—can pull the rug out from under Thieu. There are those who profess to see some signs that Nixon's support of Thieu is wavering; among other things, they cite Nixon's May 8th speech, in which he did not specifically mention the retention of Thieu. Some of these people have begun talking about forming a Council of National Salvation, or something of the sort, which might be acceptable to Hanoi in the negotiations for the "government of national concord" that it keeps demanding. But all of this is as yet obscure, and at this stage only one leader—retired General and former Chief of State Duong Van Minh—has openly denounced Thieu for his conduct of the war. South Vietnamese politicians can be even coyer than politicians in other countries about sticking their necks out, and no one has yet volunteered to take part in what could eventually become substantive negotiations. One does hear a number of names, though, among them those of General Minh and one of his closest advisers, the shrewd former Prime Minister Nguyen Ngoc Tho; Representative Tran Van Don, who, along with Minh, and with the tacit support of Tho, led the 1963 coup against the late President Ngo Dinh Diem; Representative Tran Van Tuyen, a prominent lawyer; and Vuong Van Bac, another



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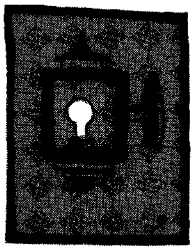
lawyer, who was previously a member of the Saigon delegation negotiating in Paris and has just been named Vietnamese Ambassador to London. Several of the younger and more independent members of the National Assembly, as well as some liberal Catholics and Buddhists and some of the Vietnamese living in Paris, including former Economics Minister Au Truong Thanh, are also mentioned as possible go-betweens.

SO far, the only significant augury for a slackening of combat is the absence of any evidence of intensive new Soviet-Chinese coöperation in resupplying Hanoi by rail and road to offset the continuing United States mining operations. During May, the North Vietnamese received only about a thousand tons of petroleum products—some three per cent of their monthly needs; they have asked their Communist allies for fifty thousand tons in July. There is considerable difference of military opinion about whether, given the heavy American bombing, it is physically possible to supply by road and rail everything that the North Vietnamese want or need, which includes food. But up to now the Chinese have not even sent any laborers to North Vietnam to help repair the tremendous new bomb damage, especially to bridges, whereas between 1965 and 1968 they sent in some fifty thousand workers. For that matter, the North Vietnamese themselves are so far doing very little repairing. There have been reports in the last fortnight of Chinese trucks moving toward the North Vietnamese border and of numbers of Chinese junks unloading supplies at small North Vietnamese ports that have not been mined. All this seems perfectly likely, but, in general, Peking, which normally furnishes Hanoi with only about fifteen per cent of its war needs anyway (mostly food and ammunition), seems quite content to sit back and watch as the Russian-supplied conventional offensive is blunted.



Lately, there has been an average of between two hundred and fifty and three hundred and fifty aerial sorties (one plane making one trip is a sortie) a day over North Vietnam, and on several occasions the totals have been much higher. These aerial attacks have been far more destructive than ever before, primarily as a result of the new "smart" bombs, which drop anything from five hundred to three thousand pounds of explosives with astonishing precision, through the use of either a laser beam or a small television camera, which can lock in on a target and enable the pilot to guide the bomb down accurately by remote control. The effect of the new bombs in destroying targets such as bridges is illustrated by photographs of the destruction of six of the eleven spans of the fifteen-hundred-foot-long Lang Giai railroad bridge, twenty miles south of the Chinese border, late in May.

I have not seen any smart bombs dropping—none have been used in South Vietnam—but on the morning of May 26th, when the initial phase of the Communist attack on Kontum was at its height, I was circling in a command helicopter above the city for an hour with Brigadier General John Hill, a cool and composed man who is deputy senior adviser to the II Corps, watching what he called "the new war" being fought in all its intensity. A few minutes after we arrived over the city, a string of three B-52 bombers dropped their twenty-five-ton loads of bombs only a quarter of a mile from us, on the northern edge of Kontum, where a Communist battalion had infiltrated. Huge orange bursts on the ground were followed by mushrooming clouds of dark smoke, which soon built up into a blanket of haze over the whole town, and we were afterward told that most of the battalion had been wiped out—a fact later confirmed by a captured survivor. Shortly afterward, another B-52 strike followed, on the southern edge of the city. The use of B-52s as quasi-tactical bombers has been facilitated by the practice of having small, low-flying "air cavalry" planes reconnoitre targets for them. While the Communists have learned how to dig into bunkers and holes more deeply than ever to avoid being killed by the "Arclights"—our Army's name for the B-52s—and a good many, if not most, of the bombs just create more huge craters over the Vietnamese landscape, they are undoubtedly hitting their targets more often and more accurately, and are thus killing far more North Vietnamese and Vietcong than ever before.

While we remained over Kontum, flying at about three thousand feet, four Russian-built tanks—the first of a total of twenty-six in five days—were destroyed by one of the other amazing new weapons: a tube-launched, optically tracked, wire-guided rocket missile known as the TOW. The TOW, usually

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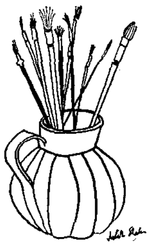
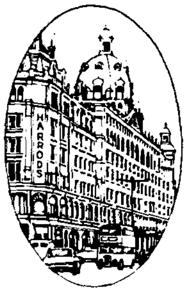


It boggles the mind that, almost four years after President Johnson supposedly called off the air war, there are again approximately a hundred and eighty B-52s, based in Thailand and Guam, regularly dropping their huge bomb loads over North and South Vietnam and the Ho Chi Minh Trail in Laos, and, in addition, as many as seven hundred and fifty tactical-bomber and related sorties a day over both parts of Vietnam. These are less than the 1968 totals, but the bomb loads today are far more lethal. One big question, of course, is whether the United States will—or can—keep up this level of air activity after our November election. The fact that the United States public-opinion polls show support for the President's current mining-and-bombing decision reminds me of the mood that existed during the Johnson Administration when people who could be described as "pro-tem hawks" were in favor of a strong policy in Vietnam in the hope of "getting things over with in a hurry." Once that was proved impossible—as I believe it will again be proved now—much of the hawkish opinion quickly veered around to opposition to Johnson's war policy. Beyond that, the cost of what one American here describes as the need to "re-Vietnamize" the South Vietnamese war effort—that is, to resupply our ally with ammunition, tanks, and more and better weapons to combat what could be still more Russian and Chinese support—would be double or triple the approximately two billion dollars' worth of military assistance we are now annually giving the Saigon government. According to Secretary of Defense Melvin Laird, from three to five billion dollars' worth of additional aid may be needed for the rest of this year alone if the offensive continues. Leaving moral questions aside, it seems highly doubtful whether the majority of Americans—possibly even including a newly reëlected President Nixon—would approve the indefinite continuation of such expenditures.

This raises the other key question that is being widely discussed among the official Americans in Saigon. For the first time, the realization seems finally to have set in that this is indeed the last big effort we can or should make, and that if Vietnamization and pacification prove to be failures because the Vietnamese themselves, owing to their political shortcomings and lack of leadership, cannot handle a continuing Communist insurgency, we have no alternative but to cut our losses and hope for the best. Thus, after many years in Vietnam, I have found Americans at all levels admitting that, while the short-term outlook remains not altogether bleak—that is, perhaps the North Vietnamese will settle for half a loaf, including some territorial adjustments, resumed trade and other relations with the South, and an emerging political process that might keep the rest of South Vietnam from going Communist in the immediate future—the long-term outlook is considerably different. Just what it will be depends on the outcome of what will become the basic contest in South Vietnam once this major offensive slackens. On the one hand, the South Vietnamese will finally have to face the fact that military commanders must be chosen on the basis of ability rather than on the basis of family connections or personal influence. They will also have to face the fact, if they are ever going to, that the level of local hamlet and village leadership is still undynamic, unimaginative, corrupt, and unresponsive to such basic requirements as the collection of local taxes. On the other hand, the North Vietnamese confront the extremely difficult task of rebuilding the Vietcong apparatus in the South, which not only was weakened prior to the offensive but has proved itself even weaker and less effective than Hanoi expected.

This disappointment is clearly revealed in a mid-May directive issued by COSVN (the Central Office for South Vietnam, Hanoi's agency for running the military and political war in the South), the text of which was captured. After extolling the early victories, particularly the attack across the Demilitarized Zone and the capture of Quang Tri Province, and commenting on the successful destruction of South Vietnamese units there, the directive harshly takes the Vietcong forces to task for having "scattered their assets instead of massing them" to overrun local government headquarters. "The military prong of the revolution has not fulfilled its role of supporting the political and troop-proselyting prongs," the directive adds. "The people's revolutionary zeal has not been transformed into a strong movement to break up government oppression, and utilization of guerrilla warfare has also been poor." The directive, one of the frankest Communist admissions of shortcomings I have ever read, goes on to describe "the speed of development of the political offensive," and particularly "the city struggle movement," as "excessively slow." Elsewhere, says the directive, in Binh Long and Kontum Provinces and parts of the Delta, "cadres responsible for the administration of liberated areas did not know what to do," and, being unprepared to ward off government counterattacks, "wasted valuable time in fumbling attempts to ascertain the aspirations of the people." Lack of local recruitment "to meet the demands of the mass movements" is also criticized, and the directive says that instead of realizing that "this is the final and decisive stage" of the revolution, "doubt and lack of confidence" and a fear that this offensive would fail left the Vietcong elements "at a standstill, listening and procrastinating" and "floundering in their timing and selection of targets." Having excoriated the Vietcong in this fashion, the directive concludes by sternly ordering that "two-thirds of the countryside must be liberated prior to the end of June, 1972"—a target that obviously cannot be met.

SUCH documents give corroboration, if any is needed, that the Communists have fallen far short of their three main aims: to destroy ARVN (the Army of the Republic of Vietnam), to weaken pacification and Vietnamization, and to rebuild the Vietcong—especially the last. Even so, and although the offen-



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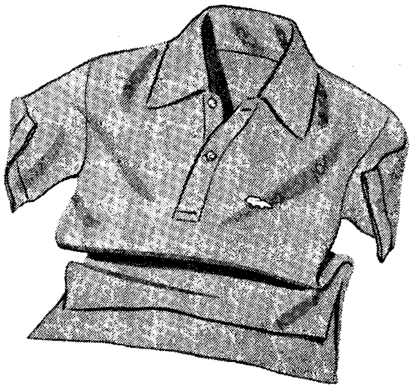

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sive has so far left Saigon untouched, much of the country has suffered severely, and COSVN's claims of achievement are not to be discounted. I found conditions particularly poor in Hué and Danang, which I visited in mid-May. Hué, ordinarily a happy, charming city of two hundred thousand, which was more than half destroyed during the 1968 Tet offensive but made an astonishing recovery within a year, was sad and relatively deserted. Only some seventy thousand people were in the town, and a few more were straggling back, but the rest of the inhabitants had fled south, mostly to Danang, after the fall of the city and province of Quang Tri. There were numerous outdoor stands selling a variety of foods and drinks, but at least eighty-five per cent of the shops were boarded up and locked, and the central market area, which had been looted and burned by troops of the South Vietnamese 3rd Division when they deserted and ignominiously fled southward to Hué during the Quang Tri battle, was still full of rubble.

Hué's low point, according to an American official I talked with there, had come on May 3rd, when the population dwindled to forty thousand. "At that time, I'd have given the city less than a forty-per-cent chance of surviving," he said. "Today, I'd give it a sixty-five-per-cent chance." This official and others agreed that the appointment, early in May, of General Ngo Quang Truong, the ARVN's best commander, to head the I Corps region, embracing the five northernmost provinces, had turned the tide, but it seemed to me that the atmosphere was still tense and uncertain. Though the 1st Division had recaptured several firebases south and southwest of the city, and though the Vietnamese Marine Division and some Rangers and airborne troops were holding a line along the My Chanh River, twenty miles to the north, approximately fifteen North Vietnamese regiments remained around the city, and another attack was expected. These regiments, replacing troops lost by the three divisions that had come across the D.M.Z. early in April, included elements of a whole fresh division. Daily patrols and two Marine helicopter airlifts north of the Communist positions were designed to keep the Communists off balance, but despite heavy air bombardments the North Vietnamese were digging in closer to the city, and, using Russian amphibious tanks, they had also struck back at the government's forces across the My Chanh, inflicting casualties. Colonel Bui The Lan, the able South Vietnamese Marine commander (now a

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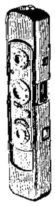

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brigadier general), told me that his main problem was to get the Regional and Popular Forces that had fled south back into position along the coast to the north, especially in Quang Tri, so that his flanks would be secure, he could protect the people who were still collecting the harvest, and he could conduct commando raids farther north. Lan said he was capturing about twelve prisoners a week, and had been told by some of them that each North Vietnamese infantryman coming in as a replacement was carrying, in addition to his other equipment, two litres (a little more than half a gallon) of gasoline for the fuel-starved Communist trucks and tanks.

Hué was suffering from a shortage of police and local Self-Defense Forces, many of whom had fled south. There had been an announcement that, under the direction of Colonel Ton That Khien, who is both the province chief of Thua Thien and the mayor of Hué, a new "division of iron," called Thuan Hoa, after the old imperial name of Hué, was being formed of fourteen thousand regrouped Regional and Popular Forces, but other people I spoke with, including both Americans and Vietnamese, doubted Khien's claim about the division's size and implied that its formation was largely a political gesture to please Thieu. Earlier, a so-called People's Committee to Resist Communism, headed by Le Thanh Minh Chau, the highly respected rector of Hué University (which had been closed), had fallen apart, partly because it lacked strong leadership and partly because the government felt that it reflected too much of Hué's traditionally independent spirit and not enough of a pro-government line. Among other things, Khien had rounded up some two thousand people suspected of being pro-Communist and sent half of them south to island prison camps. Other officials told me that though there was no doubt that the Communists were making efforts to infiltrate Hué, many of those arrested were innocent stragglers and refugees.

With an interpreter, I visited the famous Tu Dam Pagoda, which during the 1966 struggle of the Buddhists against the government had been a center of militant activity. There we found fifty refugee families from Quang Tri and only a handful of novice Buddhist monks; the regular bonzes, or priests, had gone south, they said. A twenty-five-year-old novice named Thich Dao Chi explained, "We're just taking care of the pagoda and the refugees. We all dream of peace." He and his three companions asked numerous questions about the American attitude toward the war, and seemed extremely well informed about world events, including the Moscow and Peking summits. "Tell us about the shooting of George Wallace. Who did it, and why?" Dao Chi wanted to know.

We next visited another pagoda, a charming small one called Phap Hai, in a garden along the bank of a canal just outside the town, where we spoke with the ranking bonze still in Hué. This was Thich Duc Tam, who is the head of a group of prominent Hué cultural and intellectual leaders. An extremely cordial and urbane man, Duc Tam spoke frankly and sorrowfully about Hué and the war. "This is one of the darkest periods in our history," he said. "After the tragedy of Tet, people were scared. Then we had hopes that the Paris talks would have some results, but they led nowhere. Now, again, there is a small spark of hope that some sort of balance can be arrived at whereby the Vietnamese people will survive. If we have the opportunity to create good leadership, and if the Americans deal with us as friends, not as house servants, then there really is hope. Perhaps we can learn to live with North Vietnam as West Germany is beginning to learn to live with East Germany. But we need your help in different forms from those you have given us. You have put American lives and much money into Vietnam, and it has come to a big zero, partly because you haven't helped the right people. A lot of those in Hué still believe that if the worst happens they can save themselves. The main phase has not yet come, and they are staying in their homes, waiting. But many of the government officials suspect that these people who are waiting are pro-Communist, and as a consequence they are afraid. Our Buddhist groups and other organizations used to try to give guidance to the people, but it has become more difficult to do, partly because there is so much suspicion and loss of faith."

After this, we went to a port area of the city, where local officials were making an effort to load some of the thirty thousand refugees from Quang Tri Province who were still in Hué (out of an original total of a hundred and fifty thousand) aboard some old American landing ships to take them south to Chu Lai, below Danang. Two Vietnamese soldiers in a truck were throwing loaves of bread to the mob of refugees, who were holding up their

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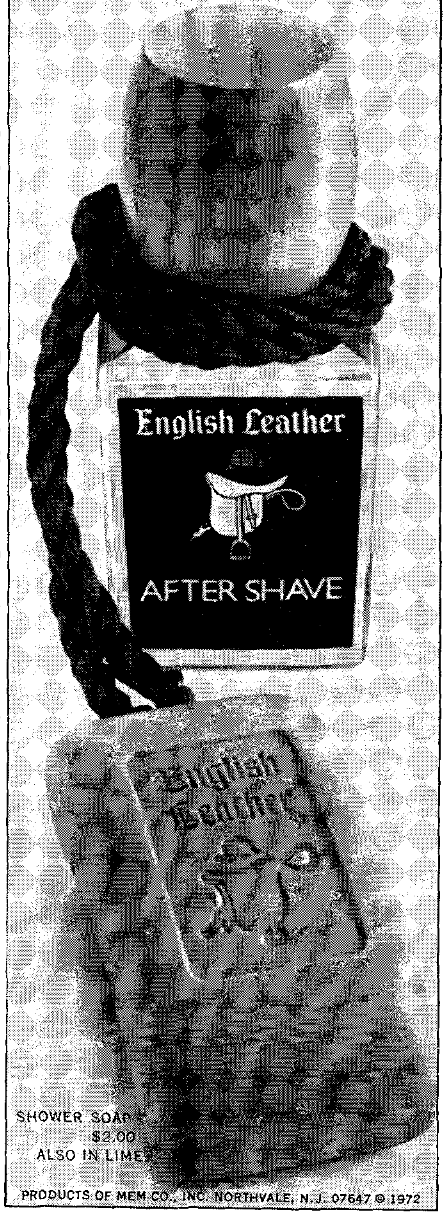

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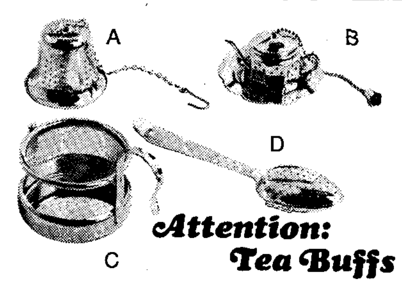

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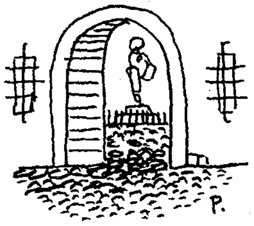
broad-brimmed straw hats to catch the loaves. Families, or what was left of them, were sitting in the dust, some with the remains of their belongings in baskets beside them and others with nothing but the clothes on their backs. Those we talked with said they had all fled from Quang Tri because of the shelling by the Americans and the North Vietnamese. A fourteen-year-old boy told us that his entire family of seven had been killed, and several others said that they had lost at least half their families. One little boy of four or five began shrieking and waving his arms when he saw me, apparently because I was an American and he had been told that it was American bombs that had driven him from his home. His mother held him up toward me, possibly to show him that I wasn't an ogre, but he kept right on screaming and flailing his arms.

Our final visit in Hué was paid to the Queen Mother, Tu Cung, whose son Bao Dai, the French-sponsored last Emperor of Vietnam, now lives in exile in Paris. She is a frail but lively woman of eighty-three, full of humor, and she received us dressed in a faded pink *ao dai* and sitting at a marble table. As two of her ladies in waiting hovered over her, she smoked a cigarette and told us that she had not left Hué since 1954 and had no intention of doing so. During the Tet bombardment, she said, she had sought refuge in an old palace next door to the house where she was now living, and when an American shell came through its roof she had taken refuge in a subterranean area that had once been used to cage the Emperor's tigers. She said she considered it her duty and obligation to remain in Hué to look after the tombs of the Nguyen Emperors in the suburbs of the city and the old imperial buildings that are inside the Citadel across the Perfume River, which divides Hué in two. "I go there on holidays and anniversary days, but I don't go out in the streets," she said. "I don't want to make a public spectacle of myself. I simply want to fulfill my obligation to my family and the nation, and I stay here because Hué is still the symbol of the past to which I belong. But I have many visitors—generals and notables—and I receive letters from my son in France, though I think the government here has confiscated some of them. He tells me that if the people of Vietnam want him to return to help bring about peace and reconciliation, he will do so. In the meantime, I will wait, and if there is more shelling I will go back to the tiger cages."

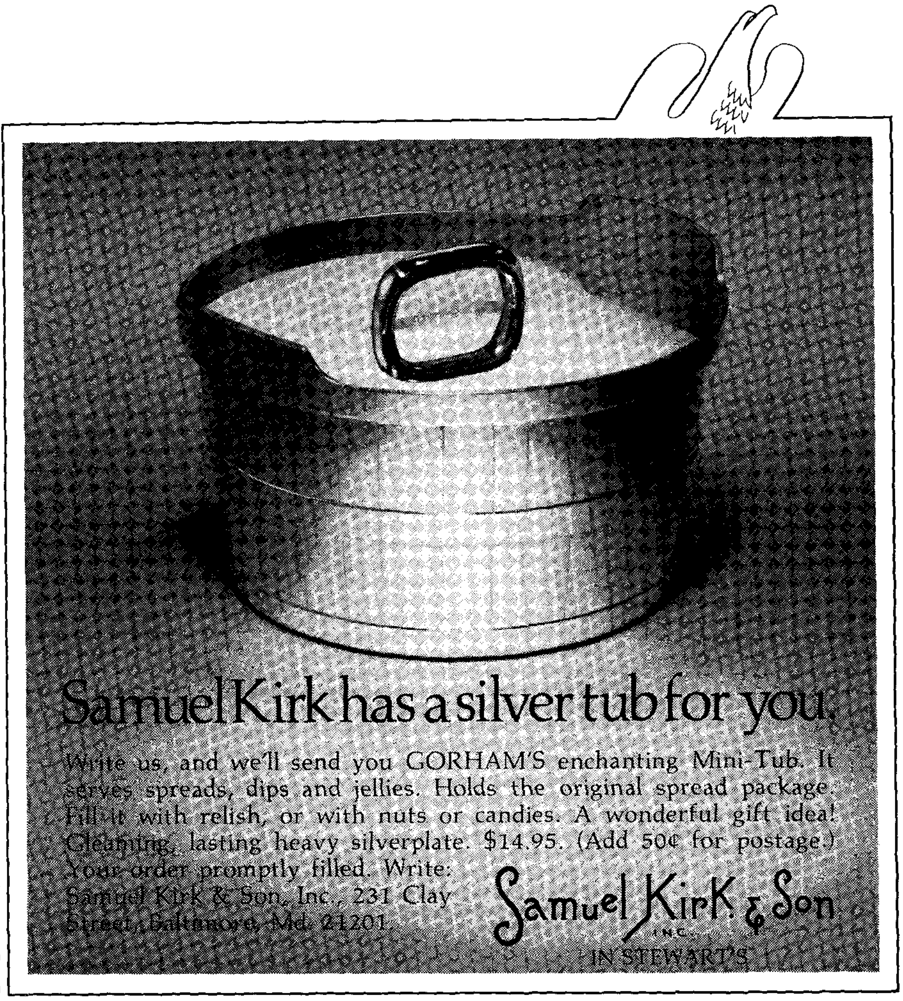


DANANG, south of Hué, in Quang Nam Province, ordinarily has a population of almost half a million, and now the influx of refugees has increased the total to something between eight hundred thousand and a million. It has been hit by Communist rockets and mortars several times during the last two months, and is particularly vulnerable to attack from the south and the southwest, where there are strong traditional Communist areas. Also, Danang is easier than Hué for sappers and other agents to infiltrate. Whereas there were virtually no Vietcong to welcome and guide the incoming North Vietnamese invaders in Quang Tri and Thua Thien Provinces, in the north, the three provinces of Quang Nam, Quang Tin, and Quang Ngai, farther south in the I Corps area, have long been dominated by hard-core Vietcong elements. Recently, a new North Vietnamese division, the 711th, has been created out of three formerly autonomous regiments in this area, and another North Vietnamese division, the 3rd, after being restocked with supplies secretly delivered by junks along the coast in Binh Dinh, still farther south, has been reported moving north into Quang Ngai, thereby increasing the threat to Danang, particularly in the Que Son Valley, just south of the city. In this entire coastal area, the Communists are attempting to strengthen their control over the countryside in case some sort of negotiations should be arranged, leading to a cease-fire-in-place—what has been called a "leopard-skin cease-fire," because it would create a spotty tapestry of Communist and non-Communist areas. The Communist strategy is to force as many refugees as possible into Danang, in the hope of creating such social, economic, and political unrest there that an internal uprising will take place, as a prelude to the general, nationwide uprising that is still their ultimate goal. If there was even a temporary cease-fire-in-place, such strangulation and isolation of the overpopulated cities would serve to give the Communists greater control of the countryside, in addition to creating the urban conditions that might promote widespread revolutionary uprisings.

A visit to Danang clearly shows one

the opportunities for creating such trouble. The city is teeming with refugees, and though the government is doing all it can to deal with them, an influx of another several hundred thousand would be devastating. With Brigadier General Nguyen Chan, the chief of the ARVN Corps of Engineers, who has been temporarily assigned to handle the refugee problem in the north, I visited four refugee camps, out of nearly a hundred and fifty in the area. Two were in the city proper—one in a high school and one in an old G.I. camp—and conditions in both were quite miserable. In the high school, twenty-five hundred men, women, and children were sleeping on the concrete floor, the school benches and chairs were being chopped up as firewood for cooking, and there was a shortage of water. The conditions in the two camps outside the city limits—spacious ones, which were also former G.I. camps or barracks—were considerably better, and I was told that the government is attempting to move all the refugees out of Danang for reasons of health as well as of security. At Camp Brooks, the largest of the centers, there were thirty-six thousand people and another twenty thousand were expected, but at least the camp area is big enough to handle what amounts to the population of a good-sized city. Each refugee receives five hundred grams, or about a pound, of rice and twenty grams of salt a day and, if there is a child under two in the family, three cans of condensed milk a week. Throughout the country, the refugee program is costing the government forty million piastres, or nearly a hundred thousand dollars, a day (the current rate is four hundred and ten piastres to the dollar)—another burden added to the already swollen national budget, which will soar to above four hundred billion piastres this year and further increase the national deficit.

The vastness of the problem in Danang comes into focus when one realizes that nearly half the population of Quang Tri and Thua Thien Provinces and of Hué—which, like Danang, is an autonomous city—is now in or around Danang. Obviously, this in itself creates a security problem so serious that the limited number of police on hand can't begin to cope with it. In addition to the officially counted refugees—a total of three hundred and sixteen thousand—living in the camps, at least another hundred and fifty thousand are living with private families; no one really knows the exact figures. A government order to restrain the movement of refugees and to keep them



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within the borders of their original provinces, which went into effect early in June, was aimed partly at keeping the Danang influx down, but, like most orders of this sort in Vietnam, it is difficult, if not impossible, to enforce, especially in a time of chaos like this. Walking through the two main streets of Danang, we could readily understand why. A myriad of food stalls—food is about the easiest thing for the unemployed refugees to prepare and try to sell—lined the curbs, and while the stores were mostly open, nobody seemed to be buying much. At least, there did not appear to be a shortage of such essentials as rice and vegetables. This year's harvest has been a good one all over Vietnam. The Communists, incidentally, have taken full advantage of this, hauling huge amounts of rice west from the rich coastal province of Binh Dinh, for example, into the rice-scarce Highlands, where the Kontum battle is raging.

Politics in Danang, as in Hué and Saigon, have always been confused, contributing to national instability, and today, behind a façade of pro-government unity, there are still fissures. A series of anti-Communist and anti-invasion "fronts" have been created in Danang since the offensive began, and at present two such groups are prominent—one government-sponsored and the other privately organized. Each claims members among the major political parties—the old-line Dai Viet and the Vietnamese Nationalist Party, known as the V.N.Q.D.D.—and also among a number of smaller parties and groups, but essentially the two groups embody a fundamental struggle between the men at their head: Colonel Nguyen Ngoc Khoi, the mayor of Danang, and Lieutenant Colonel Nguyen Kim Tuan, a well-known Vietnamese writer in civilian life and more recently the chief aide to General Hoang Xuan Lam, who was the head of I Corps until he was fired by President Thieu when Quang Tri fell. Colonel Khoi, who belongs to the Nhan Xa, one of the Catholic parties, and is close to Thieu, wants to create a local paramilitary and political force largely out of the People's Self-Defense Forces—the lowest-ranking government soldiers, who are volunteers, and whose ranks have frequently been infiltrated by the Communists. Colonel Tuan, on the other hand, has tried to set up an interparty paramilitary organization—he calls it the Council to Destroy Communism—in order to prepare the way for an all-party front that, if negotiations start, can deal with the Communists, at least in the northern half of the country, as a united group. Colonel Tuan points out that when the Communist invasion began, Thieu said in a speech, "The nation must be one . . . the time has come when we are no longer permitted to engage in ordinary politics, beyond the task of saving the country. If the country survives, politics will survive." Tuan and others have taken this to mean that Thieu has temporarily given up his pet idea of forming a new national party of his own—a project that scarcely got off the ground before the current offensive began—but Tuan makes the point that if there is no political planning for an eventual accommodation between North and South, "we will be in no position to deal with the Communists if and when that time comes. We are not an opposition, and we try to moderate our position to go along with the government up to a point, but we must prepare for the future or we will be swallowed up by the Communists." Through Colonel Khoi, Tuan is being blocked by Thieu and the national government. I have known Tuan for several years, and I talked with him at length while I was in Danang. He left me with the sad impression that, despite vague discussions in Saigon about possible negotiations with the Communists, there has been virtually no real preparation to negotiate local political details realistically with Hanoi and the Vietcong's Provisional Revolutionary Government should the time for such a thing come. This underlies the reasoning behind Hanoi's insistence on a tripartite government consisting of the P.R.G., certain representatives of the Saigon administration who are acceptable to the P.R.G., and elements of those who believe in "independence, nationalism, peace, and democracy."

Under the sort of confused political conditions that prevail in Danang, and also in Saigon—where Tran Quoc Buu, the labor leader and head of the Farmer-Labor Party, is similarly trying to organize a front that can both work with Thieu and maintain its independence—the Communists would have an easy time using the traditional divide-and-conquer tactics to dominate any coalition, provisional or permanent. I had two long talks in Saigon with Buu, whom I have also known for years, and I found him confronted by some of the same problems that beset Tuan. His People's Front Against Communist Aggression is composed of four separate blocs of political parties

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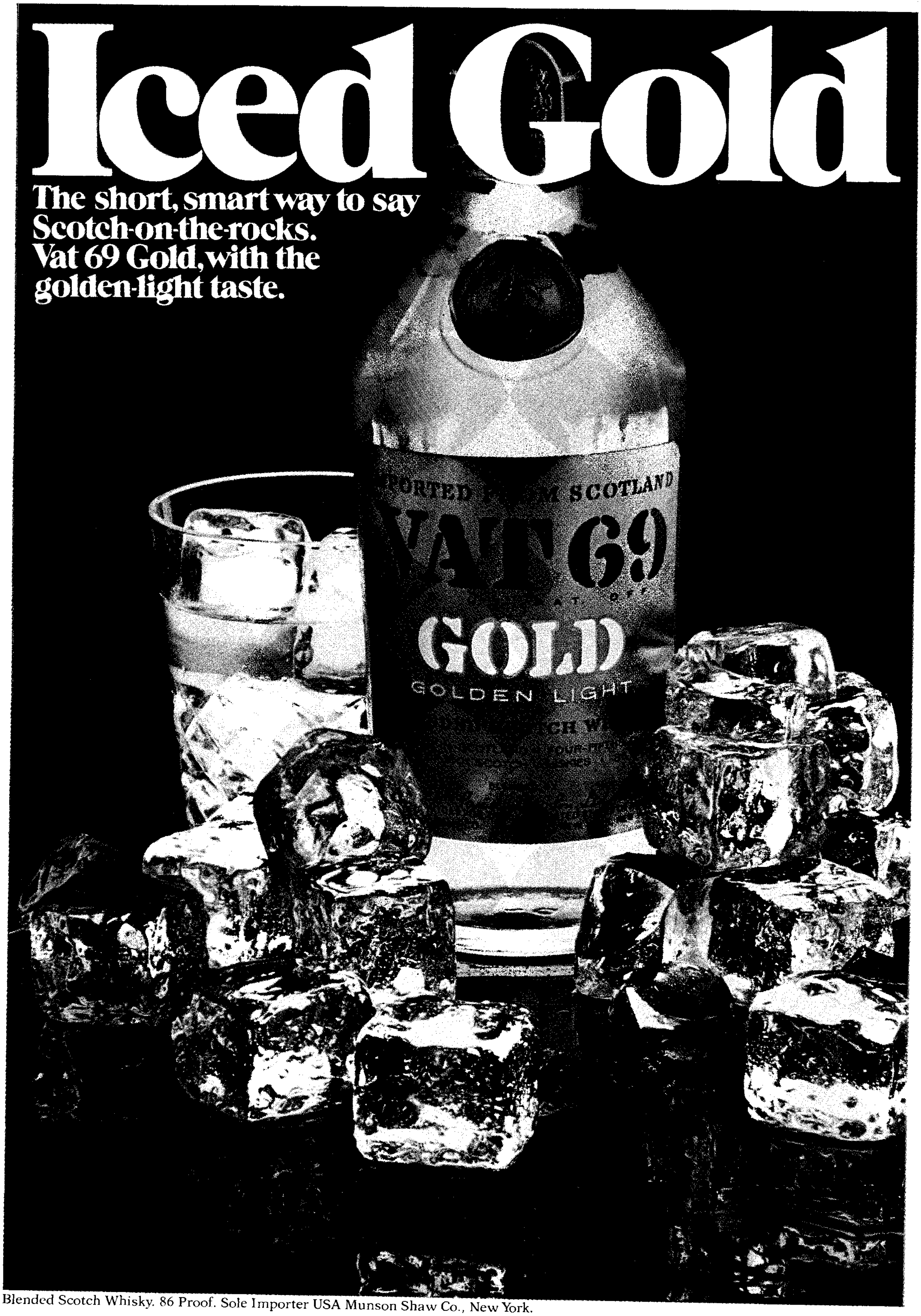
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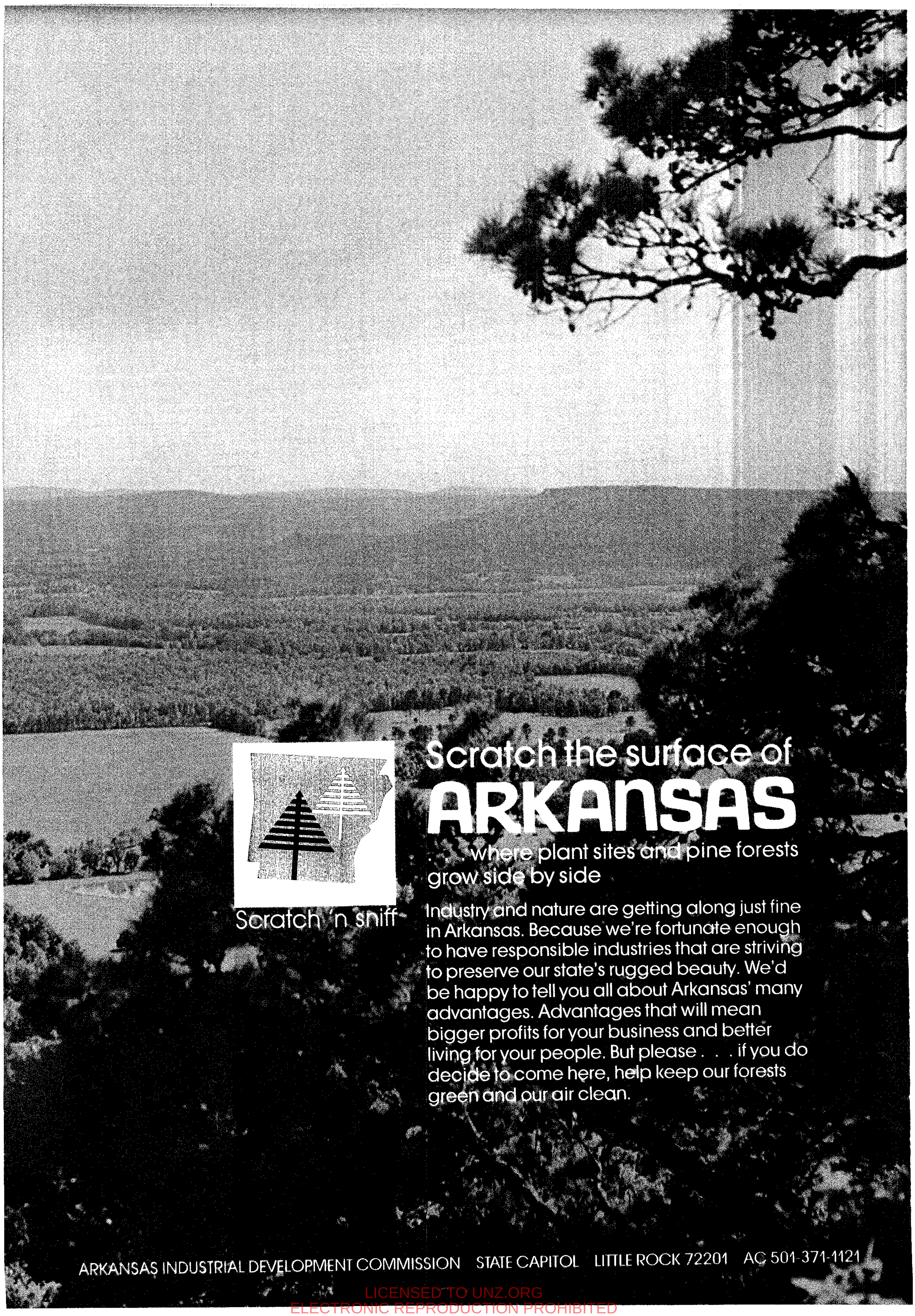

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ARKANSAS INDUSTRIAL DEVELOPMENT COMMISSION STATE CAPITOL LITTLE ROCK 72201 AC 501-371-1121 and religious organizations, and it has three stated aims: to support the government on the battlefronts, to maintain some sort of orderly lines of local communication among civilians in the rear, and to help in the resettlement of refugees. Though many elements in the Front are more or less anti-Thieu—among them an increasing number of Catholics, who have been veering away from the President—the Front is backing him because of the emergency, and, at the President's invitation, its representatives have met with him once. The trouble with all these amorphous coalitions is that, in contrast with the single-mindedness of policy and action in North Vietnam, they are vacillating and evanescent; fronts come and go, for they lack an essential ideology, and don't have even a policy, other than a vague wish to do good and stick together in a crisis. Invariably, when the crisis passes they either fall apart of themselves or allow themselves to be split by those in power.

MY helicopter ride over the Kontum battlefield took place immediately after my visits to Hué and Danang, and, mesmerized by the blazing "new war," as my military companions called it, unfolding on the ground below and in the skies around me, I could think of nothing but the tragic futility of it all. None of it seemed to have any further purpose than to prove the superiority of one set of modern weapons over another. This is not to say that the Vietnam war has ceased to be a supreme revolutionary struggle. The tough old men in the Politburo in Hanoi still know what they want to achieve. Yet their message is increasingly being lost on their own soldiers, and the prisoner-of-war reports I have read, including some obtained from men just captured at Kontum, display an almost total lack of comprehension of what their leaders are trying to achieve. In addition to making the usual complaints about insufficient food and ammunition, more and more of these prisoners—young recruits between seventeen and twenty—tell of being sent South along the Ho Chi Minh Trail with no more than two months' training and with far less political indoctrination than ever before. Their knowledge of such world events as the Moscow and Peking summits is negligible or nil, and they seem to have purposely been told as little as possible beyond the fact that their mission is to "liberate" South Vietnam. Many of them didn't even know what part of South Vietnam they were in

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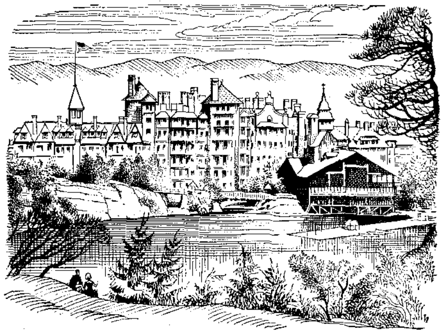

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when captured. The revolutionary zeal of the Communist recruits cannot be compared at all to what it was several years ago; in fact, only one of a group of eleven prisoners at Kontum thought the Communists would win the war, whereas heretofore virtually every North Vietnamese prisoner has believed they would. It appears that even if the determination of Hanoi's leaders to prosecute the war to a successful political conclusion has not diminished, what Le Duc Tho says in Paris means little or nothing to the Communist soldiers, just as what President Thieu's negotiators say there or what Thieu himself says in Saigon means little or nothing anymore to the ARVN soldiers.

It must be reëmphasized that the government's momentary victory at Kontum and the standoff at An Loc—where the Communists, despite pouring in an astonishing total of sixty thousand rounds of artillery and mortar shells over a two-month period, have been unable to take the city—have been largely attributable to American air and weapons superiority. The Vietnamese Air Force has, it is true, flown about forty per cent of the tactical air missions over South Vietnam since the offensive began, but the twenty-five daily B-52 missions, the TOWs, and the vast firepower of three types of heavily armed American transport planes (known, in ludicrous comic-book terms, as Spectres, Spookies, and Stingers) have made the big difference. After the fall last April of several bases north of Kontum, including Tan Canh and Dak To, it became apparent that Kontum itself was one of the main Communist objectives. When the ARVN 22nd Division disintegrated in the earlier battles, with its commander either killed or captured, the 23rd Division, whose regiments had been spread all over the II Corps area and had never fought together before, was rushed into the breach under a new commander, Colonel Ly Tung Ba, who has since been promoted to brigadier general. With the constant advice and guidance of the Americans—notably John Paul Vann, the senior American adviser in the area, who was killed last week in his helicopter, and Colonel R. N. Rhotenberry, who is on his fifth tour of duty in Vietnam—Ba rallied his division in what has been one of the more impressive examples of improvement in the South Vietnamese Army during the offensive.

Despite the infiltration of at least a regiment of Communist troops into the city of Kontum between May 25th and May 30th, Ba followed up the heavy air strikes by gradually forcing the North Vietnamese out of first a third and then half of the city they had seized. The attacking North Vietnamese 320th and 2nd Divisions and some other, miscellaneous units have suffered heavy casualties over the past six weeks, but it seems likely that the Communists, who still hold half of Kontum Province, will now regroup and try to take the city again—perhaps when the rains get so heavy that the American-South Vietnamese capability for retaliatory air strikes is reduced. I was in Kontum the day the attack began, and it was deserted. Virtually all the shops were closed, and the few people who hadn't fled south—mostly local Montagnard tribesmen—were forlornly wandering around among abandoned cars and motorcycles and the usual debris of war.

General Ba's next test will be his ability to send out patrols to stop the new Communist effort, for, despite all the years of American military advice, the South Vietnamese are still not adept at long-range patrolling, especially at night. Vann, who was an old friend of mine, once told me that the biggest mistake the Americans made in Vietnam was bringing in helicopters, which provided an excuse for not patrolling on foot. There remains, indeed, a difference between using helicopters to direct battles or as rescue planes and depending on them to ferry troops around. In any case, the Vietnamese now have only five hundred of them, compared to the four thousand the Americans used to have.

Vann, who in recent days practically lived in a helicopter, dashing to and from Kontum, died what to many of us who knew him well was a tragic death. His end was something we had been fearing and even expecting. He was a fiery redhead, totally dedicated to Vietnam and to the Vietnamese, and to a belief that he had to do everything possible to keep the country from going Communist. He had often been critical of American political and military policy here. Nine years ago, after serving, with the rank of lieutenant colonel, as a military adviser in the Delta, he left the Army, condemning the fact that, as he said, the Americans were teaching the Vietnamese to fight the wrong kind of war. Beyond this, he was among the first to see the futility of any American attempt to "take over" the war, as the Johnson Administration proceeded to do. Despite his independent views, he was too valuable and too dedicated a man for the Americans out here to let go, and, as a civilian, he was brought back as a senior military adviser. Two years ago, he incurred the displeasure of Ambassador Ellsworth Bunker and almost lost his job when he espoused the case of (and physically sheltered) Tran Ngoc Chau, a former province chief and member of the House of Representatives whom President Thieu shortly afterward sent to jail for maintaining contact, and discussing possible ways to peace, with his brother, a known Communist.

When the "new war" began this spring, Vann became, if anything, overoptimistic. As senior military adviser, he practically took over command of the II Corps area, doing everything from telling the Vietnamese where to put their troops to directing B-52 strikes. If he did not precisely become one of the small, strange breed called the "new war lovers"—mostly pilots—he was compulsively, almost pathologically, overcommitted, to the point where he not only forgot the meaning of danger (though he had always taken risks) but seemed to lose track of what the tragedy of the war really had come to mean to the Vietnamese, and failed to accept the fact, as he had earlier in his defense of Chau, that the killing must somehow be stopped. To me, he had become the nearest thing to a truly Dreiserian protagonist of the American tragedy in Vietnam.

AFTER watching the unreal spectacle of the battle for Kontum, I flew back to Pleiku, about twenty miles to the south, where the plight of the refugees in eleven camps was only too real, if not quite as serious as that of the refugees in Danang. Pleiku's normal population, which is sixty thousand, was reduced by half when Kontum Province was threatened, but since then some thirty thousand refugees from Kontum—about a quarter of them Montagnards and the rest Vietnamese—have flooded into the city on foot. A severe shortage of water was the biggest problem; there was only one four-hundred-gallon truck available to supply water from a nearby lake, and when I visited some of the camps with Christopher Squires, the American provincial adviser, we found nearly all their water tanks empty. As is invariably the case, the camps of the Montagnards were cleaner and more orderly than those of the Vietnamese, for the Montagnards are a more disciplined people. Half of the tribal refugees had already been flown south to

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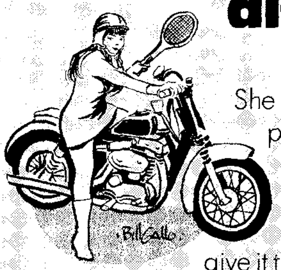

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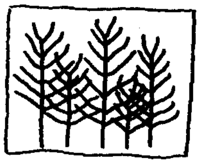
Ban Me Thuot, the southernmost Montagnard city, and, astonishingly, a small group of about a score of Montagnards had walked all the way down to Saigon—a crow-flight distance of more than two hundred and fifty miles—and appeared there in a bedraggled state a few days ago. The total number of refugees in the country as a result of the present offensive is now officially said to be eight hundred thousand, but the number of people in the whole of South Vietnam, including the Delta, who have been uprooted from their homes and have moved from one hamlet or village to another is undoubtedly much higher. In Binh Dinh, for example, to which I flew for a brief visit, and where the fighting has again been severe, the people streaming down Highway 1—one of the country's main arteries—could be seen from the air, and in the dirty, decrepit city of Qui Nhon, the provincial capital, and some smaller communities where we landed, refugees were huddled all over the place.



How many civilians have been killed during the present offensive is impossible to judge, but the figure certainly runs into the tens of thousands. And, as was the case during the Tet battles in 1968, terrorism has increased. In April, more than six hundred people were killed by the Communists and more than two thousand were abducted; the rate of abductions has continued high, and now exceeds the Tet figures—an indication not only of the Communists' need for replacements for soldiers lost in battle and for porters but also for local people who know the countryside and can act as guides in areas where the Vietcong have failed to make rendezvous with the North Vietnamese as scheduled. Nearly a thousand hamlets, out of twelve thousand in the country, are now conceded to be under Communist control, whereas the figure cited by Saigon before the offensive began was only seven. The new figures affect some six hundred thousand people, out of a total population now officially estimated to be eighteen million nine hundred thousand, but the actual number of people in South Vietnam who are under some form of Communist influence, especially during the hours of darkness, is considerably higher, according to my Vietnamese friends. Even the Americans admit that the pacification figures they use in their elaborate, computerized hamlet-evaluation system are "high noon" figures.

The Communist influence is especially pervasive in the Delta, whose sixteen provinces contain a third of the country's population. Though few large-scale battles have been fought there of late, Communist activity has been at a fairly high level since the start of the year, and so far a hundred and ten government outposts have been overrun, compared to ninety-six in all of 1971. The outposts, of which there are about five thousand in the Delta—too many, the Americans now think—are manned by some two hundred thousand Regional and Popular Force troops, who together ordinarily constitute about three-quarters of the government's total armed strength in the area. Since the offensive started, four of nine regular Army regiments have been moved north, and this has placed a greater burden on the territorial forces, who are expected to defend themselves against an estimated total of forty-five thousand Communists, including North Vietnamese, Vietcong, and regional and local guerrillas and political cadres. Partly because the troops in the government outposts have been spread so thin, the Communists—despite their own problems of attrition, which have increased over the past two years as the Delta peasants became more prosperous—have been able to infiltrate into many hamlets and villages, particularly in the lower and upper parts of the Delta. During the rest of the rainy season, the Communists are expected to concentrate on seizing as much of the Delta countryside, and destroying as much of the government's pacification program, as they can. As one Vietnamese expert puts it, they will seek to force the government's "coercive mechanism," including the territorial forces and the government administrators, to "shrink back" into the cities and towns. The North Vietnamese, fully aware that the Vietcong apparatus has been weakened over the past two years, are sending down as many as possible of the sons of people who went North in 1954, when the war against the French ended. These infiltrators are returning to the same hamlets and villages where their parents, and in many cases they themselves, were born. The basic strategy is twofold: if a cease-fire-in-place is agreed upon, the Communists expect to control sizable parts of the countryside, and if the big war is resumed at the end of this year or early next year, they will be in a stronger position than before, especially since there are fewer regular regiments to combat.

The South Vietnamese troops in the Delta have not been inactive. For one thing, they have sought out and engaged

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the Communists occupying a number of "mini-bases," or secret hideouts, in the overgrown brush and forest areas. Air power, including B-52s, has been a factor here, too, though less so than elsewhere in the country. The Communists have improved their communications, especially by means of increased use of radios, and have thus been able to counter or avoid some of the government forays and air attacks. Nevertheless, the weakened local Communist apparatus has kept the current offensive from achieving real success. One American with many years' experience here told me, "If the North Vietnamese were getting half the support they had from the Vietcong during Tet in 1968, we'd really be in trouble." However, this same official, who has always been one of the most realistic observers in the country, admits that the highly vaunted American-sponsored pacification program still has many weaknesses, which existed before the offensive but which the offensive has brought out. "Too many hamlet and village governments simply aren't functioning the way they should," he says. "The evasion of local taxes is condoned as a way to avoid interference by the central government. Too many government regulations are spongy and confusing. As a result, there hasn't been any real rallying to the flag. The best we can hope for in a lot of places is that the people will stop helping the other side."

In this peculiar contest, with perhaps as many weaknesses pitted against weaknesses as strengths pitted against strengths, the Communists have the advantage of better—or, anyway, more consistent—long-range planning. Their opportunities in the Delta have obviously been enhanced by the victories they have won in the past several months in the southern Cambodian provinces of Takeo, Kampot, and Svay Rieng. In fact, the manner in which the whole situation in Cambodia has deteriorated since the American-Vietnamese invasion of May, 1970, has by now very clearly demonstrated that the venture was one in which short-term gains were heavily offset by long-term losses. The North Vietnamese 1st Division, which has been fighting in southern Cambodia, recently sent two regiments into the southern part of the Delta, chiefly to help "put in place" some of the old 1954 Vietcong elements and also some Cambodian-speaking residents of the Khmer areas in South Vietnam, and to bolster the local guerrilla structure in other ways. These two regiments are now back in Cambodia but could easily move into South

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Vietnam again if a wet-season offensive should gain momentum.

Cambodia, most American officials now concede, is "a dreadful mess." Much, and perhaps most, of the country is under the limited, and perhaps the full, control of the North Vietnamese or of the indigenous Communist Khmer Rouge. The idea of holding an election for President in the midst of such a mess was ludicrous, in the opinion of virtually all foreign diplomats, yet the incumbent head of state, General Lon Nol, went ahead with plans to do so, and the irregularities connected with the election, which enabled him to obtain a majority against two other candidates, were apparent to most of those who watched the voting in Phnom Penh. If all those who wanted to vote, especially among the civilians, had been allowed to, there would at least have been a runoff between Lon Nol and his closest competitor, the popular In Tam, who was formerly the head of the National Assembly. Together, In Tam and the third candidate, Keo An, who was formerly the head of the law faculty of the University of Phnom Penh, polled more than forty per cent of the vote. Keo An expressed the belief that Prince Norodom Sihanouk, who had been ousted as Chief of State by Lon Nol in March, 1970, should be allowed to come back to Cambodia, and In Tam expressed a willingness to put the question to a popular vote. Sihanouk's return, which is possible in the event that the Communists take over most of Indo-China, does not seem imminent—despite bold predictions to the contrary by the Prince from his exile in Peking—but the recent election certainly didn't do him any harm. Under any circumstances, however—including a return as a Communist-sponsored puppet—his future is dubious.

WHATEVER the military results of the new Communist offensive, it has had a significant effect on the economy of South Vietnam. Pham Kim Ngoc, Saigon's highly capable Minister of Economics, has openly said that "the present situation is serious and the future looks bleak." A recession has hit most of the country, and particularly Saigon, principally because—in contrast with the period of the Tet offensive in 1968, when people kept buying, and even the black market went on thriving—no one is buying much of anything now. The lack of consumer demand means that inventories are being reduced, manufacturers are going broke, and investment is at a virtual standstill. Ngoc attributes this condition to a fear psychosis that has been particularly prevalent in Saigon because the war has been taking place all around the country but not in the capital. He was clearly successful in his earlier policy of regulated austerity: he did away with the black market by raising the exchange rate, increased revenues by allowing certain luxury items to come into the country, and reduced speculation, raised taxes, and avoided overspending by encouraging savings. The result was that, instead of too much money chasing too few goods, as in the past, the piastre levelled off at a normal rate and became, in effect, a harder currency. The hope was that, with an American economic-aid program of three hundred and eighty-five million dollars for this year, supplemented by increased exports and more local investment, the Vietnamese economy would at least hold its own, despite the war-burdened budget and a large consequent deficit. But now, instead of being inflated, it is totally stagnant, while expenditures for refugees, for war veterans, and for other emergency projects are mounting. Ngoc has offered short-term government credit to try to get the flow of money started again, and he has set up a program of war-risk insurance that will, for example, reimburse the owner of a truck that is destroyed by enemy action. By imposing new taxes, launching a government-bond campaign, and maintaining an increase of exports, Ngoc thinks he can perhaps avert disaster, but he is by no means optimistic. The American advisers with whom he closely coöperates hope that Congress will allot Vietnam at least another three hundred and eighty-five million dollars for fiscal 1973 before the November election, but Ngoc remains skeptical about the chances of receiving much additional foreign aid, whether there is more fighting or a cease-fire. He says, "Right now, it's touch and go. The war is costing us more and more, and there will be innumerable recovery problems. I need hundreds of millions of dollars, not tens of millions. I'm just doing the best I can from day to day, and keeping my fingers crossed."

There are a lot of people, including some of the businessmen Ngoc is concerned with, who are keeping their fingers crossed in Saigon nowadays (though the Chinese business community, which usually knows best, is betting five to one that a cease-fire will take place this summer or fall). Now that the back of the offensive seems to have been broken, the majority of the Saigonese are slipping into their usual routines, sitting and gossiping in the cafés and discussing politics and the effect of the new, ostensibly more stringent, draft law, which will affect a large number of students and others at the age of seventeen, rather than, as before, eighteen; men up to the age of forty-three, instead of thirty-eight; and men whose excuses for avoiding service are no longer deemed valid. In some ways, though, the war seems to have receded into the background; at least, the newspapers are no longer playing it up as much. A few rockets and mortars could end this comfortable lull, and there is considerable speculation about whether Hanoi has held off firing them in order to let Saigon become more complacent or whether the security belt around the city is really as good as the government claims.

In contrast, according to returning diplomats, Hanoi is once again a city in a constant state of alert, with half the population dispersed into the countryside, as it was during the earlier years of bombing, and appeals to rally behind "the final drive to victory" being regularly broadcast. For the first time since 1968, the Americans and the South Vietnamese have mounted a vast propaganda campaign in North Vietnam, dropping millions of leaflets from high-flying jets. The leaflets show pictures of, among other things, Nixon talking with Mao Tse-tung and Leonid Brezhnev. Since the people of North Vietnam have been told little about the summit meetings, these leaflets, according to both the diplomats and a few captured prisoners who only recently came down the Ho Chi Minh Trail, have caused considerable surprise and confusion, and they are an obvious embarrassment to Hanoi's leaders.

Such psychological-warfare efforts may have some effect on the North Vietnamese people, but they will doubtless have little or no influence one way or another on Hanoi's Politburo. Whatever betrayals the North Vietnamese leaders believe the Chinese and the Russians guilty of, they will continue to consider themselves—perhaps even more confidently than before—the true world revolutionaries. It would be folly to believe, however, that the nine stubborn old members of Hanoi's Politburo (their average age is sixty-three) are unaware that their military plans have at the moment gone awry, or that they can ignore their strongest allies' moves in drawing closer to the United States. While Ho Chi Minh was alive, it was he who weighed all the arguments and made the final decisions about what to do in a critical situation like this, but now there is no one man who is able to assume that role. The predicament that the Hanoi Politburo confronts obviously has a great deal to do with its members' individual and collective assessment of American politics, and, in a more subtle sense, their assessment of the political poker-playing abilities of Richard Nixon. If Senator George McGovern wins the Democratic nomination, and if Hanoi believes he has a real chance to win the election, it would only make sense for the North Vietnamese to maintain the highest possible level of fighting in South Vietnam between now and November, and do the best they can to reëstablish the Vietcong and the local guerrillas. If, on the other hand, they decide that Nixon is going to be reëlected anyway, the decision they face is whether to negotiate now, conceivably on the basis of a new Nixon peace offer, or to wait and bet on what a second-term Nixon will be able to do or will choose to do—throw in his hand or bet the limit and go all out. The latter alternative, notwithstanding the remarkable endurance of the North Vietnamese, could, as General Curtis LeMay once suggested, take them back to the Stone Age, but even that would not necessarily end this miserable war.

—ROBERT SHAPLEN

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like the patience we have forgotten we possess

—RICHARD SHELTON

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(a fable for our times)

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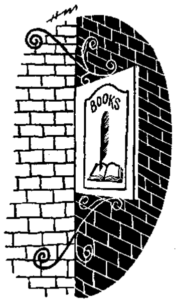
BOOKS

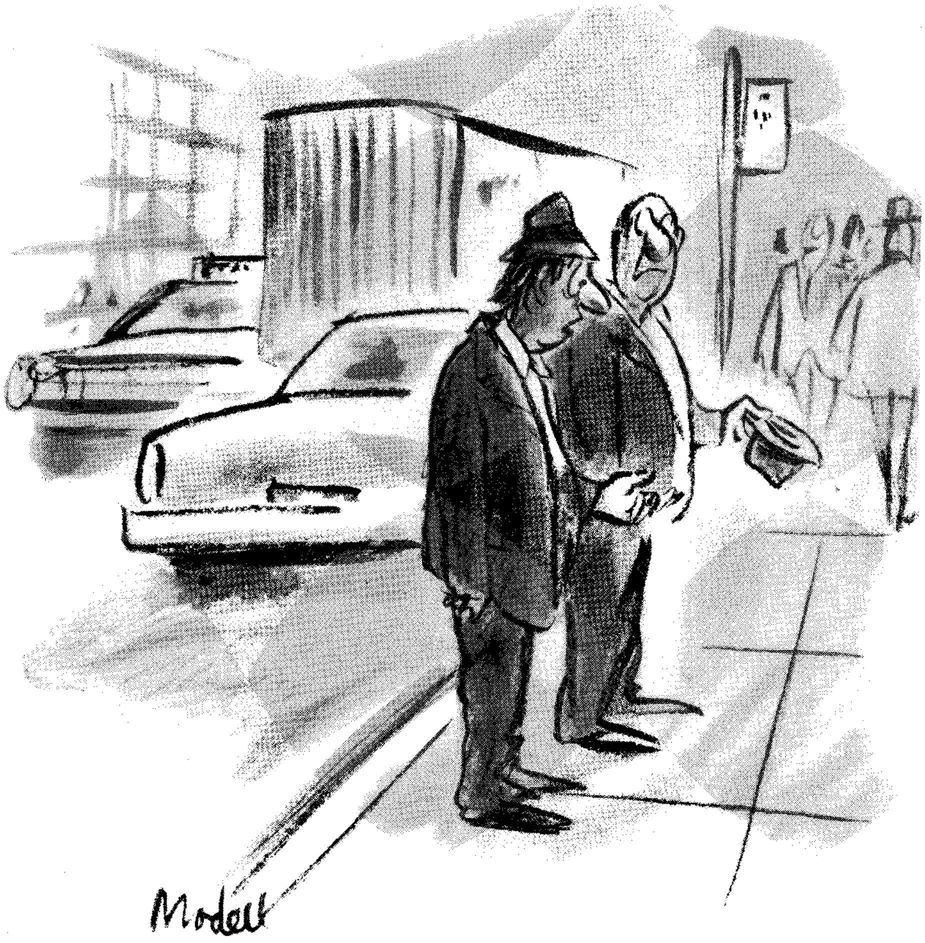
Mathematician's Progress



IN "Painter's Progress," Maurice Grosser's volume of memoirs (Clarkson N. Potter), he deals first with the curious set of geographic and intellectual discordances that marked his collegiate education. An Alabamian majoring in mathematics at Harvard, he suddenly decided, in his sophomore year (the year was 1921), that he was going to become a painter. He began attending night classes in drawing from the nude at an undistinguished Boston art school, whose students paid twenty-five cents apiece for each session. "Drawing from the nude as a basic training for beginners," Grosser comments, in one of the many enriching asides that make this book such diverting reading to us non-artists, "is almost the only trace left in the world today of the academic system of art instruction invented in the sixteenth century which formed European painters and dominated Western painting for almost three hundred years." What Grosser wanted to learn was how to paint in oil, but painting as taught in the Fogg Museum, where he next enrolled, began with watercolor. It also featured the cult of Impressionism, which still influenced Boston because the Impressionist Monet's canvases in the Boston Museum are among the finest in the world. So Grosser perforce labored away at the démodé semi-scientific dictates of Impressionism's broken-color theories until his friend and mentor Virgil Thomson returned to the United States from Montparnasse with reports of the latest French ferment in aesthetics—an event that, with a finality from which it has never recovered, had already turned contemporary French painting into modern art. The last ferment that had boiled up was in the new so-called Paris school of painting, whose right wing were followers of Cézanne, as against the left-wing radicals magnetized by the powerful pull and personal gifts of Picasso.

Upon Grosser's graduation from Harvard with honors in mathematics, the institution gave him a two-year travelling fellowship in art, with which, in 1925, he pushed off for Paris—"the dream city of all art students," he writes. Sure that on its Left Bank he could find the instruction in oil painting on which his heart was still set, he enrolled, all in vain, in a Saint-Germain-des-Prés art school, the old Académie Julian, in the Rue du Dragon, which he found no more up-to-date than the Fogg but which supplied students who were at least rowdier—a pleasant change. Then he patronized the classes run by André Lhote, supposedly the most advanced of any in Paris, whose students were, at any rate, using Cubist lines in their drawings. Finally, he attended some classes given by the cross-grained old sculptor Bourdelle. The result of all this was his discovery that in the twentieth century adequate instruction in oil painting had disappeared from the curricula everywhere, and, after touring Europe for two years to see its art museums and monuments, he returned to New York, where Virgil Thomson, himself returned from Paris, advised him to go back there at once. For one thing, it was cheaper than this country, and in Paris he could learn oil painting from the other young artists there, such as Tchelitchew and Christian Bérard and the two Berman brothers, Leonid and Eugène. True enough, they obligingly taught him that in an oil painting of a still-life the object has to seem to lie behind the surface of the picture. On this journey abroad, he also met Gertrude Stein, who thought that his latest painting of a matchbox and an apple was a creditable effort to imitate Cézanne, so he knew he was on the right track at last.

Chapter 5 of "Painter's Progress" is of special interest because it relates in detail how Grosser taught himself to paint eggs as reflectors of light. His eggs were larger than any normal hen could have managed comfortably, for gigantism in everything, including portrait heads, fruits, and vegetables, was a momentary Paris studio style. Most of us who knew Grosser then still possess one of his handsome egg still-lifes. In this book he says, didactically, that painting still-lifes "is one of the best disciplines for learning to paint. . . . Whenever there is a new way of putting on paint or a new system of color to explore, I turn back to still-life and



"There must be a better way to make a living—without working, that is."

to that most monumental and exacting and naked of all subjects, a plate of eggs."

After the 1914-18 war, Grosser remarked, painting had changed because life had changed. Impressionism's middle-class domesticity had lost all its appeal. Landscape had become urban. The American Depression and social consciousness had influenced painting. Georgia O'Keeffe took on the New York skyline. Undesirable middle-class associations, Grosser noted, were removed from pictures by setting them in "distant and unfrequented places, inhabited by the non-unionized poor, such as shepherds and fishermen." A secondary theme throughout this book is his worry that, with the collapse in teaching the techniques of art, many of the painters' skills are now in danger of disappearing forever. "I would not know even where to go to find competent instruction in painting from nature," he wrote, so he taught himself how to do it a few years ago, when he became a confirmed landscape painter. Regionally, he has confined himself in his landscapes to the outposts of the old Roman Empire and Greece, the home civilizations of the Greek and Latin writers he had studied at preparatory school along with mathematics. He has painted extensively in those arid classical regions around or below or even in the Mediterranean—the island of Hydra—and, above all, in North Africa, where he has a little apartment in Tangier and has repeatedly summered. Aside from all that, Grosser is a specialist in painting trees, and he is a dendrophile—a phenomenon not seen in art circles since the days of Courbet. The colored-paper cover of his new volume is a reproduction of one of his paintings of a gigantic olive tree that has the proportions of a native monument.

—JANET FLANNER

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

THE GOALIE'S ANXIETY AT THE PENALTY KICK, by Peter Handke, translated from the German by Michael Roloff (Farrar, Straus & Giroux). Joseph Bloch, a Viennese construction worker and former soccer goalie, arrives at work one morning during the coffee break. No one but the foreman looks up from his coffee, and Bloch concludes that he has been fired. He leaves the building site and wanders about the city, feeling oppressed by everything he sees. At a movie theatre, he is astonished that the girl in the box office

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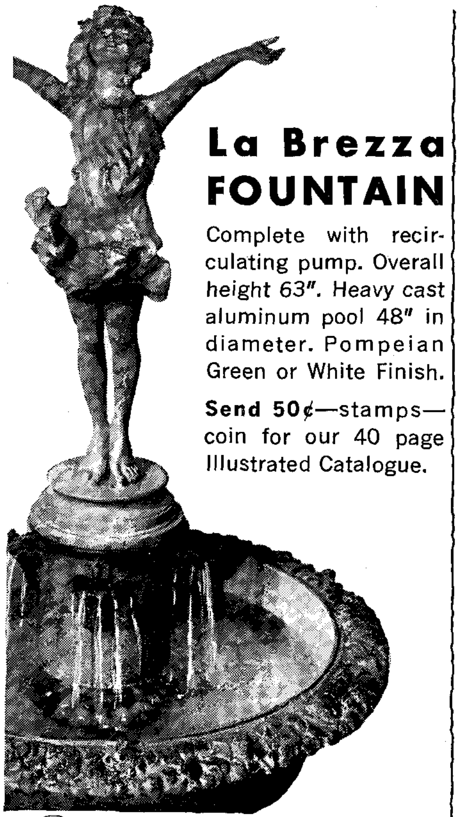
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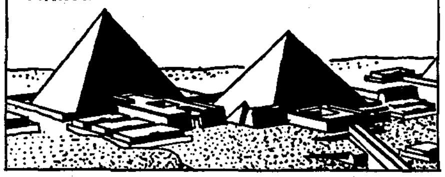

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gives him his ticket as soon as he puts down his money. Later, he follows the girl home, wordlessly goes to bed with her, and strangles her. These peculiar things happen at the start of this short novel, and the rest of it consists of further variations on the themes of irrationality and suspicion. The book has the air of a literary experiment, but it seems halfhearted and fragmentary.

THE PORKCHOPPERS, by Ross Thomas (Morrow). A national labor union is going to elect a president, and both sides hope to make it the slimiest campaign in history. The incumbent, Donald Cubbin, is an alcoholic, and his opponent, Sammy Hanks, is a manic-depressive, and anybody who watches television will know the truth about both. Sammy intends to win by stuffing the ballot boxes in Chicago, yet that may not be enough to offset the support that the White House is secretly giving Cubbin. But a hired killer is on Cubbin's trail (hired by we don't know whom), and his vote may prove to be the heaviest of all. This book is quite good as a thriller, but it's even better as a wisecracking satire that turns labor-union politics into a muckraker's dream.

CLOSE UP, by Len Deighton (Atheneum). This enormous book turns out to be a dissection of the life and times of an aging movie superstar named Marshall Stone, and tells how he got to the top of the ladder, how he behaved when he was at the top, and what happened to start his slide downward. Mr. Deighton's writing is very good gossip, and the effect is hypnotic—you simply have to go on reading, all the way to page 381.

GENERAL

SAMUEL DE CHAMPLAIN: FATHER OF NEW FRANCE, by Samuel Eliot Morison (Atlantic-Little, Brown). Champlain's career (his dates are 1570?-1635) epitomizes every step of the European acquisition of the Americas. Though Cartier had been to Canada earlier, Champlain's systematic explorations mapped the coast from New England to Newfoundland, and as far inland as Lake Huron. After exploration, trade: Champlain traded on his own account and managed French fur-trading companies. Colonization, the last phase, occupied the rest of his life. He was the *de-facto* ruler of New France, since the job and title of "viceroy" went to stay-at-home noblemen who hired him as their deputy in Quebec. Mr. Morison stresses Champlain's abilities as a seaman and his virtues as a human being; he believes that Champlain's early insistence on Franco-Indian harmony insured that French-Canadian history would be free of Indian wars and troubles. Champlain himself had troubles aplenty, but these were mostly with the French government, which was just not very interested in colonizing Canada. The book's greatest virtue is its author's use of factual detail to enable a reader to picture exactly what happened to Champlain and to other sailors and colonists of that time.

THE COUSINHOOD, by Chaim Bermant (Macmillan). This book examines, as individuals and clan members, the small number of very rich Jews who have lived in modern (eighteenth-century to the present) England. Mr. Bermant, himself an English Jew, thinks he is writing about Jews, but for Americans he is writing about England. For example, the earliest rich Jewish families, of which there were very few, seem to have vanished instantly into the English aristocracy, because their wealth made them desirable matches up and down the peerage. By the opening of the nineteenth century, though, there were enough rich Jews to form a group that intermarried and engaged in apparently compulsive good works. Mr. Bermant attributes the decline of these people's religiosity and cohesiveness to the general decline of religious belief in England; rich Quakers, he notices, have scattered the same way. Many people in this book attained intellectual, artistic, scientific, or political distinction, but none seem ever to have thought it necessary or desirable—as do most Americans of all creeds and income levels—to be just folks.

O JERUSALEM!, by Larry Collins and Dominique Lapierre (Simon & Schuster). The collaborators who produced "Is Paris Burning?" and "Or I'll Dress You in Mourning" turn their journalistic attention to the battles for Jerusalem that started in November, 1947, soon after the United Nations voted to partition Palestine, and continued through July, 1948. The authors' approach is their usual collection of minutiae here, there, and everywhere. In this case, the details are massacres, mutilations, bombings, and so on. The text, however, suggests no very good reason for retelling these events; it offers neither an original historical viewpoint nor important unpublished documentary material. A Literary Guild selection.

QUEEN VICTORIA AND THE BONAPARTES, by Theo Aronson (Bobbs-Merrill). Victoria, with Prince Albert, first met the Bonapartes—the newly proclaimed Emperor Napoleon III and the Empress Eugénie—on the occasion of their state visit to England in the spring of 1855. The meeting was in every way a great success, and for the young Queen and the younger Empress it was the beginning of a lifelong friendship—a friendship that survived (and even deepened with) the death of Albert, the Franco-Prussian War, the collapse of the Third Empire, and the death in exile of the Emperor. It is this friendship with which Mr. Aronson is chiefly concerned. The subject is a somewhat domestic one, but it is domesticity on the loftiest possible plane—a daily routine of walk and tea and gossip guided at every point by a straitjacket protocol. It is also an ambience to which Mr. Aronson sympathetically responds. He has a feeling for the period, a liking for his principals (he has discovered a Victoria who on occasion could be found dancing energetically at a gillies' ball and guffawing at a joke), and he writes with an eloquent and smiling simplicity: Eugénie had in the presence of the Queen "something of the manner of an unembarrassed but attentive child talking to its grandmother." Photographs.

THE ELEMENTS OF STYLE, by William Strunk, Jr., and E. B. White (Macmillan). A new edition of the brief, practical guide to writing good English prose. (The first edition appeared in 1959.) Mr. White has made the necessary alterations unobtrusively (alas for our language, he has had to put in more instances of common bad usage than he was able to take out), and the publishers have made the type bigger. The work remains a nonpareil: direct, correct, and delightful.

•

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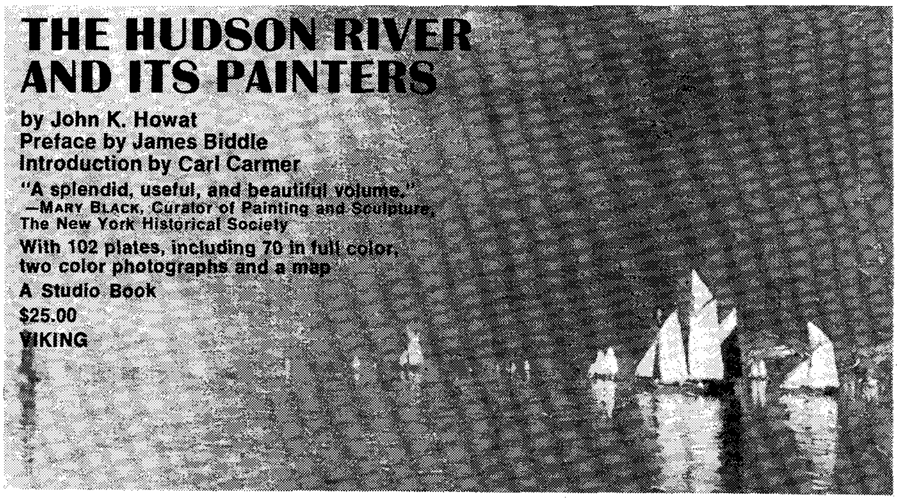

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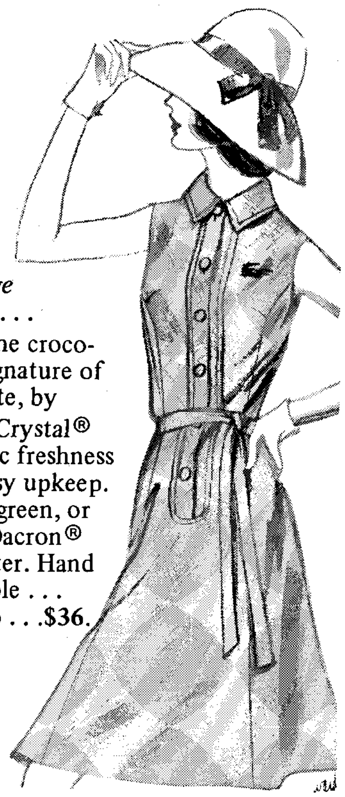

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EDMUND WILSON

EDMUND WILSON died last week, in Talcottville, New York, in the big stone house that his mother's family had built and that had become for him in late years a consoling preoccupation. The ghosts there proved friendlier than he had expected. Old Talcotts gathered him in and nourished him as, having weighed the intellectual risks involved, he drew back, in wary unease, from the inimical present. He was seventy-seven, and his mind, though it had changed course, retained to the end its unrivalled powers of discrimination and judgment. He presided with stoic detachment over his bodily decline, noting in his diaries the ignominies of age as accurately—and often as zestfully—as, in the leafy Princeton of long ago, he had noted the appetites of youth. It was a sad irony that he found himself increasingly a stranger in the America he had spent a lifetime making the acquaintance of and staking a substantial claim for in the world. Few writers have labored so hard to know a country and its people, and not alone from books. Despite a constitutional diffidence, he became a superb reporter, out in all weathers to observe and record at first hand the American jitters of the Depression years, the American experience in Europe during and after the Second World War, the American debacle at home that he saw as the consequence of our intervention in Vietnam. He was tireless in pursuit of facts, tireless in speculation. In middle age, he scrambled hot and breathless among the caves that had held the Dead Sea Scrolls, and his deductions about the possible meanings of the Scrolls caused many a conventional theologian's eyes to pop; in his seventies, he examined with relish the Bomarzo monsters, carved in stone in the thickets of Latium, and when a younger colleague wrote to him a few weeks ago proposing a literary source for the monsters, Wilson wrote back with characteristic energy and terseness, "No! No! What nonsense!"

Wilson's eminence as a literary critic and literary historian overshadowed his distinction as a journalist. For his part, he would perhaps have liked more attention to be paid to his short stories, poems, and plays. In a recent laudatory piece, the London *Times Literary Supplement* described him as our foremost man of letters, and by his standards a man of letters was one who could accomplish any literary task that happened to come his way. His one novel, written in the twenties, continues to read well, and there are from his hand certain fugitive Christmas verses that will go on giving amusement for decades to come. He wrote innumerable book reviews and other articles for this magazine, and he was a familiar figure in the office. He would step out of the elevator—a short, overweight man in floppy dark clothes, wearing a floppy hat and carrying a floppy briefcase—and one saw at once that of all the languages he had mastered dress was the one that concerned him least. He had a big head and handsome, classic features, with fine eyes that would darken frighteningly in the presence of a silly remark. His voice was high and curiously penetrating, and friends hearing it through the thickness of a wall would track him to whatever cubicle he had found an empty desk and chair in and would settle down with him there for a long roller coaster of a chat. In spite of his shyness, he was a superlative talker; one guesses that Wilson in eruption was not unlike Twain in the range and vigor of his discourse, and, like Twain and other performers, he took pleasure from the pleasure he gave. He had been called Bunny by Scott Fitzgerald and other companions of his early days; to later friends he was a magisterial Edmund. The nickname, given him by his mother, was thought by some to have to do with his practice of winning children over by a trick in which a cunningly folded white handkerchief became, in his hand, a rabbit. He was a passionate amateur magician and, for that matter, a magician with words: among contemporary writers, almost no one else has been able to accumulate a manuscript with Wilson's dazzling ease and speed. He had strong opinions, which he voiced genially and without tact (to a movie critic he once said, "I always stay away from the movies you recommend"), and he cultivated the gifted young in a fashion that made them flourish sooner and to more effect than they could ever otherwise have hoped to do. For a writer, the rarest privilege is not merely to describe his country and time but to help shape them. Wilson was among the fortunate handful of writers who have succeeded in doing this, with books that are like bold deeds and that will live a long time after him, keeping him with us against our need.

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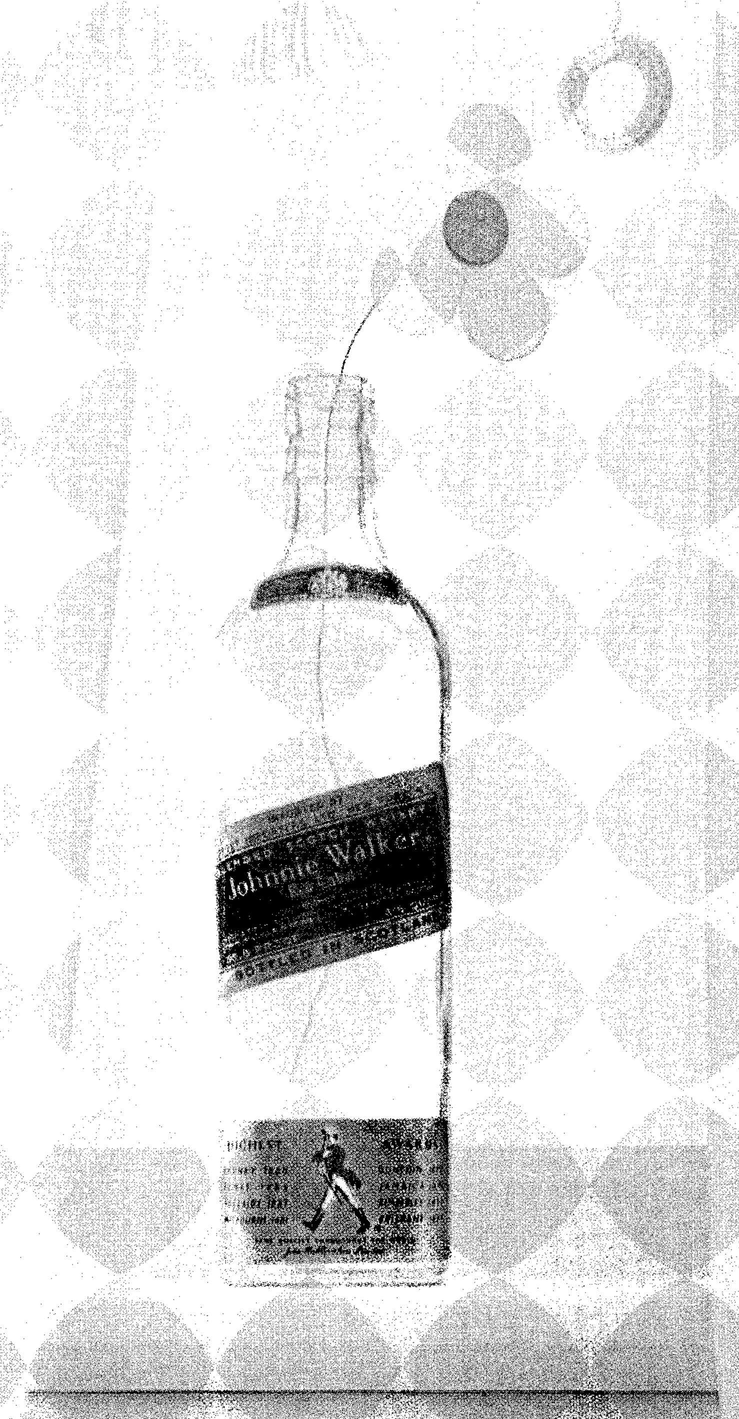

Somehow it didn't seem right to throw it away.

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